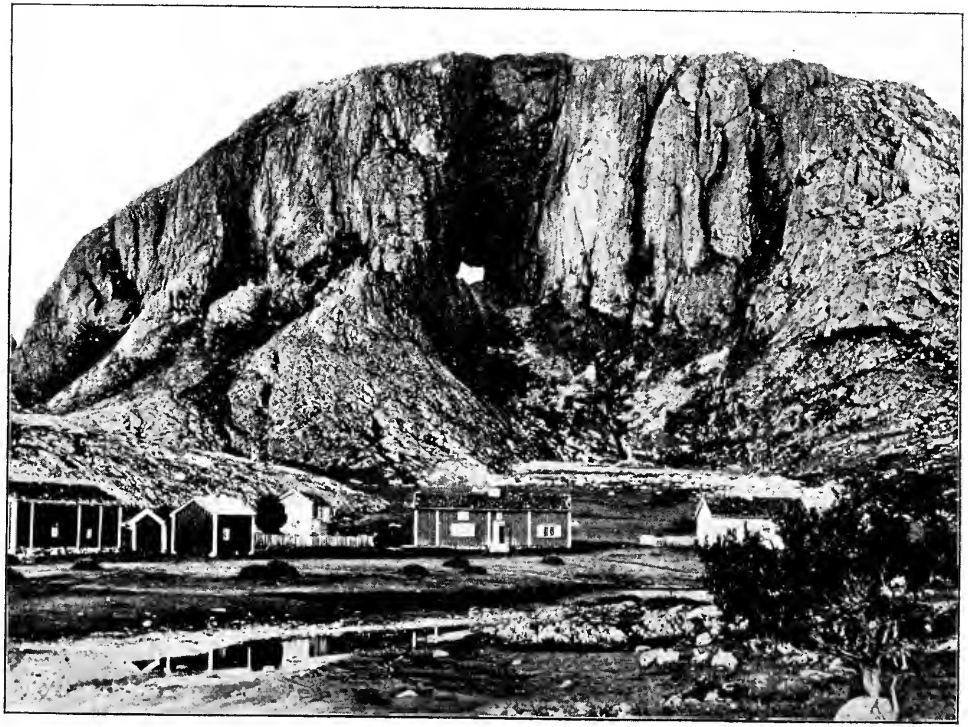

Frontispiece, Vol. I. [illegible]

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# HALCYON DAYS

IN

## NORWAY, FRANCE AND THE DOLOMITES

BY

WILLIAM BEMENT LENT




NEW YORK
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IN

LOYAL REMEMBRANCE

OF

A. L. E. AND A. D. F. R.

WITH WHOM FOR LONG YEARS I TOOK SWEET COUNSEL

AND WALKED IN PLEASANT COMPANY;

BUT WHOSE EYES CLOSED

UPON THE TROUBLOUS AND HALCYON DAYS OF

THIS EARTHLY EXISTENCE,

ERE THIS RECORD

OF DELIGHTFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE WANDERING,

WAS FINISHED.

# INTRODUCTORY.

Books of travel in Norway are not so numerous, that there is not abundant room for one more. Repeated requests for information as to modes of travel, accommodations and routes, have led to the preparation of this account of a trip, with many useful and unavoidable details, in a continuous story which may be followed step by step, by any one able to travel at all, with unfailing delight, and without fatigue.

Provincial France, to the majority of our peripatetic countrymen, is a sealed book. It is a pity, for it is crowded with novelty and interest and repays a hundred-fold.

Notes in regard to the Dolomite country are so scarce, that it is felt to be a kindness to the travelling public to offer these, which if followed will insure a most satisfactory impression of that wonderful district.

Like the Norwegian notes, these only portray that which can be done by the ordinary tourist with ease and comfort in a carriage,—ignoring necessarily the numerous charming side tours and numberless glorious pedestrian excursions with which both of the enchanted countries abound.

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FRANCE:



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# HALCYON DAYS IN NORWAY.

## NORTHWARD HO!

### FROM PARIS TO TRONDHJEM.

SUCH a multitude of tourists, "upon pleasure bent," were of the same mind as ourselves, that when we reached Paris after an ideal trip through Spain, we found to our dismay that the steamer lists for the North Cape were filled for weeks ahead! Unwilling to risk deferring until another year, we finally accepted berths, or as the English say, "cabins," upon the steamer sailing from Trondhjem on the twentieth of July. It was, however, with much misgiving because of the lateness of the date and many a fear of unpropitious and unfavorable weather, although we were assured it was a lottery at best. It may be so, but comparison of our after experience with that of various parties representing almost every date, inclines us to advise leaving Trondhjem not

later than July 10th and as near July 1st as possible. From Paris to Trondhjem is a long stretch, but if one has the time it can be so delightfully broken as to prove a pleasure journey all the way. From Paris to Cologne was an unbroken journey of ten mortal hours, but it afforded characteristic glimpses of France, Belgium and Germany without giving anything of marked interest. The portion of France traversed was level, verdant and monotonous; the Belgian territory was more diversified while the general look of thrift and prosperity, and in a number of manufacturing towns through which we passed, the appearance of business gave a pleasant impression of the condition of the people. At the German frontier we passed the usual farcical customs examination, after which we were given twenty-five minutes for "afternoon tea." And then we passed over more level country, all so trim and orderly, with everywhere the red-tiled roofs among the green of trees and upon every side the ripening grain and well-cultivated fields, with once in a while a quaint windmill. The stations at the larger towns were fine and handsome. They do this sort of thing better than we do. Although it was 7 : 45 P. M. when we entered the palatial station at Cologne, the sun had not yet gone down. In the twilight we saw the turrets, flying buttresses and the stately spires of the wonderful Cathedral by the Rhine, rise solemnly above the busy city, like a perpetual and impressive acknowledgment of the Lord of all the earth, and slept quietly, literally in the shadows of the consecrated walls.

The morning gave ample time for a visit to the Museum where hangs the familiar and beautiful portrait of Queen Louise, as fair, graceful and lovely a creation as canvas can boast. The trailing gossamer and gold-embroidered robes are exquisitely painted; the arms and hands are lovely, while the radiant face has no suggestion of the sorrow, trouble and discipline through which the chastened and purified character passed ere she laid the burden down and obtained a heavenly crown. We sat also for a while quietly within the Cathedral walls which, after the dingy, tumble-down, dead Spanish structures, seemed wondrously clean and tidy. Being pure Gothic, the nave soars away with ceiling lifted high by the stately columns, with all the grace and artlessness of nature. Looking diagonally across the interior, the scene is like a trim forest of slender gray-trunked trees. The only inharmonious note is the glass, which is showy and gaudy, lacking the solemn unctuous richness of the glorious colorings and the old geometrical and conventional designs seen in English and more ancient minsters. The changes and improvements in the last few years in the vicinity, such as the removal of old buildings, the erection of palatial hotels, railway offices, fine station, and the opening of a broad plaza amount to a complete transformation. Coleridge would have difficulty now in locating the historic "two and seventy well-defined and separate smells," but no trouble in finding as great a number of places where alone the "genuine original Johann Farina Cologne" is

for sale. Seven hours of railway travel over a trim, finished and almost level country with pretty villages with tall spires, hayfields made picturesque by groups of men and women at work, quaint windmills with gaunt, ungainly arms, and red-tiled cottages without number, and a glimpse of Bremen with its palatial station, brought us in the late afternoon to Hamburg.

Now Hamburg, if we had ever given it a thought, we would have said, being only an important commercial city and port of entry, and having been devastated several times by fire, would have little of interest. But even in the long drive from the station to the hotel we were much entertained by the interesting glimpses of markets, quaint old streets and droll houses, the canals and the commonplace but handsome modern buildings. Two immense basins of water that are really lakes in size, one being full a mile in circumference and the other still larger, surrounded by fine business houses, hotels and private residences, with shaded walks along the borders, make Hamburg a beautiful city. Separating these basins is a neck of land and bridge forming a continuous pleasure-ground and promenade with lovely views on every side. The air was smoky, like London and the buildings begrimed in much the same way. A beautiful sunset with a glory of tinted clouds made the scene with its varied outlines indistinct in the haze, extremely Turneresque and Venetian. A drive of a couple of hours, along the border of the basins, through the fine residential portion, past

blocks of handsome houses and the quaint Rathhaus, the market, and the Church of St. Nicholas, a fine structure of thirteenth century Gothic with numerous statues and a lofty tower, the third in height in Europe, and for a while in the immediate suburbs past numerous tasteful villas in the midst of beautifully kept and flower-crowded grounds quite equal to England, made prosaic Hamburg, the fourth most important commercial city in Europe, a pleasant and cheery memory.

Crossing a canal, we looked along a vista of quaint, gabled houses, which curved out of sight, while beyond, above the droll roofs and chimney-pots of the ancient houses, rose an old-fashioned queer-shaped belfry or steeple, sheathed with copper which had weathered to an exquisite verdigris bronze. When the sunlight broke suddenly through the clouds and flooded the spire, the effect of the unusual color and quaint outline became extremely fascinating and picturesque, quite equal to the older German towns.

To avoid a start in early morning we took a train at four-thirty o'clock and passed the night at Kiel. Soon after we left, the clouds unburdened themselves and our view of the country quite all the way (some two hours and a quarter) was through a dense veil of mist and white sheet of rain. The only marked features were the rank hedgerows and peculiar one-storied, very wide and tall thatched roofed houses with end gables often showing triple rows of windows. The growing grain, vividly green in the moisture, gave the country an exceed-

ingly fertile and well-tilled appearance. Neumunster. handsomely built up and with large cloth factories, was the most important place upon the route. We found Kiel exceedingly entertaining, for being the principal naval port of Germany and the great centre of trade between the Danish Islands and continental Europe, it is a busy place, and up and down its two bustling streets all the evening strolled middies and sailors and uniformed officers with clanking swords, and a crowd of townspeople and visitors. Along the principal street are a large number of pretty shops, many odd and quaint buildings with double chateau roofs, the older ones with each story projecting over the one below and with rows of continuous windows and whimsical old gables, all in some way suggesting Chester. In the early morning we drove through the town, beside the quays, past a double row of villas upon a densely shaded road along the shore for a mile or more to Bellevue, before reaching which we skirted a large forest-park with drives and fine trees. The detached villas with grounds embellished with a wealth of superb standard roses and a profusion of Virginia creeper, were charming. The hotel was delightfully located upon a ridge overlooking the water and out toward the sea. Around the forest-park and past many more lovely villas and grounds and then back into the town, and fifteen minutes later we were aboard the steamer for Korsor. The wind was blowing freshly, and here and there the clouds were rolling heavily up, but our voyage of four or

five hours proved an unusually quiet one. We did not seem entirely out of sight of land for more than an hour. Sometimes only a faint line like a cloud along the horizon; again the Danish Islands, formerly Schleswig, were in plain sight.

A wait of two hours at the Danish port of Korsor for the passengers from the south by another route, followed our landing and Customs examination. Then in the cool hush of early evening we sped along a level country, past great woods of Norway spruce, low-thatched farmhouses, square stepped gabled church towers and carefully tended herds and fields, and at half-past eight o'clock entered that charming northern capital, Copenhagen.

## NORTHWARD HO!

(CONTINUED).

A FORMER visit to Copenhagen was such a delightful experience, we shrank from possible disappointment, now that the glamour of novelty would be removed. But the pretty city of the Danish King, with its Thorwaldsen Museum, that wonderful exhibit of one man's artistic creations,—its Church with solemn presence of Christ and the Apostles by the same Master,—the dainty collection at Rosenberg Castle of jewels, plate, furniture and other mementos of a line of Sovereigns, and the enjoyable general aspect suffered not from familiarity.

The day passed profitably and delightfully, and at nine o'clock in the evening, although light enough for the hour of six, we turned regretfully away. Already had we come into the country of the weird, mysterious twilight. No wonder the Norwegians in our country are homesick at times for the lovely twilight, for we have nothing to compare with this quieting, peaceful, holy time of the day. As we moved out of the city we noticed quite upon the outskirts a large enclosed space with a multitude of tiny cheap cottages, so small we wondered whether it could be any sort of camp-meeting settlement. A voluble young German in our

compartment explained it by saying that it was a space allotted for the use of working people and that they came out and stayed as they liked in the summer and cultivated their little garden patch, while in the winter they stayed in the town, adding "de rich dey go to de mountains," and "de poor dey come here." In the quiet, pensive twilight we glided past little lakes, pretty country and villages, and in two hours reached, in the darkness, Helsingborg, where a boat is taken to Helsingor (Shakespeare's Elsinore), some two and one half miles across the sound which separates Zealand from the Swedish provinces. We saw little else but the façade of an imposing railway station in the style of Rosenberg Castle, with square towers and a tall Renaissance gable,—and the buildings along the water's edge brilliant with electric lights. At Helsingor we were promised a "sleeper." It proved to be a first-class car in compartments, with blankets, pillows, a curtain between the seats, electric lights and a general toilet room. It was very comfortable, far better than sitting bolt upright all night. In the early morning we looked out upon a lonely landscape with rocky hillsides, stone walls and houses of wood, all quite suggestive of Vermont. As we skurried along, the country did not lose these characteristics, although blended with them were little villages and long country roads with peasants hurrying to the fields and markets. The long day had evidently begun for them as well as for us. Across the country frequently appeared a slender church spire and in

one place a very large brick church was perched upon an abrupt rock quite near the railway. One notices every detail in a new country. About seven-fifteen o'clock we arrived at the station of Gothenburg, but not the town, for that lay apparently three quarters of a mile away. Close by was a queer old circular fortress with pointed roof, capped by a lion rampant, with four additions at base like the radiations of a star. As a new train was to be made up and a half hour was allowed for breakfast, we went into the station restaurant. How funny it all seemed, although we had seen the same arrangement in a former trip. A table built around a column in centre of room was set with huge piles of plates, with forks and spoons without number, while around them were certainly a dozen large plates of cold meats, tongue, fish, etc., with stewed pie-plant, fruits and pickles,—an indigestible lot, to say the least. At one side, upon a pretty table, was a silver coffee and teapot and a number of pretty blue teacups. Small tables lined the sides of the room. Every one helped himself as many times as he liked, and upon leaving the room paid less than twenty-five cents! After leaving, the scenery was quiet and tame. Along the horizon upon either side, for a long way, was a line of sparsely wooded hills; beside us was a little river with steamboats of modest proportions. All day long we did not seem as far away from our own land as when we looked upon stone houses, thatched roofs and endless hedgerows. The houses of wood, handsome painted villas, and many a wayside

house and farm buildings painted red or left to "weather," together with the stone walls and a kind of rail fence, made it seem like some outlying district of our own land. The piles of wood, battered milk-cans at the stations, the lumber interests, saw-mills, etc., with scraggy growth of trees, quite recalled a trip through Canada. Again, the low-lying evergreen-covered and lonesome country often had the wilderness air of the Adirondacks. Except in the neighborhood of several fjords, at no time did the scenery approach the fine or grand; but it was quieting, restful and pretty, and the balsamic air, strong, refreshing and invigorating. At ten o'clock we reached Trollhattan, where, a good half mile distant, is a succession of falls and cascades that are much admired, not so much for height as for variety and volume. It looked very pretty, for there were many jaunty little summer cottages with the showy flag of Sweden profusely displayed in honor of an Austrian excursion party.

At one point farther on the road was cut out of the side of a rocky ridge, and we looked down upon a thick mass of evergreens and off upon a level plain, a mosaic of harvest-fields with here and there a little pool. The wild flowers were not so varied and abundant as farther south, but great patches of "fire-weed," blue harebells, white meadow rue and yellow flowers were passed at times, while the pink clover-fields were as pretty as parterres. About one o'clock, through groves of fine white-barked poplars, with

exquisite glimpses of waters, islands, or wooded banks, we came to Ed, where is a railway restaurant at which we stopped for lunch. It was very festive and charming, for we had our lunch upon a little belvedere in the rear, most picturesquely perched upon a height overlooking a fjord,—the "Stora Lee." The view was like many a vista along the Hudson, of smooth waters, great rolling hill banks and a most charmingly varied coastline,—and the air being slightly hazy, the whole scene was exquisitely soft and dreamy. The provision for man's physical wants was upon a large and liberal scale. The long table in centre of room was loaded with toothsome viands. Two great tureens of smoking, delicious soup, a great platter of boiled fish, an enormous piece of roast beef, another of veal, and a huge ham, were the substantials. Vegetables and a dozen or more kinds of cold meats and fish, pickles of various sorts, stewed fruit, two or three cold fancy puddings, and cheese and biscuit in variety, with piles of pretty plates, made a tempting-looking repast. As usual, it was a regular "go as you please," each one helping himself and as he passed out paying fifty cents for it all! The attendants were in bright-colored, Swedish native costumes, which with sundry decorations gave the room the appearance of some entertainment at a fair. The occasional views of fjords and little lakes, all the afternoon, were charming and enchanting. A stop of fifteen minutes was made at Fredrikshald, upon a hill commanding which is an old fortress of much historical

interest. The town is an important commercial one and a centre of the great lumber traffic. Situated upon and overlooking the Idde Fjord, it commands a beautiful outlook. To one side of the railway, men were "chute-ing" finished lumber of various kinds along an elevated raceway. The glimpses in every direction were extremely picturesque and the large station was most gorgeously decorated with flags, escutcheons and massive festoons and garlands of oak leaves, in honor of the Austrian party several hours behind us. Before reaching there we passed such sombre, extensive and impressive thick forests of evergreens, as solitary and lonely as if the foot of man had never disturbed the primeval stillness of them.

At Fredrikstadt the lumber business looms up as the one pursuit. All the late afternoon the rapidly changing views were enchanting, while there was little that was striking or uncommon. The constant coming into sight of the little fjords with their picturesque, river-like banks, kept us on the alert. As we neared Christiania, the scenery became finer, the hills bolder and the frequent glimpses of the great Christiania Fjord dotted with islands and the shore below us with a fringe of fine villas with handsome grounds made a lovely, changing panorama. Everywhere upon the shore, or perched upon rocky islands or fairly buried in the trees, appeared or peeped jaunty little cottages quite like our Thousand Islands resort.

It was half-past seven when we reached Chris-

tiania, but the waters were shimmering with golden sunshine and the air was as warm and hazy as if the hands upon the dial had marked only the hour of four or five.

## NORTHWARD HO!

(CONCLUDED).

CHRISTIANIA proved altogether delightful, for being a very modern city it oppressed us not with a multitude of obligatory sights, and we could wander and loiter according to our own sweet will. As the capital of Norway, with the Parliament Houses, King's Palace, Observatory and other State and philanthropic structures, it reflects the character of the nation and is most interesting. The principal street is wide and lined with fine warehouses, and the general aspect of place and people is wide-awake, energetic and progressive. Something of the sturdy, strong, exhilarating atmosphere is duplicated in the activity and push everywhere visible. Our first impression gained in the long drive from the Station to the Grand Hotel was most favorable, while the outlook from our windows over Parliament House and Palace and pretty pleasure-ground, and over and way beyond the opposite buildings upon the beautiful and spacious fjord and its picturesque islands, was charming. Perhaps the most interesting ancient building is the Gamle Akers Kirke, dating previous to 1150, and beautifully restored in 1861. A huge square tower with pointed spire rises at inter-

section of nave and transept. The interior is most peculiar in that it is so small, yet has nave and aisles separated by round or Roman columns large enough for a cathedral. The tower also is uncommon, the walls being solid with only arched doorways opening into nave and aisles and chancel. A pulpit and stairs profusely embellished with high relief wood-carving in floriated design, some quaint old chairs, the portrait of a minister with gown and ruff, and some brass chandeliers, added to the quaint effect. A provoking custom is the opening of the sights only from eleven o'clock until two o'clock, for, as they are widely scattered, one accomplishes little in a day. At the museum we found a small but choice collection of china, Norwegian embroidery, brass, silver and bronze articles and old wood-carving and furniture. Several exhibits were closed, but we saw the Viking Ship, which is considered "the most interesting archæological discovery of the age." It was from sixty to seventy-five feet long and twenty or more wide, and was much shattered. In the centre was a tent of logs and near by the great cumbersome oars. It was excavated from a burial mound in the vicinity and is well shapen. A little gallery around the building overlooks it. A charming spot is St. Hanshaugen, or St. John's Hill, just out of the town, which is crowned by a reservoir and tower in connection with the water system. The sloping hillsides in every direction are laid out as a park with drives, shady walks, seats, flower borders and verdant lawns. From a picturesque Norwegian

châlet, and a walk around the reservoir at summit, a most lovely view is obtained, for beneath is the fresh and pretty town, beyond; the peaceful lake-like expanse of the fjord dotted with numerous rocky islands, and in the distance ranges of gentle, low-lying hills.

One brilliant morning we drove through the new part of the town, and for almost an hour past pretty villas and grounds until we came to Oscar's-hall, a small pretty Gothic chateau perched upon an eminence overlooking the fjord, built by Charles XV., but now government property and a sort of museum, with royal mementoes such as coronation robes, etc., and pictures of Norwegian scenery. The view from its roof is one of rare and peaceful beauty. For almost two-thirds of the way around it, spreads the tranquil sunny waters of the great fjord. Across a branch of it lies Christiania, almost buried in verdure. Upon numerous points that jut out into the fjord are tasteful and jaunty little summer cottages, and in the trees on every hillside far and near glitter the gables or roofs of tasteful villas, while in the rear against the horizon rises with varied outline a succession of hills. Driving through the quiet park, we came to a tall, fanciful Norwegian gateway, through which we passed on foot, and in a few moments came to a most interesting group of ancient buildings removed from other parts of the country and placed here for preservation, as these structures are fast disappearing. In the centre stood a most curious and picturesque pile, the old

church of Gol in the Hallingdal, dating from the twelfth or thirteenth century. The interior is the original work, but much of the exterior is a restoration. It was almost pyramidal in form, pagoda-like, showing three rows of pitched shingled roof. The interior was curious, with a suggestion of triforium and clerestory, an apse and altar decorated with rude pictures. Near by is an old farm-house from Telemarken, with interior bright with copper, brass and pewter plaques and vessels, old crockery and queer old furniture ornamented with texts and mottoes. There is also a storehouse, beautiful in shape and prettily adorned with carvings of exceedingly tasteful and graceful designs, and a living house without windows (but a hole in peak of roof for escape of smoke), which was filled with odd furniture and utensils. But nothing was so enjoyable as a three-hours' boat-ride upon the fjord. It was the beginning of our tour and we felt nothing could surpass it in beauty. It was so dreamy and romantic to pass along the prettily wooded and indented shore, into deep bays, between and past tiny islands, all heavily wooded with evergreen, birch and poplar, with here and there a pretty cottage or pretentious villa; in the trees constantly peeping out, pretty gables and balconies, and with an outlook and distant view changing with every movement. Sometimes the cottages made a gala-day effect, again the densely wooded evergreen shores seemed as still and lonely as if a thousand miles from the abode of man, and all the while spread out the beautiful blue waters and the

lovely mirage. The shores are low, but the horizon hills look higher from the water, and while the numerous bays are small, the eyes sweep at times over long waste of waters like an inland sea.

We left at two P. M. for a seventeen hour journey by rail to Trondhjem. For hours we passed over a prim country with nothing characteristic or striking save its continuous and extremely peaceful prettiness. The dark green of balsams contrasted finely in the mass with the vivid tender green of pasture-land, and often in the distance were blue and purple mountains. About four o'clock we reached Eidsvold, which is close to the little river Vormen, where a steamer connected with our train for some pleasure resort. It was a lovely rural scene as for a half hour we followed its line and border until its meeting with Lake Mjosen, the largest lake in Norway (sixty-two miles long by nine and one-half wide). The view along the sunlit lake, with great slumberous mountains on either side, was exquisite. It was so solitary, for not a vessel or sail broke or rippled the smooth waters that shimmered so beautifully in the sunshine with the air of a perpetual Sabbath. At five o'clock we reached Hamar, where a change was made to a narrow gauge road, with car seats which later were made into fairly comfortable lounges for the night. Frequent stops at highland stations with tidy lunch-stands, gave us the refreshment of the balsamic air. We seemed to pass through an endless stretch of aspens and ever-

greens. For miles there would be no novel or foreign features, save the peculiar way of stacking hay in long fence-like strips, or ridges. Late at night we passed through woods of balsams, with ground so covered with whitish moss as to seem in the twilight, like snow. It was weird and solitary. The white clouds stalked in the valley beneath, like phantoms. The evergreens rose like countless monoliths. A gentleman, who watched the way all night, said the beauty of it never wavered. About seven o'clock in the morning we began to catch glimpses of the approach to Trondhjem, with here and there the waters of falls, rivers and fjords, and beyond, ranges of blue mountains. This northernmost capital, the crowning place for centuries of the Norwegian kings, is most beautifully situated at a river's mouth and by the Trondhjem Fjord, with an undulating environment of wonderful verdure, considering it is parallel with the south coast of Iceland. Its principal object of interest is the cathedral, now being finely restored. For a century and a half a structure of this character has occupied the same site, although destruction by fire has occurred five or six times. Although Christiania is the capital, every king and queen must, by law, be crowned here. The restorations are upon an extensive scale, making practically a new structure. The Choir is finished and is in pointed Gothic of soft, slate-colored stone with slender columns of white marble. Harmonious tinted windows enrich the general effect. The work on transepts and tower is progressing,

but the nave is chaos itself with steam apparatus for cutting and hoisting stone. In time it will be magnificent and by far the grandest ecclesiastical edifice in Scandinavia.

The town having been several times devastated by fire, the streets in rebuilding have been made very wide for safety. With the log houses mostly two stories in height, covered with siding and almost every one of the large shutterless windows filled with flowers, the vistas are extremely cheerful and pretty. Just outside of the town, crowning a height of two hundred and thirty-five feet, is Christiansen, an old fortress, built in the seventeenth century, now dismantled, although a sentinel paced to and fro upon the grass-covered ramparts. The view of the fjord, the mountains, a little island fort formerly a monastery, and the town, is extremely pleasing.

A pleasant drive of three-quarters of an hour through a diversified and undulating country, with exquisite views of the mountains, brought us to the Lille-Lerfos, a mad cascade which, bending through a narrow gorge or valley, and descending some eighty feet plunges over huge boulders and rocks with terrific velocity. The tumultuous waters rear and plunge, a mass of whitened foam, and pass a row of ruined mills, most pitiful, but most picturesque, to behold—recalling vividly the hackneyed words of the poet,

> "Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

# THE PLAY WITH HAMLET OMITTED.

## THE NORTH CAPE.

### I.

THE wind, cold and cheerless, blowing furiously,—the sky everywhere obscured by great heavy lowering bands of leaden clouds;—in the east a break in the gloomy expanse revealing the everlasting daylight beyond;—such was the ominous outlook as we slowly worked our way out from the protected harbor of Trondhjem, into the black waters of the broad fjord at ten o'clock in the evening of July 20th on our way to the North Cape! Such departure upon a trip to which clear weather can alone give the coveted sight of the Midnight Sun and the comfort of surroundings so indispensable to full enjoyment of the peculiar scenery of the Norwegian coast, would have been discouraging and depressing, had not the weather for a week past, been so fickle and contradictory. Even this last day commenced with a hopeless dress of heavily laden clouds that looked the commencement of a prolonged storm. Yet by noon the sky was blue and well-nigh cloudless, and the atmosphere warm and delightful, apparently the beginning of settled weather. But in the evening it clouded up again. The first ten or twelve hours is said to possess but little interest.

We sat for an hour in a sheltered place and watched the tempestuous sea and the wild rock-bound coast, darkened our windows to shut the daylight out at eleven P. M.—and so ended the first of the eight eventful days. With droll consideration we were informed that in the early morning we would be exposed to the swell of the sea, and happy were they who believing, remained below. But by nine A. M., we were under the protection or within the broken barrier of islands and rocks and all was serene and lovely. Some years ago an employé at the charming Luray Inn, Virginia, was asked if there was a comfortable hotel farther down the road at Roanoke. "Oh, yes," he replied, "one of the Company's and like this;" adding with the supreme contempt and supercilious patronage of a rival, "but there is nothing there but *scenery!*" Very truthfully could this rather crude remark be applied to this trip in search of the Midnight Sun, especially when clouds and mists persistently veil and hide the glorious orb, at the critical moments. The coast of Norway is unique,—a sort of Thousand Islands stretched along a good thousand miles or more, but with the added charm of bold and varied mountain scenery such as one scarcely expects to find outside of peerless little Switzerland. The guide-book, glibly records that "the coast is protected by a natural barrier, a *fringe* of islands." It is however, a rather uneven and irregular fringe, the kind which in dress materials would be quickly relegated to needy friends or cheerfully sent to church for missionary boxes! A cruise

along the rugged and varied coast impresses one, as the days go by, with the fact that Norway must have been around when mountains, rocky islands, tiny islets and endless waters were given out. From the immense variety of forms and the tumbled irregular appearance, it looks as if she must have accepted a "job lot" and has never been really able to assort or put them in order! Mountain scenery is much the same the world over, the preponderance of certain forms and outlines alone giving a local character. But along this sea-caressed, storm-swept coastline, literally every form is seen,—the great rounded mound with its long gracefully sloping sides,—the tent like contour,—the lofty Gothic pinnacles,—the lance-like Aiguilles,—the stately castellated forms and the billowy rounding range, so full of life and motion. The islands are numberless and vary in size from a few feet to miles. The skies grew fairer, the clouds more luminous, and yet all day the heavy rainfalls were somewhere visible in the distance. We knew this day would reveal none of the greater wonders of the trip, but there was so much that was novel and enchanting we were in perpetual delight. We sat by the hour in the bow of the vessel and just *looked!* Islands there were to the right of us, islands to the left, and along the horizon a tumbled mass of purple, violet, amethyst, and blue, mingled with gold, gray- and bronze-green,—the endless line of low-lying mountains in the suppressed light. At times a bold headland, oftener a ragged, tumul-

tuous outline of low mountains, bare of trees, save a few stunted shrubs at base, but with green of moss-like turf in patches to their very summits. But oh! the glory and beauty, the mystery and impressiveness of the bold yet soft gradation of color in those heavy, cloud-like banks, with which we were encompassed all the day long! Sometimes a foreground of dull gray rocks, and through an opening in an apparently land-locked bay, great boulders glittering and flashing in the sunlight. Again, great deep purple mountains like sentinels, and seen between them in the beyond, a low mass of sapphire blue. Once in a great while a little house would be seen. It was impossible, though, to shake off the sense of extreme solitude and loneliness, the consciousness that these great mountain piles and rocky masses lie here *always*, year after year, basking in the sunlight, enveloped in mists and wreathed in storm clouds, while the crowd of tourists just come and go. Delighted as we were, it struck us as a little comical to see a young Englishman in full regulation tourist dress, knickerbockers, large plaid stockings and all, perched in the best place in the bow, but never for an hour lifting his eyes from a French paper-covered novel! Hour after hour, like shifting scenes upon a stage with kaleidoscopic change and panoramic variety, the rocky shores, islands and strange groupings of the mountains in many a little inlet passed rapidly before us. Every moment was so full! Before you can really grasp exquisite outline or glowing color the ceaseless

movement and changing positions of the vessel opens something else equally novel or breathless, the gray rocks close in, a narrow gateway discloses a vista of bold jagged heights, with soft storm wreaths, mysterious and strange, and looking backward behold! as far as eye can reach, a new paradise of island after island, mountain beyond mountain, permeated with the wondrous blue and amethystine tints. In minor fjords the waters, mirror-like, reflected the great rocks and hills, while all around us the waves were touched with white caps. How marvellous it all seemed, seen from the deck of a steamer! While a part would be all glowing with color or sunshine, of the mountain tops here and there it could be said, "Clouds and darkness are around about them." Anon, we came into a broad, lake-like expanse of perfectly smooth waters, with enchanting distant adamantine walls dyed with blue of sapphire and purple of amethyst. Lifting the eyes in opposite direction, away off against the blue sky and banks of pearly clouds, rose most strikingly a mass of brown and russet with deep indenture like a gateway to the cloud-land beyond. It was novel and strange, because seen from such standpoint, and enchanting, because never had we seen such wealth, delicacy and exuberance of exquisite color. For a while our attention was riveted upon a curious and most picturesque mountain pile, in form strikingly like a huge, high-crown, wide-brimmed hat, floating upon the surface of the deep. This resemblance has given it the name of "Torghattan,"

or market hat. As we neared it, the steamer anchored in a little cove, the boats were lowered and all who wished went ashore for two hours. Few were left behind, for through this monumental mountain there is a wonderful natural tunnel. Seen from a distance the effect is most peculiar, for half-way up the dark frowning face, appears an aperture, through which is discerned the blue sky and warm sunshine beyond. It was quite a walk and climb to the base of the pyramid or cone, through the very heart of which, pierced by some unknown power, is the opening, said to be two hundred and three feet in centre and two hundred and forty-six feet at one end in height, with a width of perhaps thirty or forty feet. The sides are almost perpendicular, the roof hangs in jagged broken outlines and the way is clear of débris. Nor is there at either end little suggestion of what has become of that which has been sculptured out. The way up is such a winding one that until the opening is reached little idea is gained of the surprise awaiting one. In an instant, as one surmounts the last pile of boulders, through the great opening is seen, fitly framed, a picture of rare beauty of the smooth sea beyond, at that moment silvery and glittering, dotted with numerous rocky islets. The view from this elevation in every direction was enchanting, for it swept over a broad expanse of waters, numerous picturesque bays running way up into the coastline, countless islands, diversified shore boundary and a billowy horizon of glorious mountains

fairly dissolved in color. Then we took shipping and sailed o'er silent seas again, and the sunshine disappeared. We passed Brono, quite a settlement, with a church, telegraph office, etc., and then to our keen regret the mist, which resembled the rain, degenerated into a drizzle or pour. At eight P. M. we passed Sandnasen—"good quarters," with a church in size strangely out of proportion to the apparent population. But all of these northern stations are identified with the fishing interests, and at certain times of the year the hardy fishermen flock here in thousands. The view of the Seven Sisters, a spelling class or procession of mountains, is said to be grand from here. Perhaps it is! We saw it not, for the rain clouds enveloped them! A while earlier, we did see a beautiful effect in seven long cascades or waterfalls, at intervals, dashing down the sides of a long mountain range, in a mass of whitened foam. It became cold and wet and we would fain have retired, only at eleven P. M. we were to cross the Arctic Circle, the pesky imaginary line which so bothered the comprehension of our earlier days,—especially as it was so plain upon the maps. For an hour or more we lost everything, being enveloped in a light and luminous cloud and downpour. About eleven P. M. we all gathered around two small cannons on one side of the vessel. An island with apparently a cone-like mound of rock, a most peculiar formation, so enveloped in mist we could not tell whether it was high or low, appeared upon one side of a narrow strait. More rocks rose

upon the other side. The Circle passes between them and when fairly abreast, the genial captain, who from first to last was indefatigable in his efforts to add to the pleasure of the trip, requested a young California lady to pull a string, and bang! went the little brass cannon; then a fair English lass drew another and the deafening noise of a salute followed; then all went to opposite side of vessel, the Austrians broke out in their national hymn while two German frauleins fired the other two guns—and we were across the magic line. It all seemed so droll, eighty grown-up people standing around in the rain while four guns were firing, because we were passing an imaginary line that no one cared a button for! Beyond this, there is said to be some fine scenery, but as the rain soon entirely obliterated all trace of earth or sky, we retired, the captain calling out cheerily, "Get all the sleep you can, for every night after this, there is much to see." Hope, as usual, told a flattering tale. And the morning and the evening of our second day were ended.

## THE PLAY WITH HAMLET OMITTED.

### II.

As the captain, with almost paternal solicitude, had announced the previous evening that in the early hours of this our third eventful day, we might have it a little rough, we lay quietly in our berths until eight o'clock. With fine weather, it is difficult to understand just when one would have any use for a berth, there is so much to see. We saw from our port-hole that the rain had ceased, the sky was a soft mass of mother-of-pearl and the horizon mountains bright with sunshine, but little dreamed of what a varied scene awaited us from the deck, stretched out upon the surrounding waters. Numerous low rocky islands and miniature islets seemed floating upon the surface, like ice floes, while rising sharply, tumultuously, like colossal waves tossed into the air, breaking in a sky line of sharp-pointed ragged peaks, tinged with soft living and bronze green with here and there white patches of snow, were the Lofoden Islands. Through the quiet waters the good ship ploughed its way, the great wall of rock growing taller and taller and more sombre and impressive. A cloud suddenly swooped down, eagle-like, and wreathed the highest summits with an air of solemn,

In the Raftsund

impenetrable mystery. Seen against the gray, luminous sky, the picture or panorama, all through the Raftsund, of these wonderful and stupendous rocky islands, was grand, sublime and overpowering. The distant peaks were superb in color, being a most peculiar tint of greenish violet, soft and luminous. Nature makes up a liberal palette, ere this picture is complete. When first we reached the shadow of the great rocks, we came to Henningsvaer, a very important fishing station, where in the season (midwinter) from twenty to thirty thousand fishermen are engaged. The little low islands were literally peppered with low houses and rude huts. The vessel stopped for ten minutes and then through the boundless waters continued its royal way. Oh! the solemn loneliness of that stretch of waters and those countless bare and rugged peaks! It seemed as if the Alps must be afloat! How the expression of it, "How wonderful are Thy works," oppressed mind and soul that quiet, ideal Sabbath morning! The mountain forms grew more wild, spectral, and weird. At times an outline like a Titanic saw, again great mounds of color indescribable, or some deep inlet brilliant with ultramarine blue, or some nearer mount luminous green with the turf, with lines of purple and brown of dampened rocks. Surely, the witchery of color never had dramatic display excelling this! Everywhere islands and islets, mountain ranges and chains, and strangely enough with all these heights, no corresponding or complementing curve or valley depth, but

instead, the long soul-quieting lines of water with their solemn, grave suggestiveness of the endlessness of eternity! It was Switzerland submerged, but with the life and gladness of the happy valleys replaced by the awful immensity, solitude and utter separation from human life, of the outstretched silent waters. Something perhaps is lost of the daring, breathless towering toward the heavens, felt in valley depths, by this conscious beginning upon a level. But the inseparable mystery, solemnity, grandeur and sublimity are accentuated, and one feels farther removed from the life that now is and closer to the Unseen and nearer to the blessed life beyond. We longed for clear blue sky and continuous sunshine, yet felt in all probability we were having a greater variety of color and atmospheric effects. It was transcendently beautiful and mysterious; was like endless worship in some grand cathedral, with here and there a column in solemn shadow and often a burst of sunlight upon occasional blue and purple peaks, like the streaming of light through clerestory stained and colored glass. Passing through gateways of imposing rocks we would come "into a large place," and far away against the horizon, would see a line of peaks and pinnacles and wave-tossed outline, like the views of Alpine ranges from such vantage ground as Rigi Kulm. The signs of life are few. Here and there detached houses or perchance a hamlet. Flocks of sea-gulls and eider duck, and in the open, a finely proportioned English steamer. Constantly changing is the configura-

tion of mountain and hill upon every side, so that the eye wearies, the nerves grow taut with all the shifting scene of beauty and the prolonged strain of unbroken delight. A most weird and spectral scene was a row of square-cut islands like the huge abutments or piers of some gigantic bridge, and then a sharp, solitary, pyramid as we passed on through the azure and the blue. Grand and impressive as it was, we felt at times we did not gain a correct impression of the height of many of the peaks, because of the frequent handicapping by the clouds. The snow nowhere lies like a mantle covering the entire summits, or in great sweeping draperies down the mountain side, as with the Alps or Sierra Nevadas, but in spots and patches here and there as in pockets. Sometimes in the great crater-like pockets, it lay in magnificent and dazzling masses and frequently ponderous glowing glaciers seemed creeping slowly down, but oftener it was a patch, a blotch of white, upon a heraldic field of blue. The cloud effects were superb, but inasmuch as we would pass that way but once, we would willingly have dispensed with some, to have had more of unobstructed vision of lofty peak and solemn height. At one time we were in a land-locked bay, like a lake, with apparently no outlet, among the tallest peaks, over which hung and broke, Staubback like, a single thread of white waters. Such combination of beauteous form, variety of outline, sensuousness of luminous color is said to be rare, even here. Smoothly and silently we turned into the Trold-

fjord ; as if by magic the clouds graciously lifted, the blue sky appeared, and up and up—thousands of feet almost sheer up—on one side, rose the well-nigh bare, bald, mountain heights, with great masses of brilliant fire-weed, a few scanty shrubs and then nothing but the stupendous bare, gray rock surface. This little cove or fjord was by far the grandest and most magnificent sight we had. In this tiny bay what marvellous grandeur and sublimity ! A giant mountain with smooth, slanting surface of thousands of feet from summit to water's edge ;—a cone and pyramid ;—streams of whitened foam coming down steep acclivities, and one great solitary glacier, made the little enclosure seem like a sanctuary, so still and holy ! A single white sea-gull hovered above like the Holy Spirit brooding over the calm and repose. Oh dear ! they dared, in childish craving for amusement, to fire several guns while there, for the possible effect of wonderful echo and marvellous reverberation, when the holy charm of this amazing combination was the brooding stillness, the spiritual peacefulness, that could be felt. A shout in church would hardly have sounded more sacrilegious ! We passed out, and lo ! in a few moments there was no trace of inlet or wondrous silent fjord ! Like a revelation it opened,—like an apparition it disappeared ! So come,—alas ! so go, some of the deepest and sweetest experiences of our spiritual and inner life. The scene grew more rugged and wild, the peaks sharper, and the glorious sun appearing, transfigured it all. Fifteen minutes later

we wondered if mountains, clouds, sky and water, could do more! One great clustered mass of purple mountains, was covered with a strange luminous cloud. The light beyond seemed to break through in long, glorious slants down their sides. A mysterious and expectant air, made it seem as if Moses had again gone up into the mount. Another peerless group of sharp-pointed and jagged peaks, with great, deep pockets filled with snow, stood out grand and sublime in the clear atmosphere. Far away, beyond a chain of low islets, a range of vivid blue mountains was broken in one place by an abrupt oblong mass like a stupendous square fortress with huge towers at the corners, all flashing in the sunshine. In another direction a solid blue, sombre mass, with broken outline of strange, weird shapes, was, in some places, monolithic in form and character. There is little use in trying to portray these details, save that they give some faint idea of the rapidly dissolving kaleidoscopic effects, gone and replaced almost momentarily.

Later we stopped at a small village to allow a funny little German baron to land, with his seventeen pieces of luggage, his object being to ascend a mountain in sight crowned with a little hut, because, as he said, "the Emperor had done so!" At seven-thirty P. M. we moored in the harbor of Harstad, called one of the most beautiful places on the coast. It seemed as if the whole population, dressed in their Sunday best, were upon the wharf. A long row of carioles and

saddle horses were waiting to take visitors to one of the oldest churches in Norway, a mile or two away. We went ashore and strolled a ways above the town. A beautiful scene lay unfolded before us, for we seemed to be overlooking an Alpine lake with the mountains at one end well covered with snow. The little town had a thrifty look, and as we passed one house, the sound of a melodeon was heard. After all, we did not seem so far away. At eleven P. M. we were off again, our departure being timed so as to reach a place a little way beyond, where we would have the first chance of seeing the Midnight Sun. It was the more exciting because, although the wind blew bleak and cold, the clouds seemed about to lift. In the west the golden suffusing light made a hopeful contrast with the rest of the beclouded sky. Time wore on ; we came in sight of apparently a bouquet or group of peaks with summits so beclouded that no idea of height or conformation, save at the base, could be formed. Beyond lay a long stretch of low, almost flat, mountains. A little way above the horizon the edge of a flaky, pearly mass of cloud was as sharply and distinctly drawn as the edge or border of a stage curtain. Along the horizon a bank of scattering clouds and between, lovely reflected golden light. It seemed as if the bell had rung for the curtain to go up,—and it had caught ! Whether the sun was in the bank below or behind the curtain-like cloud we knew not. Oh ! with what tension of nerve, with what longing gaze we watched the scene ! At

twelve o'clock a gun was fired, but there was no Midnight Sun for us! While it was marvellous at midnight to see the western sky all glorious as at many a sunset hour in our own land, it was not exactly that which we "came out for to see," and a little chagrined we acceded willingly to the captain's suggestion,—"Go to bed and if the sun appears we will fire a gun." Alas! no report sounded upon the air as the night wore on! It was disappointing, but it could neither obliterate nor dim the glowing memory of the glorious Sabbath day, so satisfyingly full of the wondrous revelation of creative skill, so permeated with the soft radiancy of heavenly tint and hue of delicacy and beauty unspeakable.

## THE PLAY WITH HAMLET OMITTED.

### III.

At an early hour on Monday we arrived at Tromso, which, situated upon a little bay, makes a fine appearance from the water, with its warehouses and wharves, the buildings of the town, and upon wood-covered hills beyond, many a little white villa. After breakfast we were all rowed to a small landing opposite, where little carioles were waiting to drive to a picturesque valley where was a so-called settlement of Lapps. It was a *show* place with probably most of the characteristics of a genuine settlement, dirt and all! Four or five huts made of poles or logs set up on end and gathered to a centre and covered with earth, etc., and perhaps fifty men, women and children; a lot of beautiful dogs, and better than all, a herd of reindeer, were the attractions. The men and women were very diminutive, with faded yellow hair and leather-like skins, and were so non-descriptly attired and enveloped that they appeared much like picturesque bundles of old clothes, skins and leather. The garments of skin with fur turned inside, looked, if the truth is to be told, as if never cleaned and rarely removed. A few minutes within the huts so satisfied curiosity

and healthful, sight-seeing interest, that we did not care even to inquire the price of rooms for the season. The reindeer were very interesting, much like deer, only that their antlers were completely covered as with a soft and velvety fur. It all however, reminded us of the so-called Indian encampments often seen near our popular resorts. The life within the huts was pitiful. A hole in the middle of the roof gives the only light or chance for escape of the smoke of the fire in centre of room, around which they live and sleep in very primitive fashion. The babies have the drollest of droll little cradles. It was not a cheerful place or inspiriting picture of life, yet they all seemed contented and happy.

Many walked the whole way for a change, but in our two-wheeled gig, with a little imp of a horse, and a boy standing up behind driving, Jehu-like, we felt, as we jolted and pitched over the rather primitive road, first to one side and then to the other, with a delightful suggestion of an upset at any moment, that we had quite as much exercise as the best of them. Returning to the little wharf we were rowed over to the town, where we strolled around for awhile, visiting the little shops with many a choice bit of old silver and quaint tankards and spoons. There was a general appearance of cleanliness and tidiness, but a very fishy odor in the vicinity of the wharves. Almost every window (and never were there more windows in a given space) was prettily draped with Nottingham lace or muslin curtains and

profusely filled with pots of blooming flowers. An hour or two before we left, the excursion steamer "Augusta Victoria," arrived from the North Cape, and reported the weather so unfavorable, that no sight of the Midnight Sun had been enjoyed. Our hearts sank within us, as we wondered if a similar experience awaited us. (They touched the *bottom* later!) As we steamed away from Tromso about two P. M. bang! bang! bang! went the exchanging salutes, and the colors were dipped while from our ship floated the Norwegian, Swedish, Austrian, French, German, English and American flags. The scenery soon became magnificent, but alas! for awhile, we were exposed to the roll and swell of the sea and the wind became too piercingly cold and keen, to allow of prolonged sitting upon the deck. All this while we were passing at most aggravating disadvantage, combinations of mountain and sea, solemn and grand! Late in the afternoon, unable to stand any longer the letting of all this grandeur pass unnoticed, we bundled up and went out, with teeth chattering and forms shivering, and viewed the prospect o'er. There was no going in after that! Cold or not, we could not afford to lose or ignore such inspiring and enchanting effects of stupendous form and bewitching color. The temperature was more suggestive of November or December than July. How we wished the clouds that handicapped two thirds of the summits and ranges would lift! The atmospheric effects were peculiar and bewitching; it was like some great spectacular

display. The gray, cold clouds hung heavily; an occasional rift revealing their thinness as well as the blue sky beyond. Once, sweeping the horizon we looked upon tent-like mountains, then upon the open sea with one stupendous, tumbled island mass of rugged mountains, while along the nearer shore almost purple to blackness, rose sombre, mysterious, solemn and awful, a bold, lofty jagged range, standing out grand and impressive against an angry sky with a wild, fearful "Dies Iræ" expression. In its impressive, awful effect we seemed to hear again the weird song of the Hampton singers, "O my Lord! what mourning, what mourning when the stars begin to fall." The utter loneliness and solitariness of this environment of sombre sea and solemn heights cannot be imagined or pictured. Yet in startling and beautiful contrast, way off in another direction in a deep islet or bay, the sun was shining gloriously and the mountain-side seemed laughing with gladness. Passing over those black waters, among those sombre mountains, flecked here and there with snow, we seemed in another sphere than ours. Closer and closer we came to a river-like fjord until fairly in the shadow and at the very base of an unusually lofty range. Protected by this barrier the wind touched us not and seemed to have died away. From smooth, quiet waters sprang abruptly and with one glorious bound a range of mountains from five to six thousand feet in height. We were in the Lyngen-fjord, one of the finest along the entire coast, and a lovely scene

it was, like a great inland sea with lonely mountains guarding its every side. The steamer slowed up and we just floated along the base of the mighty heights. No words can convey a truthful idea of the wonderful succession of strange riftings and breakings in this wall of stone. It seemed a solid continuous mass, then suddenly a break would occur and high up on the mountain-side would lie an extensive glacier, rifted and seamed in great crevasses and cavities, showing a most exquisite and peculiar blue. From it would pour, over boulders and a rocky bed, a white stream, which a Swiss lady facetiously remarked was "the outcome of the glacier's melting mood." We little dreamed of that which was in store. It was indeed, as the song says, "Better on before," for we passed break after break, with glacier after glacier, and many a white, rushing, foaming stream coming down the mountainfside. Some of the glaciers, with thrilling effect, seemed to emerge or be a portion of the great overhanging clouds, while others lay in great, solid, aqua-marine, blue-fretted masses. One break may reveal mountain-tops like castellated battlements lost in clouds; another, a group of pinnacles like a Gothic spire, with countless sea-gulls fluttering to and fro against this architectural background of gray and barren rocks. Lost as many of the pinnacles were in clouds, they seemed those of a temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Another showed in the centre a great cone-like mountain, with a blue, shattered glacier flowing around it,

and hanging as it were upon either side, like a necklace or scarf. The last and greatest of all lay high up on the mountain, as upon a shelf, while the floating along so imperceptibly, made it seem like a continuous panorama or picture passing before us. It suggested the Bay of Uri, the best part of Lake Lucerne, in its breathless grandeur. There was no nonsense of "foot-hills;" the great mountains sprang breathlessly, with one lordly bound, up and up to the very sky, overpowering with a sense of deepest solemnity and awful solitude. It was delightful to be in the shadow of the great rock, with neither wind nor cold to make us afraid. Like all good things it came to an end! We reached the end of the fjord; the steamer turned; the inevitable gun was fired, that the children of a larger growth might hear the lovely echoes, and then we passed out into the winding expanse again. The evening sky grew more clear, the clouds parted and we watched, hour after hour, as they who watch for the morning. But,—we did not see the sun! As on the previous night, it was somewhere there, and in larger degree and fuller promise. We would have called it at home a glorious and gorgeous sunset, with a wealth of golden clouds and changing colors. At midnight delicate rosy clouds hung over our only piece of blue, but the sun was invisible. It was strange, weird and uncanny, all this glowing light and gorgeous color at midnight. Perhaps the sun, behind the clouds, went down, at any rate *we did*,

at twelve-thirty, disappointed and worn, although even then the glory and radiancy as of another world than ours illumined our only bit of clear blue sky.

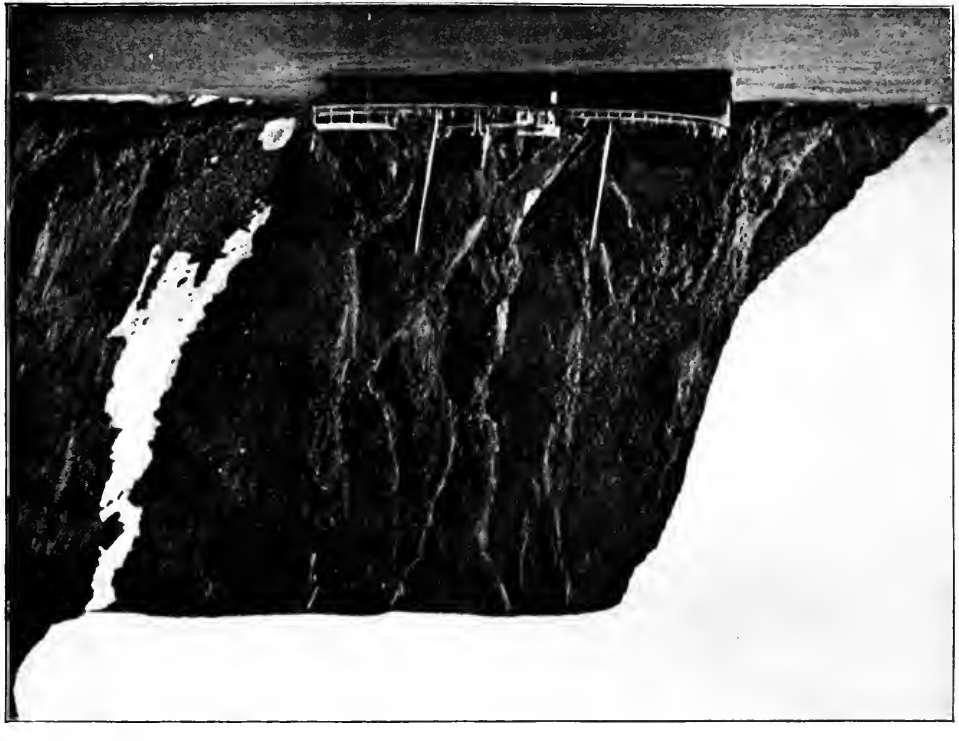
## THE PLAY WITH HAMLET OMITTED.

### IV.

At an early hour the following morning we were awakened by the dropping of the anchors in the harbor of Hammerfest, "the northernmost town in the world." It is beautifully situated in a little cove sheltered by perfectly bare but not particularly lofty mountains and commands a magnificent outlook, for away out in the waters stands alone a massive, moss-covered mountain and farther on appear waving, ragged walls against the sky. The water was as smooth as a mirror and the clouds and mountains were reflected again and again, while the sunshine was glorious. But we could not but remember this condition or mood is considered ominous and indicative of a change, upon *our* inland lakes. Alas! we had become too critical and nervous about the weather for actual comfort. The town is a busy little place, with some very creditable dwellings, several warehouses and everywhere a very fishy odor. To one side of the bay or harbor upon a promontory stands a low granite column surmounted by a ball, called the "Meridianstette," which commemorates certain measurements "of the number of degrees between Ismail, near the mouth of the Danube and this point" made between 1816 and 1852 "by the geom-

eters of three nations by order of King Oscar I., and the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas." At ten o'clock we were sailing over the quiet waters again, and about one o'clock anchored in a sheltered bay close to a vile-smelling whaling station with works for trying out oil and fat. Beside the wharf, lay in the water the carcass of a huge whale which could easily have swallowed Jonah; along the shore were piles of bleached bones, and while we were waiting a steam tug came in, towing a captured whale. Two or three houses and the works were all there was to be seen, but across the bay, away from the nauseating stench, were the houses of the officials in charge. Almost everyone went ashore but returned with handkerchiefs tied over their nostrils, declaring they had "seen everything disgusting." Meanwhile the sky cleared, the sun came out warm and bright, and the day was absolutely perfect, and of course we forgot the disappointments of the trip and our hopes went up and up and our anticipations brightened. Alas! what a change a few short hours can bring! As we again moved onward the captain announced there would be fifteen minutes of rough water—but who cared when the prospect was so cheering! But the wind (it seemed to have a grudge against us) blew up "big guns," the clouds appeared as by magic and closed in about us, and very soon it *poured!* It became too bitter cold to remain out, and the motion within the cabin was disturbing. It was difficult to be uncomplaining and patient under the circumstances, and

North Cape



it looked very much as if discontent and dissatisfaction were pretty equally distributed among the company. About five o'clock we came close under, in all the pouring rain, the lofty precipitous cliffs of four pointed rocky islands, with strange rows of white dots upon every ledge and excrescence. The steamer stopped ;—a gun was fired and presto ! From ledge and cliff disappeared the pearl-like spots and instantly the air was full, as with snowflakes, of numberless white gulls and birds. It was the "Stappene,"—the bird islands. Oh ! if it had not rained and blown so cold and chill ! for it would have been exquisitely beautiful in the sunshine. The poor creatures were frantic as gun after gun was fired, but as no effort was made to kill or harm them we did not feel they were being butchered, but only frightened to make our holiday. It was a most strange and peculiar scene, for there were apparently thousands of them, and as they alighted many a straight ledge looked like a mantel or shelf with a row of white bric-a-brac, in shoppy parlance, "no two alike." Later it became more rough and cold and the wind and rain had it all their own way and played sad havoc with our remnant of hope and anticipation. At nine o'clock we came into a little bay. Great walls of precipitous mountains rose upon either side, and between them a steep green slope with a line of zigzag walk to its summit. The anchor with tremendous rumbling fell ! We were at the North Cape—with rain and clouds obscuring the heavens ! A more hopeless or

depressing prospect could not be imagined. The captain made rather a melancholy little speech at the supper table, referring to the general disappointment, and saying the small boats would go to and fro, and advising all to go ashore and pluck a few flowers and so be able to say they had at least been upon the North Cape. But after supper the clouds parted and so rolled away that the brilliant sunshine seemed to bid fair to bathe the whole scene. Instantaneously our battered hopes took fresh heart of grace! Notice was given that at eleven-thirty o'clock, if there was a favorable chance of seeing the Midnight Sun, the steamer would pass out "into the open." Meanwhile those who wished could ascend the mountain. Full of expectation that the clouds would entirely vanish, we began the ascent. We had not come all that distance to give up at the end. The path proved a succession of steep zigzags, with, more than one half of the way, iron posts upon the outer side with stout rope to cling to. Owing to the soil being saturated and slippery, three-quarters of an hour of tugging and puffing were involved ere we reached the topmost ridge, which from below seemed the summit and looking-off place. But there opened before us an immense table-land, at first slightly undulating, devoid of tree and shrub, and bare of growth of any kind, and without even jutting rocks or boulders,—a sweep of desolation and utter solitude under the gray sky most impressive and grand. A good fifteen minutes walk across this weird, lonely country, brought us to

the "jumping-off place." We saw at a glance that there was not the slightest prospect of seeing in its glory the Midnight Sun. Angry rain clouds were sweeping past, sometimes nearly enveloping us. The wind was cold and bleak, but overhead the sky was blue, and the edges of the clouds glorified by golden sunlight. An elaborate octagonal pavilion of wood afforded protection until rested, while the merry Teutons made havoc with sundry bottles of champagne. We strolled away from the noisy and hilarious crowd to the edge of the cliff. Oh! for words to describe that outlook! Compared with it, a clear sky with the Midnight Sun would have been tame! Yet that was what we went for, and what we desired, and the utter disappointment was saddening and depressing. Yet we would not have lost the unearthly spectacle, and were well repaid for the fatigue of the wearisome climb. Far beneath us, a thousand feet or more, spread the apparently smooth and trackless waters. Across them, a shimmering bar of silvery light as though angels might have passed that way. Against the horizon lay a hopeless, solid line of deep mellow gray cloud; above it, broken masses in all the soft bewitching variations of mother-of-pearl, or the inside of delicate sea-shell, and higher a silvery blue sky with the edges of the clouds breaking against it, tinged with golden and roseate hues. Between us and the far-off, stalked a procession of ghost or phantom-like cloud-forms, changing almost with every moment. Oh! wondrous combination, harmony and symphony in

pearl and gray and white! It was Nature in the most sublime, holy and spiritual mood we had ever witnessed. The desolate plain upon whose cliff-rim we stood seemed like holy ground, while the silvery waters and the clouds which, like a multitude of witnesses, encompassed us about, brought eternity in its endlessness and fulness very vividly to mind and heart. Was it strange that, standing in the presence of this weird, unearthly scene, with the processional clouds passing silently before us, memory marshalled the white-robed throng, and that mind and heart were busy with thoughts of them that have passed within the veil, have entered the spirit-land, but whom we still fondly call our own, or that we said softly to ourselves:

> "We in the shadows waiting stand,
> But ye, have entered there."

The other world, which "lies about us like a cloud," seemed very near, in such a pearly scene as this, and we thought of Moses *alone* with God. The long straight lines of water and horizon, always so soothing and quieting, the solemn stalking of the phantom forms and the utter solitude were like another world. To have rested there two or three hours *alone*, without the cold wind, would have been like unto going up into the Mount and abiding with the Unseen. Yet is not God everywhere? Is not the Kingdom *within?* The noise and hilarity of the champagne-loving Germans seemed like sacrilege,

like levity, in the presence of prayer. Yet we remembered their ways were not our ways and that they doubtless thought little of the disappointment because they really cared less for the fulfilment. Never can we forget the solemn stillness, the utter separation from the things of time and sense experienced upon that Pisgah height. We wondered if it was not similar to the awful stillness of the higher fastnesses of the Alps. But this was peculiar, in that the only elements were water and cloud. After waiting until twelve-thirty o'clock, hoping by some magic, yes, Divine power, a rift would come and we see the sun in all his glory, we turned away. But it came not! High in the heavens was the warm, serene blue; the edge of clouds was touched with its golden light, while, in an opposite direction, in the shatterings of cloud banks were the soft tints of pink and rose. It was as light as day, the dial of the watch alone proving that it was a half hour after midnight. As we turned for our return walk across the plateau, all along the path in the distance were figures slowly plodding their way, suggesting many a picture of Holy Land. Just as we reached the descent the gathering mist became rain, making the steep walk down simply frightful, for the earth, soft at best, had become a pasty mud, slippery and uncertain of hold, and a lost footing meant the base of the hill in an incredibly brief time. It was two o' clock A. M. when, besmeared and bedraggled, we reached the steamer, but it seemed scarcely later than five o'clock. Soon after, the steamer

changed position and gave opportunity for deep-sea fishing until four A. M., but wearied and exhausted we lay in our berths, and while pondering in our hearts all these things we had seen, tinged as they were with sense of disappointment, but mingled with thanksgiving for the heavenly vision, we dropped away to slumber sweet.

## THE PLAY WITH HAMLET OMITTED.

### V.

We were late in rising the following morning, for we felt older in every way than the day before. We had met our "Carcasonne" in Norway instead of Southern France, but felt it just as keenly. The sun was shining brightly, but sufficient clouds were hovering around to prove that the business was still "carried on at the old stand." About ten A. M. we stopped for fifteen minutes at Hammerfest for the mail and then moved on and on through lake-like fjords, the sun making the deck enjoyable and bringing outlying and distant slopes distinctly in view. We were not in the bolder or wilder parts, yet the scenery was delightful,—in fact, all along the whole cruise there was scarcely a mile that we would not have made an excursion to if at home. The genial captain said his instructions were to have his passengers see the Midnight Sun, and so the course was altered to afford us one more chance. By noon we anchored in a little bay, where we quietly lay until midnight. But late in the day the sky again clouded, the wind became cold and keen, and at intervals the rain fell heavily. At eleven o'clock there was a little golden light in the cloud-laden sky. At eleven-thirty, utterly disheartened, tired and discouraged, we gave up

and went to bed. It was like a burial, for our last hope and chance disappeared with this hiding of the sun from our sight. Some of those who remained on deck until twelve-thirty declared that for *one* moment the sun's disc was, with a glass, definable through the clouds, while others said it was the merest nothing of a sight. But at one-thirty the sky was clear and the sun visible. The next morning we were quietly moored in the pretty harbor of Tromso. The sun was shining and the general promise of clearing made us almost wish we were going the other way. After breakfast we went ashore and visited the Fishery Exhibition, with which this far-away town was celebrating its Centennial; it was very interesting, although its scope was broader than its name, for about everything manufactured in Norway and Sweden was gathered there. Stoves, machinery, furniture, furs, fish-oil, nets, apparatus and curious guns for firing a harpoon into a whale, and bags to use in pouring oil upon the troubled waters and a good American Buckeye Mower!

At twelve o'clock we bade adieu to busy little Tromso under as fair a sky and in as mild an atmosphere as if yesterday were ages away. All the blessed afternoon we sailed over placid and sunny waters, with beautiful mountain, snow-flecked forms on either side. As we were getting farther south more hamlets and detached houses were visible and the lower slopes of the mountains quite heavily wooded. It was dreamy and peaceful; but we had resisted the dampness and

cold so long, and were so wearied, we could scarcely keep awake. We seemed to be passing through a chain of lakes, so shut in were we much of the time, and so often in face of the always interesting problem of where we would pass out, and then we would round some hitherto unseen point and lo ! a vista, bold and grand, would open before us. About six o'clock we came into a scene of surpassing loveliness and exhilarating grandeur. No pen can place that matchless and dazzling beauty of glassy waters, blue sky and towering mountains, bathed in the warm sunlight, adequately before one. Great needle-like peaks ;—a ridge of overpowering mountain forms white with snow, and great mound-like mountains tossed high in air enclosed us, while in the mirror-like waters they sank down and down in reflections of rare distinctness, depth and beauty. The fjord itself was like an inverted bowl with blue of sky, and brown and white of snow-touched hills, pictured upon it, like a delicate painting. We had come into the submerged Alps again, and it was grand and sublime. We had looked upon so much that was sombre and awe-inspiring that it was good to see the grand old forms all clothed in, and glorious with sunshine. Later, under the shadow of the sunlit heights, we gazed far away upon a vision of billowy, wave-tossed ranges, opalescent in color and dreamy to ecstasy in outline, and instinctively bared our heads in such kingly presence. Somehow, in the genial sunshine, the shadows of disappointment that enveloped and clung to us quite lifted, and

we felt with such continuous weather we could at least go into Trondhjem with light and happy hearts. This cruise to the North Cape is a strange experience, for there is "no night there." When the sun does not pretend to go to bed even at twelve o'clock, it can be easily understood how one's reckoning of time becomes demoralized and only the hands upon the dial, the ship's bells, and the prompt announcement of the three meals, tell whether it is morning or evening, to-day or to-morrow. One writer facetiously says :

> "Frequently breakfast at five o'clock tea
> And dine on the following day."

A lady who stopped at the Lofoden Islands and made the ascent of a mountain, said it was very droll when they returned at two o'clock A. M. to find the children playing in the village street ! But soon the western sky took on a pale and sickly tint, and it was evident the supply of mother-of-pearl was not exhausted, and ere long the blinding rain was upon us. Our spirits had so risen with the clearing weather and the prospect of a fine sun display (not the Midnight Sun, for that was a thing of the past) at an hour when sensible people are in bed and we had arranged to remain up, that, to use a slang phrase "it was hard !" Some seemed to feel it was like adding insult to injury ! We hoped to see the sun set at nine o'clock and rise again at one-thirty. But the wind blew, and hour after hour the rain fell, and at eleven-thirty we were too tired and discouraged

to care and went below. There was an awfully wicked satisfaction in hearing the next morning that those who remained upon the deck saw nothing!

The early hours of our last full day were hopelessly stormy, and for awhile the sea rocked our cradle more than was pleasant. But at last we came into a protected highway, with Alps piled on Alps, their heads hooded with the inevitable clouds. Occasional sunlight however, could not lift it, above a cheerless, windy, leaden and rainy day,—

> "Sit where you will
> There's draught enough to turn a mill,—"

which made the deck cheerless and the day wearisome. At eleven o'clock we stopped at the foot of the Svartisen, with enormous glacier said to be thirty-five miles in length and ten broad, covering a mountain plateau some four thousand feet in height and coming down like great frozen torrents to the sea, and almost every one walked to the base. We passed Torghattan at a distance and saw the light and sky beyond, through its weird and mysterious tunnel. Late in the evening the western sky began to show signs of illumination. Streaks of red and bars of gold encouraged the expectation of a beautiful sunset. But true to the record, just as it began to be gorgeous, snap went the cloud-kodak and it was leaden again! Our trip, in so far as an unobstructed sight of the Midnight Sun was concerned, was a disappointment.

There was literally "nothing but scenery" for us; but that was of such infinite variety, such

breathless magnificence and such awe-inspiring effect, that we were satisfied. It is, however, a lottery at best. The trip previous to ours was unmarred by storm or cloud, while the two which followed were dismal failures. But even with the wonderful phenomenon of the Midnight Sun eliminated,—with Hamlet omitted,—the voyage is a rare epoch in anyone's life, for it is practically a panorama of solitary and mountain ranges tossed about in every form and movement, and lovely sinuous fjords or inlets, often with towering heights, like sentinels, commanding them and waters stretching everywhere in calm beauty ; each scene and outlook so bathed and steeped in glowing colors which, transferred to canvas, would seem extravagant. Truly "day unto day uttereth speech, night showeth knowledge," throughout this strange life upon the lonely waters. Eight continuous days of it, however, are more than mind can grasp or retain. One is so dazed and overpowered ! Words fail, while nerves, sense and spirit become utterly demoralized and confused. We wondered how people who have pleasant weather all the way, could live through the intoxication and excitement of it. Yet we would be willing to take the risk.

Saturday, our last day, dawned heavy with clouds, which fortunately gradually lifted, so that when we came in sight of Trondhjem, so beautiful for situation, and at last within the breakwater, it was clear, beautiful and delightfully warm. And the words that greeted us, were, "*the weather has*

*been beautiful ever since you left.*" The letter of a friend from afar, said, "I hope you saw the 'Midnight Sun.' If you did not, haply you will never know what you have missed!"

* * * * * * * *

"Now sails are furled, for storms are o'er,
And ships come into port."——

# O'ER LAND AND SEA.

## FROM TRONDHJEM TO BERGEN.

### I.

THE modes of conveyance in Norway are so varied and the changes so frequent, that travelling there can never become monotonous, tame or conducive to *ennui*. In fact it is ideal, for one bowls cheerily over smooth roads and beautiful country for an hour or two, then changes to a steamer and quietly passes through silent or lonely fjords, and then perchance takes to the road again. Upon many of the routes, one can have a comfortable carriage (*they* call them *landaus*); and may always have a "Stolkjærre," a two-wheeled vehicle, not unlike an ordinary butcher's cart with seat for two persons, which so elevates that you are monarch of all you survey as you trundle gayly over the country, (the coachman being seated behind); or a cariole, the national conveyance, the drollest seat for one, swung between two wheels, with the jolly post-boy perched up behind, in which you bowl over the smooth roads in the most exhilarating fashion imaginable. The demands of the increasing number of tourists are being rapidly met. Some really fine hotels are already established, while many pretty and tidy smaller ones are springing up all

A Carriole

along the regular and most frequented routes. The study of English being obligatory in the public schools, there is no country in Europe where it is more generally spoken. The people are kind, attentive and easy to deal with, for as yet they are unspoiled by the tourist business. Evolution, however, is a ceaseless force, and probably in due time they will rival the shrewd and frugal Swiss, and every traveller knows what that involves. In fact there is no continental country where simple jaunting about is more exhilarating, entertaining or enjoyable. Although it was late in the season and the wiseacres shook their heads and said "*rain*" (as if *they* could tell *us* anything on that subject) we could not or would not withstand the temptation of the flitting "o'er land and sea" so unlike any other travelling experience. The good ship "Neptune" which brought us into port at noon, was announced to sail at nine-thirty P. M. for Bergen and intermediate ports, but with a lack of promptness worthy of the Orient, it was midnight ere the the moorings were unloosened. After a glorious afternoon at Trondhjem, the unwelcome but familiar "patter of the summer rain," together with the utter weariness of flesh resulting from the North Cape trip, made us very willing to seek oblivion below.

The next morning the sun wrestled awhile with the clouds, but came off second best. Rain fell and the day began cold and cheerless. At half-past eight we entered a little bay where, most picturesquely situated upon four islands, is Christian-

sund, a very important trading-town with dried cod-fish for the Spanish market for its staple commodity. Then followed two and one-half hours of exposure to the swell of the sea, which evidently was not in a placid mood. Molde, our objective point, being situated upon a fjord far from the sea, we had an hour of most delightful smooth sailing, with the neighboring islands and surrounding mountains all bathed in sunlight, for by noon the skies began to clear. The approach to Molde was exquisitely beautiful, a royal progress by a stately gateway, peaceful lake-like waters and ranges of mountains and a multitude of cliffs and peaks in all shades of tender blue. The steamer anchored off the picturesque and pretty little town, steam-launches from the two large hotels came out, and we were quickly transferred to the Grand Hotel, superbly located upon a knoll some little way from the village. The view from our windows was magnificent, sweeping over a long, lake-like fjord, broken by a long line of low wooded islands, with beyond, rising in one lengthy procession, a chain of fifty or more mountain peaks, dominated by the Romsdalshorn, with many a touch of snow,—yet it was as peaceful as Lake George, —as fine as any one of the Swiss lakes. The mountains, however, do not seem as breathlessly high as upon Lucerne. We were told no other place in Norway commands such an extensive panoramic view as this. The mountains are tossed along like waves and the changing effects of light, shadow and cloud, bewitch one all the day long. Looking to

the right we could see a half mile away the warehouses and cottages of the little town, above and beyond which was an open meadow and knoll with avenue of trees, and farther on against the sky an imposing range of mountains, which, sloping to the water's edge, form one side of the regal and inspiring gateway to the sea beyond. Between the hotel and the village is a fine State church, Gothic in general character, with interior fittings entirely of wood, and over the altar a strikingly beautiful picture by Axel Endel of Christiania, of the three Marys at the sepulchre. The little town abounds in plain, comfortable, wooden houses, with almost every window (and their name in Norway is legion) prettily trimmed with white draperies and decorated with pots of blossoming flowers. The growth of honeysuckle (at that time in full bloom) upon the houses is a marked feature of the place, while borders of stocks and asters blazed on every side. To the northwest of the town is the "Raeknaeshaug," a slight elevation with a charming miniature park or pleasure ground for a crest, and a pretty pavilion upon the highest point, all kept in perfect order by the authorities. The outlook from it over the fjord, islands and mountains, near and distant, is one of rare loveliness and matchless beauty. Norway is not a howling wilderness by any means. Farther inland rises the Moldhei, a range some thirteen hundred feet in height, with a hut and, of course, a peerless view. Near the water on the west side of the town is a fine and spacious hospital for lepers, surrounded

by attractive and ornamental grounds. The disease we always associate with the Orient is very common in Nordland, where the living is so poor and hard. Nobly does the government care for and provide for the unfortunates. Altogether, Molde, our first stopping-place in this northern clime, proved charming and delightful, the quality of the air strong and bracing, and the influence of the beautiful mountains and peaceful waters, restful and soothing. We could sit upon the hotel balcony, *satisfied* with the exquisite picture which Nature presented; could stroll along the country highway, faced with extremely pretty summer cottages of wealthy Christiansund merchants, with surrounding grounds tastefully and profusely ornamented with flower gardens and shrubbery, and look across the opposite fields which sloped to the water's edge and off upon the tranquil blue waters; or in the little town and by the shore, find entertainment in many a national characteristic and feature. It is a succession of charming sylvan and rural pictures. Look where you will, you are certain to see much natural and refined loveliness. One day we lifted our eyes, and over a rim of tree foliage rose a heaven-pointing spire, *man's tribute,* while in the distance against the sky towered the lofty mountains, *Nature's* uplifting to the Lord of all. A lover of nature never wearies wherever he may be, for the outlook from every point and in every direction is finished and beautiful. The sylvan beauty of the immediate neighborhood, the majestic sweep of the distant serrated

peaks and bounding mountains, and the holy calmness of the fjord, with its ever regal gateway to the sea, form a combination fascinating and satisfying, and a sojourn there seems a pleasant dream.

After six delicious restful days, an absolute necessity, we turned away from it very reluctantly, taking in the afternoon a small steamboat and crossing the river-like fjord which our windows faced, rounded the low barrier of wooded islands, and to our surprise came into an extended lake-like expanse of waters. The complete change was almost magical! We seemed at once upon an inland sea, the royal gateway having disappeared in the shifting of position. All around were the snow-touched mountains and the less bold but everlasting hills. It was not, however, grand or overpowering! We had seen too much to be longer easily overwhelmed. But it was beautiful and stately, and, in its rapid changes, marvellous. We stopped at Vestnaes, which is really opposite Molde, although hidden from it by any intervening belt of islands. The scenery of the narrowing fjords became more wild, bold and striking, a panorama of mountains of every shape, apparently thrown together without plan, rising betimes abruptly from the still waters, often hemming us completely in and affording shifting views and vistas of indescribable beauty. These little Norwegian fjords are often full of tiny inlets, so that whichever way you may look some dainty or impressive picture opens before you. But when every bound-

ing mountain and every snow-flecked height against a blue sky are flushed with gladsome sunlight and the waters glisten like a mirror, it seems in the absolute stillness like the unfolding of a new heaven and a new earth. At the end of three and a half hours we came to "Naes," or more correctly speaking, "Aandalsnaes," most charmingly situated opposite the village of Veblungsnaes. (Naes, a very frequent term, signifies "beyond the point.") Naes is scarcely more than a hamlet, quite near the wharf. Upon a slight elevation spreads out a broad plateau, a meadow of living green, facing which was the hotel, clean and tidy, but very plain and fairly comfortable. But with such a view as it commanded, what mattered it if the viands were mostly ancient and tough, the fish dry and salt and the dainties few? Beyond the plateau and a level valley rose, in regal grandeur, three gigantic mountains, the Romdalshorn with a trio of shattered peaks;—the Troldtinder (witch pinnacles) with curiously sharp serrated ridge between two peaks, and one great mound-like giant. In every direction a picturesque quiet valley, a range of stately mountains or a stretch of shimmering waters, meets and delights the gaze. Our Sabbath day in this quiet haunt was suggestive and uplifting. Monday dawned clear and lovely and delightfully warm. In a two-horse easy carriage which they persist in calling a "landau," we started in exuberant spirits at a quarter-past eight o'clock, for a drive down the Romsdal, one of the finest bits of scenery the country affords.

The air was as brilliant and transparent as in Colorado ;—the waters clear and placid, and the great mountains, bare of clouds, silent and grand. The road, which all the way was as smooth as a park drive, led across the plain or plateau our windows overlooked, and soon, by its curvings, all trace of Naes was hidden. On and on, through a valley which for awhile was very broad, past verdant meadows and wheat fields with golden sheaves stacked upon poles in single files, the air sweet with new-mown hay and everywhere the red-berried mountain ash, fluttering aspens and white-barked birches. All around stood the great silent mountains like stolid sentinels, and all the while by a road with many curves and turns we were slowly coming nearer and nearer to the base of the sublime and impressive peaks we had looked upon in the waiting Sabbath hours. Ere long we were nestled in the very heart of the lofty heights, tossed in one smooth, wave-like movement, thousands of feet in air. All the way through the rock-bound valley the road is beside or near the Rauma, a rapid river whose exquisite chrysoprase waters are ever as clear as crystal. The way winds through thickets of alder and birch with many a vivid glimpse of green waters, or along the river's edge overlooking many a stretch of placid beauty or tumbled mass of foam and the bewitching tint of green, or close to the base of the mighty mountain barriers. A scanty growth makes green the base only of many a stupendous mass of stone, which, rising up and up into the crystalline air,

forms the celebrated peaks. The bending road, often visible in its curvings a long way ahead, passes from the arena-like valley at the beginning, through a mighty gateway, guarded upon one side by the lofty Romdalshorn which pierces the clouds at 4,965 feet, and upon the other, by the Troldtinder or Witches' Pinnacles, 5,055 feet in height. The scene here is weird, strange and impressive The face of the Troldtinder is almost perpendicular and is bare and gray. From one point these colossal projections seemed like the huge bastions of some majestic fortress. Again, they look like the apsidal choir and the transepts of some exalted stately cathedral. The valleys but repeat the fjords, in that, by their turnings, very often one is shut in within an amphitheatre of lofty mountains with no visible way out. Often the bare, gray glittering mountains, closing in on every side, have an odd photographic or shadowy look, and when sunless, must be desolation itself. Over the ridge of one of the highest ranges plunges a volume of water which, breaking over the rocks, resolves into a mass of white foam to the valley depths. The "fosses," or falls, are a unique feature of Norwegian scenery and are numberless. All along this drive they were a perfect delight, and we counted twenty-five. One waves to and fro in the wind like a huge piece of white lawn. Fed by the glaciers and snows upon the mountain's crest, they make a beautiful feature in the landscape, and also keep the little river flush. Farther on the valley becomes less wild, the fields

spread out again and then the whole expanse seems filled with huge boulders, "a chaos of enormous blocks." The little river breaks into cascades over them; the road winds curiously between them; and a touch and finish of beauty is given by the low alders and conical evergreens. It was interesting to note the entire change in the expression of different sections of this continuous valley. We stopped at Horgheim, a single inn, honored a few weeks before by a visit from Kaiser William and the Empress. Some seventeen miles from Naes we came to Flatmark, also a little tidy inn, overlooking a peaceful bit of the valley with meadows and the river, a perfect picture with its alder-lined banks. Then the ascent became perceptible. We left the valley-bed and crept gradually along the mountain-side through evergreen and birch, with constantly changing views below. Some seven miles or more beyond we came to Ormheim, a pretty inn perched upon the hillside overlooking the finest waterfall of all, which from the summit of the opposite range pours in a great volume of water and, in its plungings and flowings over the rocks, becomes finally a glittering torrent of dazzling white. Diverted by a flume some way up the mountain-side, it finally pours into the valley in two broad white belts which, in the sunlight, are beautiful beyond description. This was the limit of our drive. Beyond, the vista of the valley was a closing in of green sloping hillsides, one after another, with apparently all the wildness eliminated. After an excellent dinner and rest-

ing-spell for man and beast we started to return. The drive up consumed five hours, the return but three. It seemed finer than in the morning. The light was different and more subdued, and as we were descending, more was swept with a single glance. The joy of this drive is inexpressible. The great mountains in their variety of form and color are so impressive and suggestive that thought, emotion and heart are kept constantly upon the alert.

It was seven-fifteen o'clock when we reached Naes; the western sky was angry, watery and cloudy, but we cared not, for had we not a lasting memory and picture in our hearts of the peerless Romsdal, in all the glory of blue sky, white floating clouds and glorious sunshine?

# O'ER LAND AND SEA.

## TRONDHJEM TO BERGEN.

### II.

In glowing sunshine we left Naes at eight o'clock A. M., and as we stopped at a multitude of unpretentious hamlets, which carried us into many of the tiny inlets and so diversified the route we had passed over a few days previously, it seemed a new itinerary, a fresh picture, consuming twice the length of time. We left the steamer at Vestnaes at twelve o'clock and were escorted to the Hotel Stanley, a very modern cottage with a charming view, for dinner, preparatory to taking to the road. The proprietor frankly told us that, owing to a crowded house the night before (one guest being a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court), he had nothing in the larder and would be obliged to forage in the neighborhood for supplies! The meal would have suggested the household situation even if he had not confessed it. Some two or three hours later the vehicle, looking much like a hearse, with black curtains buttoned closely down, came to the door. The mountain range we were to cross was enveloped and well-nigh hidden by storm-clouds. We concluded to wait an hour, and in less than that time the rain fell

heavily. We were no longer upon a steamer and could control our movements and so settled down for the night, humbly hoping the hens of the neighborhood had that day done their duty, and feeling very sure that the supply of salt fish in Norway could never quite give out. A wild, windy and tempestuous night was followed by a glorious day, with crystalline air and brilliant sunshine, most favorable to our sixteen-mile drive over the range to Soholt. For awhile the perfectly smooth road led along a hillside in switchback fashion, overlooking a long inlet with placid waters and mountains beyond, Backward, the view was across the fjord in the direction of Molde and on and on to a bewildering cluster of deep blue hills and mountains. After awhile our way turned into the valley, or passed between the two lofty ranges to which we had gradually ascended, very beautiful and unlike any other, for they bounded up on either side, in a perfectly regular and unbroken slope, the valley looking like the trough of the sea between its great billow-enclosing walls. It was graceful, finished and beautiful. The valley was green with birch and alder, and bright with heart's-ease, dandelions and purple flowers, and in some places fairly pink with "bonnie blooming heather." Through this great, cradle-like valley the road gradually ascended to a height of one thousand feet. In the most elevated part were herds of cattle,—it being the custom to take them to these elevated pastures upon St. John's day (twenty-fourth of June), and to bring them down the fif-

teenth of September. Every here and there were little huts to shelter hay, and along the roadside numerous long, upright poles to mark the way when obliterated by the winter snows. Two or three dairies with waterwheels were passed. The butter looked very palatable, but the life appeared hard all along the way. There were plenty of unsung "Maud Mullers," and every one of them looked as if she had "married a man, unlettered and poor." Up and up, until the valley became almost a plateau. The suggestion was of Scotland and Wales rather than Switzerland. One most peculiar effect was produced by the sunlight slanting through hundreds, yes, thousands, of birches, upon one of the billow-like mountain slopes. It seemed as if every leaf stood plainly out and the mass became a peculiar luminous ashen green, quite like the pensive olives. In that lonely, uplifted place, so still, and devoid of any sign of life, it was solemn and impressive, like unto a great company which no man could number, going up to the Mount of God. The descent was very lovely, for constantly before us were snow-crested, sunny and deep blue mountains. The road was prettily shaded, but we passed along at a speed which made us devoutly hope the carriage was in order and the breeching unbreakable! Down and down we passed, with the road ahead fluttering through the green of tree foliage, or marking that of fields, as with a white or light gray ribbon. As we neared the village we looked down upon the arm or bay of the fjord, along the shore of which the eighteen or twenty

habitations which make Soholt are strung like a row of beads. A more delicate or refined picture than it presented cannot be imagined. The waters were like glittering glass, repeating each mountain height in their placid, transparent depths. The view is down a long, river-like fjord, with mountains rising from two to three thousand feet. The little cottages were embowered in trees, flowers and fruit-ladened pear trees trained like vines against the side walls, while honeysuckles ran riot, and such old-fashioned flowers as campanulas, sweet-williams and monk's-hood fairly crowded the little terrace gardens. The hotel was characteristic, with funny little beds not wider than steamer berths, everything as "clean as silver," and with most palatable and excellent cuisine. The evening was one of ineffable peace and transcendent loveliness; the little hamlet and gentle valley being enveloped in the cool shadows of the surrounding and eternal hills; the mountain crests and the nearer hilltops tender and glowing with the soft glory of the later sunlight beyond our day; the waters of the bay, placid and of mirror-like smoothness, with here and there a rude fishing-boat moored a little way from the shore; the mountain walls of the fjord in the haze, cloud-like in outline and delicate in color, while the little spire, in all this serenity and repose, pointed heavenward with a new significance and meaning. It seemed as if all Nature and our responsive souls were lowly breathing,

"At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake:
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break."

* * * * * * * *

The following morning we were rowed to a waiting steamer, took our places in the bow and in a tremor of delight watched it moving directly towards forbidding mountain walls only to see it turn at most unexpected moments and reveal a new vista more beautiful than the last. It is quite impossible to satisfactorily describe these Norwegian fjords. One sees so much of the same character, of stupendous heights springing abruptly or curving, sloping gracefully from the water's edge;—looks so often upon range beyond range and peak above peak that that which would be grand and sublime if suddenly come upon or seen but once, becomes almost a matter of course. What matters it if the heights are not more than three to five thousand feet! Seen from the water level, the awe-inspiring, overpowering effect is the same. The snow in patches is not as dazzling or fine as the solid white and covered peaks of the Alps. Yet like the spots of a tiger's skin these pockets frequently give to the mountain sides a curiously and picturesquely mottled appearance which is often exquisite. The apparent endlessness of these bold turbulent and bounding heights fairly takes away one's breath. The steamer made a landing, the view from which was grand and sublime while soft and delicate, across an open

bay, from which rolled gracefully and towered gently, colossal mountains, blue and tender in tint and color. A few moments later we were in a narrow way hemmed in by a succession of tall peaks, a stately and impressive procession. Serpentine does not begin to express the steamer's meandering course. The sunlight touching the summits and the mountain walls made the way luminous and glorious as a pageant. How difficult this sailing, sailing, with the blue above and the blue below, the gigantic mountains on either side with numerous white cascades or falls tumbling down their faces, and in the clear atmosphere solitary water-fowls flying, is to portray! Verily, we were being led by still waters, for the surface was like molten glass or silver, and in its clear, mirror-like face was reflected the form and color of the rock-bound shores with weird, unearthly effect. That which began in early morning in clouds and with threatening of storm, became, under the influence and power of the warm sunlight, a glorified vision, a revelation of soft tranquil impress upon a scene stern and grand in its boldness and grandeur. One little upland valley sloping towards but ending high above the water, showed in the midst of all this wildness, fertile farms, well stacked grain-fields and some rude but picturesque huts or dwellings. The mountain cottages are very rude and possess none of the ornamental and picturesque appearance of the Swiss châlets. Often the long white waterfalls alone break the profound and absolute still-

ness. A ripple a few feet long appears upon the glassy surface. Down swoops a water-fowl and the festive little herring that once knew these pretty waters knows them no more! Such is life! Something is devouring something else the whole livelong time! At the end of the fjord a landing was made at Hellesylt, a hamlet of a dozen houses, two or three hotels and a church, at the base of frowning mountains; the steamer turned and sailed back a ways, passed along another and narrower fjord, the peaks and heights grew bolder and bolder, taller and taller, when at last it turned abruptly and, wonder of wonders! we entered the famous Geiranger Fjord! To attempt to tell of it reminds of fools rushing in where angels dare not tread! It was the "be quiet and behold what I can do" of the rocks and mountains. A narrow water-way walled with heights from 4,200 to 5,000 feet, is the plain English of it, but its effect can never be expressed in words. One suddenly finds his vocabulary exhausted! "Grand, sublime, stupendous and gigantic" have come to the lips so often in the weird North Cape pilgrimage, that now in comparison, they are inadequate to tell of this wondrous journey. This fjord is considered by many the finest bit of scenery in Norway. The mountains soar away skyward as if in possession of inherent power of motion and flight. The waterfalls are exquisite, for pendant from some topmost ledge hangs a long veil of white; over precipices and along rolling rocky mountain-sides

appear great masses of foam which contrast finely with the sombre faces of the rocks. In some places the mountains present a sheer precipitous front and water in long waving plumes drops along their surface. The narrow, rock-walled fjord is not seen at a glance, for its course is sinuous, occasioning rapid and perpetual surprises, and each vista, each little amphitheatre or bowl, seems fairer and finer than the last. One moves too fast upon a steamer and would fain drift in a row-boat between these sky-scrapers and along their solitary depths. A sudden turn and to the left four white streams, close together, plunge over the summits thousands of feet above, and break in long trails of spray-like lace or snowy plumes. These were the celebrated Seven Sisters, but three seemed to have retired from the firm—evidently time and circumstances make ravages in the waterfall family as well as in others! Opposite a heavy fall breaks apparently from the rock as if it had been smitten as of old and falls a white and glittering torrent into the fjord. Within this one little arena-like enclosure seems grouped all that is grand and uplifting in mountain height, and all that is dazzling and beautiful in rushing foam-like torrents and still and placid waters. It was the most glorious day we had enjoyed in Norway, not excepting the never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath when upon the steamer we passed through the marvellous Raftsund and under the shadows of the wonderful Lofoden Islands. Switzerland may show something higher or loftier but surely nothing finer or more satisfying than

this. But still higher and higher reared and plunged the gigantic forms, yet the waters were so peaceful and placid it seemed as if at last the lion and the lamb had lain down together. And then, ah ! too soon ! we saw the end, like unto a great amphitheatre with a solemn company of on-looking mountains and depths of flashing crystalline waters, and the little hamlet of Merok. Perched upon the hillside, ten minutes' walk from the shore, is the pretty Hotel Union with balconies, gables, dormers and terrace galore, from which the amphitheatre disappears and the fjord encircled by the huge cyclopean mountains becomes a tiny basin or bowl. A superb road, guarded with great blocks of granite, zigzags leisurely to the water, passing a queer octagonal church and overlooking a tumultuous mountain stream roaring, plunging and dashing past great boulders and over a rough rocky bed in its haste to reach the fjord. A lovely place this for a prolonged sojourn ! Back of the hotel, the scene, if arranged and artificial, could scarcely be more dramatic or spectacular, for the mountain, with one sloping movement, bounds up some fifty-seven hundred feet, spreading like a great wall or barrier scooped out or bent like a bow, or the end of an elliptical amphitheatre, with at either end a solitary peak like a bastion tower. In the centre of this curving barrier from the very summit, plunges in a dozen falls and as many cascades a stream of dazzling white foam which forms the mad torrent passing down to the fjord. A magnificent carriage-road for a long way climbs in

numerous and quickly repeated zigzags the face of the barrier, and by its parapets, which appear like the battlements of some extensive fortifications and by its arched stone bridges over the stream, add much to the spectacular and studied appearance. It was surpassingly beautiful when, away beyond the the heights, was seen the warm blue of the heavens with great dazzling white clouds floating along, like the numberless throng who "have washed their robes." By this wonderful road a charming excursion is made to a glacier and lake some seven or eight miles distant. We drove along its course for two hours or more, losing sight of Merok and passing through two elevated fertile valleys and ascending for some distance the steep mountain-sides, by the repeated zigzags ; always with a fine view of environing country and imposing heights. All the way the outer edge was guarded by huge blocks of stone like a parapet. There were miles of smooth stone walls and an amount of filling in that was appalling. Good roads obtain in Norway. This road is now complete and constitutes one of the finest routes and drives "across country," which, in our case was necessarily relegated to a hoped for "next time."

## O'ER LAND AND SEA.

### TRONDHJEM TO BERGEN.

### III.

THE charm of pleasure travel is the going and coming at your own sweet will, resting and tarrying without plan, if a place proves unexpectedly attractive or the weather becomes unpropitious. But in Norway one is not master of the situation, for, owing to the steamers not sailing upon the same days or at the same hours in every week, one must often be at a certain point at a specified time or wait two or three days perhaps in uninteresting surroundings. When time is unlimited it makes little difference, but as many are upon a brief holiday it necessitates or tempts to an amount of Sunday travel which is appalling and deplorable. The Norwegians are a simple folk and Sabbath-keepers. Even where there is no service they cease from labor and attired in their best garments may be seen talking quietly in groups. At many of the hamlets a State church may be seen, where every few weeks a service is observed. If near a fjord, it is a beautiful sight to see the people in quaint costumes and odd head-dresses coming from far and near, in the little boats. But the increasing tide of travel bids fair to demoralize the people

and desecrate the day; and Christian England and America must answer for much of it some day. A rainy morning made departure from pretty Merok seem uncertain and undesirable, but with the usual fickleness the weather changed in the afternoon an hour or two before the time for the steamer to leave, patches of blue appeared, and when we left the clouds were rolling away. Around the crests of many of the heights along the fjord which, fortunately, we had seen in all the glory of blue sky and golden sunlight, the clouds still hung, making the altitude seem greater. The four waterfalls were really finer in the sombre tones. From sequestered Merok and the lake-like amphitheatre of the Geiranger Fjord we passed in an hour and a half to Helleslyt where a "carriage and pair," pretty well soaked with the day's showers, awaited us, for a drive to Grodias, some twenty-two miles away. The scene was fine as we began to wind up the steep hillside, for the clouds had rolled away and the fjord, shut in by mountains, was a lovely chrysoprase green. The way led through an elevated valley, beside a rushing torrent. At first, the great slopes on either side of the narrow valley were quite covered with balsam and evergreen, then the valley widened, until at last it became open country with horizon hemmed in with towering, breathless mountains covered with extensive areas of snow with frequently some mighty glacier. It was so still and holy, the air was so fresh, the blue sky and light suffused clouds so exquisite, that it was an idyl of

A Stolkjaerre

quieting and restful influence. Again the road, of government construction, was fine and smooth, with much supporting wall and outside protection of stone. In the fields, although half-past eight o'clock, men were mowing and women were raking the hay. We passed the first flock of sheep we had seen and later a multitude of goats perched upon the rocks in most picturesque fashion. In the midst of this lonely and solitary country we stopped at a log hut and—*telephoned* to the next station to have horses ready! It seemed as incongruous and out of harmony with this idyllic scene as the electric light in the oriental café at Tangier. The mountains, with but one exception, and that a miniature Matterhorn on the road to Oie, were great rolling heights with white spots here and there upon their dun faces. The pink heather showed like a blush upon the surface of the country. It was a lovely mountain drive, the kind which makes one content to be in their embrace. The road ascends some eight hundred feet and the descent over an open country was made in rapid time, in fact, we fairly flew. About nine o'clock we saw a little spire and several houses, and passing the large inn were soon quartered, as we had been advised, at Raftvold's little hotel at Grodias, —a very tiny and unpretentious house,—but admirably served and kept. Close to the water it reminded us much of the white cottages at Bolton, Lake George. After supper, about ten o'clock, we went out for a stroll! The little hamlet lies at the end of Lake Horningdal and looks along a

lovely vista of cool waters and dark mountains. The landlady for our entertainment donned the complete attire of a Norwegian bride, of scarlet cloth, white and black lace, ornaments of beads, silver and gold, with profusion of imitation stones quite Russian in its gorgeousness. Worn upon the head was a tall crown of silver, of gracefully bending leaves to which were attached drops of silver and discs of gold and from the back and sides, pendant, was a row of gold and embroidered galloon and ribbon. It had been loaned and worn repeatedly, few being able to possess the outfit. Prices are not exorbitant anywhere in Norway, as yet, but this tidy comfortable little house surpassed all others in the modesty of its terms. In fact, the bill was so infinitesimal we instinctively asked if it were for one or two ?

Beyond this lay a lovely three hours' drive along borders of lake and fjord, through thickets of birch and evergreen, a steep climb with lovely views over the water, with air redolent with balsamic odors, pink heather most profuse and the wild cranberry covering the rocks as in Maine. The descent to Faleide, our terminus, was by a superb road with beautiful stone parapet, which so wound and doubled and curved that we could see it constantly below us through the pines. Faliede proved to be a hotel and a half dozen low buildings upon the Nordfjord, so lifted up as to command a fine view to right and left of stately mountains closing in, producing the oft-repeated lake-like effect. Here we made the one mistake of our

tour, in that we did not go to Loen and its wonderful lake and glacier. An hour's sail brought us to Utvick, from which we began at once in a stolkjærre the ascent of a steep mountain. The retrospect was simply magnificent, for as we climbed higher and higher we looked down upon the fjord with great heights rising abruptly, and way off upon the summits of distant ranges all flecked and mottled with sunshine and cloud shadows. In an hour we came to a place so steep that every one is obliged to walk to the summit, a full half mile. We looked at the small Norwegian pony dragging the little cart, with amazement. The mountain-top, an expanse of a mile, was sublime in its desolate sweep and its solemn solitariness. In two or three places we came upon snow that August day. The descent was disagreeable, for the road was steep and poor and stretched along a wearisome slope. But ah! the view beyond! Way down below lay a fertile valley with many wretched houses, and beyond, abruptly rising mountains. To the left opened the vista of a narrow valley closed by one great peak. Reaching at last the valley we bowled along a fine road to Egge, where we supped, and then for a half hour drove through the narrow valley which the hotel guards. It was fine, for on either side the great mountains rose sternly thousands of feet, and all the way beside the road was a mad rushing stream breaking over boulders and rocky bed, while from the heights plunged several of the always enchanting waterfalls. It was a gigantic *gully* with

great wave-tossed walls, and in the twilight was possibly more awe-inspiring with its sombre lines and solemn air, than in the broad sunlight. In some places a perfect avalanche or torrent of boulders tumbled to the very edge of the road. Then we turned into a more open country, and looked down a lateral valley with grand old monarchs to the right and left of us. At ten-thirty P. M. we were sheltered at Skei, with the prospect of a quiet Sabbath and the English Church service on the morrow. It is a charmingly restful situation, a great amphitheatre, a wide, undulating valley surrounded by the mighty heights, and close to the hotel, and apparently to the end of valley, a narrow river-like lake, the Jolstervand, which stretches away, after disappearing at a point three-quarters of a mile from the hotel, some fourteen miles. Along the base of the ranges are many pretty farms, far above which, near the summits, glitter huge glaciers and eternal snows. A two-hours' boat-ride and a drive of one and a half hours beside the Jolster river, and through a delightful pine forest which filled the warm and sunny air with balsamic fragrance, through a broadening valley into open country covered with fertile farms with fine views of towering mountains and one superb waterfall, carried us some twenty-eight miles farther upon our joyous way and left us at pretty Forde. There we found a delightful hotel, and as we sat under the trees it seemed as if we were in our own land. A short distance down the pretty country

road, was a long narrow bridge spanning a wide, rapid, but shallow river, with waters clear and pure as crystal. Only the limner's brush and canvas could portray the scene at twilight, so like England in its tender and meditative suggestion,—so like Scotland in the rugged and sturdy presence of surrounding mountains with their expression of Divine strength and remembrance. The pretty river with its banks bordered and fringed with low dipping alders, or spreading out in level pasture land dotted with shapely trees, farther on in the thickening verdure, the red roofs of cottages, and beyond against the dull background of the silent, eternal hills, a single white spire, and over and upon all, like a benediction, a brooding sense of perfect peace and refreshing peace, made of things material a spiritual hymn of loving praise and a song of restful confidence. Unlike any other place we have visited, there was the finish of farming land and life as well as the wild glorious freedom of o'ershadowing mountains. Norway is a country where it is impossible not to "look mournfully into the past," for there are so many places a lover of Nature leaves reluctantly and remembers with earnest longing. So when we left the next day, we cared less for the future and more to indelibly fix this exquisite idyl, the lovely picture of the fertile valley and pretty Forde, forever in our memory. Immediately upon leaving we began the ascent of a steep mountain-side. At a turning of the road we met a large number of women coming down from the mountain pastures with milk. With

their pails in hand and small flat cans strapped to their shoulders, their scarlet bodices and white sleeves, they made a most picturesque scene in the closely wooded road, the more so when they gathered around our cart, and a veritable Witch of Endor in queer costume, interviewed our blue-eyed boy-driver. For awhile it was only a pretty road creeping upward,—an environment of pine trees,—great abrupt mountain spurs and a roaring stream. Then a hill country, jolting us up and down,—a road following for two or three miles a little lake with superb view of an abrupt pointed Matterhorn peak, four thousand five hundred feet in height, and then over the mountain again. We had lunch at a charming wayside inn, and then passed more mountains, and woods, and a little lake in the trough of a valley formed by two ranges. This dwindled to a rapid flowing stream through the depths of a most impressive and magnificent glen, with mountains rising precipitately upon either side two thousand eight hundred and three thousand feet, while constantly before us was the end in the distance, like a gigantic gateway. At two o'clock we reached Vadheim, which is a three-story hotel and a half dozen houses, with a lovely outlook upon the Sogne, the most imposing, because of its length of one hundred and twelve, and its width in some places of four miles, of all the Norwegian fjords. It is utterly impossible to picture this expanse of waters, with its majestic and imposing environment of mountains and glaciers, its little indentations and its deep lateral bays, its superb

view or glimpse of the great Jostelsbrae, the largest glacier in Europe, weird and unearthly with the cold blue gleam of distant ice. We were rapidly falling into a condition of utter despair with the thought of remembering or giving any idea of Norway's versatile charms and wonders! For three hours we simply looked in speechless wonder and then were conscious of approaching Balholm, wonderfully picturesque from the water with its jaunty and pretty hotels and numerous summer villas, and lovely from the land. It is quite an English watering-place, and more like one of our summer resorts than any place we have seen. The situation is certainly unusually fine, the view from it holding its own even with Lucerne. The outlook is apparently upon a wide lake with deep bays at either end, all environed and closed in by great blue bounding, snow-flecked mountains, grand and impressive beyond expression. There is danger in Norway of being surfeited with superb mountain and lake views, for they are apparently inexhaustible. This is but one of a hundred. Norway seems like a great tumbled mass of rocks over which water has been poured freely, some of which is frozen upon the heights in glaciers, or lies in the mountain gaps in snow, or running down the sides in numberless waterfalls has deluged and made lakes of the otherwise fertile valleys. We left charming Balholm and its lovely walks and exquisite views and in a very few moments lost sight of it as we turned into Fjaerland Fjord. For two hours we sailed between towering heights with

repeated closings giving a lake-like effect. The water was like a mirror, the stillness so profound and at times oppressively solitary and solemn. The reflection of the *colors* of the bare and tree-covered slopes was something wonderful. Way off at the end we could see sections of the great glaciers we were to visit. At times the wake of the vessel and the flying of a solitary water-fowl alone broke the stillness. The hotel at Fjaerland commands a fine view, a gateway of mountains with glimpses of the glaciers, offshoots of the famous Jostelsbrae. Like a huge waterfall, over the very summits of a group of cone-like peaks, tumbles the Suphellebrae, or glacier, which, disappearing behind a mountain, shows again in a long, stream-like mass in the valley. An uninteresting and rather rough drive of an hour carried us to the end of the little valley, a semicircular terminus where, before us from mountain top to valley depth, flowed like a suddenly chilled or congested stream, the great Bojumsbrae. A walk of a half hour over marshy meadow and stony stream beds placed us face to face with a grand and impressive spectacle. From four thousand feet above came, like a victorious, triumphant but demoralized host, a sea or turbulent cascade of ice, tossed in peaks and turrets and seamed and rifted into countless blue crevasses. When it reached the valley, instead of stretching out in a long trail, it seemed suddenly arrested or dammed up and lifting its kingly head in air, seemed abruptly cut off. As we stood before this mighty

façade, it seemed like some architectural freak, with its pinnacles and towers, and within the broad flat face at base, a most symmetrical low arch, from which issued a rapid stream. The color was enchanting, being in every shattering and rifting an indescribable and exquisite blue, while in the stream lay great blocks of ice of the same peerless tint. All the way up scintillated and flashed the glowing white and unearthly blue, while the smooth, glittering face seemed like some priceless quartz or precious stone. So weird and unearthly it appeared that as we watched the water pouring beneath the wondrous arch, we could think of nothing but "and he showed me a pure river of water of life proceeding out of the throne of God."

A drive of three-quarters of an hour (as if this were not enough) brought us to a valley across which stretched a "thus far and no farther" wall, the end of the Suphellebrae, which tumbles as it were like a torrent, over the heights above, breaks and ceases in two prominent ridges. A half-dozen water-falls come roaring down the mountain-side, while at the base stretches out a huge frozen stream thirty to fifty feet in height. As we gazed several huge masses were detached as by an explosive and plunged down with a deafening roar. The sun came out, and high in air the glacier stood glorified. Flashing white and glittering blue,—battlements, pinnacles, towers and turrets stood out against the azure sky, carrying our thoughts to the Court of Honor and Chicago's wonderful and

magical group, which made the white city by the lake shore a dream of beauty, and ere long to a better country—even a heavenly, a city not made with hands.

## O'ER LAND AND SEA.

### TRONDHJEM TO BERGEN.

### IV.

ALTHOUGH the weather was often wet and forbidding, Norway in all its phases was such a continual surprise and delight that it is difficult to speak of any of its characteristic and peculiar features, even if repeatedly seen, without enthusiastic emphasis. Any one who could look unmoved upon the august, inspiring scenery of the Fjaerland, Sogne, Aurland and Naero fjords, as he passes from one into another in unbroken progress, is simply to be commiserated. Leaving Fjaerland, we passed back to the Sogne Fjord and for an hour were moving, moving upon this great sheet of brilliant water, looking upon the lofty silent mountains, with in some places, pretty farms and villages at their base. Ere we reached Aurlands Fjord one of the sudden changes so common occurred, and in discomfort we stood with umbrellas watching the grand panorama, but thrilled with the stately and lofty mountains which closed us in on every side. Some were so gray that, when the sun broke through, they flashed and glittered with unearthly radiance. This and the Naero fjord into which we turned are really great

rugged breathless ravines filled with water. Rocky and barren, save a low growth of evergreen in patches, the great monarchs lift their gray glittertering heads two and three thousand feet, and over the summit of the heights, and frequent waterfalls hang in trembling and shivering whiteness and break over the rocky way into the fjord below. Leaving the rain and the clouds the steamer turned into the Næro fjord! It is a sensation, to say the least! It differs from the Geiranger in that it is more open, yet in some places it narrows to a defile and everywhere is strikingly grand and overwhelmingly severe and sombre, and has one magnificent waterfall some three thousand feet in height. It was sunshine and showers all the way, so we stopped at Gudvangen for the night; for beyond it lies in peerless beauty the Nærodal òr valley, one of the choicest bits of Norwegian scenery. There is no hurrying a Norwegian! You may fret and fume and *blow*, but they will look you quietly in the face and move only when they are ready. We wanted to leave at an early hour for this drive, but it was ten o'clock ere the stolkjærre was at the door. A lovely drive it proved. Much fairer than the Romsdal. A narrow ravine with frequent turnings, a rapid river meandering through farms and green pastures, with scenery wild, grand and imposing, revealing a succession of superb and striking views and a little ribbon-like road, expresses faintly the characteristics of the Nærodal (or valley). In three quarters of an hour we came in sight of "Jordalsnut" a huge round-headed

In the Naerofjord.

cone-like mountain rising gray, smooth and bare, alone, from the valley. Across the valley, making it like the fjords a "*cul-de-sac*," was a great abrupt, lofty barrier a thousand feet above. To one side, over this poured a very large waterfall, one of the finest we have seen. To the other, a spur of the mountain, like the back of some crouching or sleeping leviathan, comes steeply and rapidly down. Upon this, zigzag walks and parapets and white lines reveal the way out, which is upward; for the road climbs uphill all the way to the summit where stands Stallheim, the most charming hotel in Norway. One had a fine opportunity of seeing the magnificent valley, for at the beginning of the zigzags, sixteen in all, we were requested to alight and *walk up*. We were an hour covering the ground, for at every angle we stood entranced with the view of narrow valley, interlacing mountains, frowning heights, fertile depths and bewitching play of sunshine and shadow. The hotel is ornate and pleasing and its situation unique. Upon one side it looks down and down into the blue valley depths. Along its waving course the great mountains stand as picturesquely as if arranged and ordered, to be seen from this point alone, all clothed in brown, green, gray and purple. Near by, the valley shows as upon a green map, a very meandering river and a waving serpentine road and oh! such an expression of absolute quiet and delicious stillness. It is profound in its solemn grandeur, satisfactory in its exquisite grace of outline and bewitching in its harmonious colorings.

It is a miniature Switzerland and as fine, except in altitude. A stone wall guards the edge of the hotel plateau and one can sit there by the hour and care for no more, scarcely thinking or formulating, but dreaming, feeling and enjoying. Directly at right angles opens another wide cradle-like valley with billowy heights of gray above a base of green forests which quite recalls the Alleghanies, as it curves out of sight. Encircling the hotel at a healthful distance, the mountains spring up and up so that we were in the heart of them as never before. Lifted up to this Pisgah height, we saw as in a vision the great solemn mountains around about with their abiding strength and comforting inspiration. So far, the Geiranger fjord is the finest bit of water scenery we have seen, the Romsdal the loveliest valley drive and this eyrie of Stallheim the most delightful situation. We saw it by moonlight too, and it was as unearthly and suggestive as a sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni. A week there was all too brief. The drive down upon the opposite side is very steep and ere long curves out of sight of the Hotel. Like all the mountain drives and fjord sails we were repeatedly shut into charming little scenes. The road lay along Lake Orpheim, pure as crystal and smooth as a mirror, with one end the great felspath mountains, gray glistening and desolate ; at the other, through a gap in hill range towered and flashed a snow-crested mountain some four thousand six hundred feet in height. This lake has a sad interest, as upon its banks

perished, in 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Youmans, of New York, to whose memory the King has erected a cross. In all these journeyings, picture follows picture so rapidly and change succeeds change so constantly that, when the day is done, it is a wonder if the mind retains more than a confused memory of lovely effects, grand and inspiring groupings, and a wilderness of exquisite colorings and graceful outlines. The road turned into a mountain pass, which, although nothing remarkable in its extent, was, with its wooded slopes, rapid foaming stream and its beautiful road in the depths, lovely enough for a day's sojourn. Later, the country became wilder and bolder and more unkempt. Great avalanches of huge boulders; abrupt and precipitous cliffs and mountains;—the valley narrowed to a gorge or ravine; the road was filched from the steep sides; the river widened and filled the narrow cleft and the brawling waters plunged madly over enormous tumbled boulders. Like magic the scene changed; the mountains stood farther away; the valley widened to broadness; in place of boulders and mad stream, a great, soft verdant, meadow-like expanse, with river flowing in two distinct streams, and beyond, a placid lake with upon its glassy surface, two or three boats curiously loaded with hay, rowed by men and women. Nothing could have been more pastoral or poetic or more picturesque in effect. Passing along a hillside with pine forests, overlooking a rushing stream and mill, we came, at the end of four hours, to Vossevangen, a pretty and irregular

village, with an unusually quaint ancient church with steep pitched roof and square tower and spire and a surrounding yard in which many a rude forefather of the hamlet sleeps. In a record of travel, one does not care to waste time upon hotels, but there is such a general impression that journeying in Norway is objectionable because of poor hostelries, that particular care has been taken to dissipate this idea. At Vossevangen is a fine and attractive one, much frequented by the wealthy Bergenese. After dinner, our way led by a pretty ascending woodland road, until suddenly the bottom seemed to have gone out of everything. We were at the end of an amphitheatre or "cul-de-sac," and looked immediately down hundreds and hundreds of feet to a much broader valley. Over the summit poured a powerful stream in a magnificent waterfall which lower down broke into a cataract none the less fine. The superb road curved in sweeping and contracted loops all the way down, affording in its rapid descent and repeated turnings, views and effects most exciting and delightful. The little pony dashed down the steep, smooth road at a delightfully exhilarating pace, now swinging to the extreme side of the valley almost against the precipitous cliffs, then bending inwards,—now lost in a rock-hewn way, then in plain sight of waterfall and crossing the stream by bridge of stone amid showers of spray, and finally along the valley's course. The scenery for awhile was superb, for we were at the base of a most abrupt and precipitous range which

frequently rose sheer for full a thousand feet or more. At one point four slight waterfalls broke over the ridge a thousand feet above. They did not, as such, touch bottom, for they swayed to and fro in the breeze and broke into vaporous spray. The sunlight striking them changed them to trembling masses of exquisite iris, like pendant swaying rainbows. A little lake spread out in perfect placidity, and the road which followed its border was in some places hewn from the base of the gigantic cliffs. It was all very, very fine, with its changing effects of light and shade. At six-thirty, we reached Eide. Oh! lovely Eide! as Longfellow said of Interlaken, "the sun was setting when first I beheld thee; the sun of life will set ere I forget thee." The delightful little hotel, with a lovely garden, with paths, shrubbery and rapid stream, stands near the water of an arm of the Hardanger Fjord and commands a view which that evening was perfect in its quiet peacefulness and finished beauty. The little fjord looks like a lovely, peaceful, rock-shored river. The cool mountain slopes, long and graceful, the grouping of the distant rocky barriers, the placid waters with vivid reflections and the long, low light dying over the sea, were a melody of heavenly purity and peace, a harmony of sweet angelic voice and suggestion. One who loves the serene, peaceful and meditative in Nature will find in little Norway many a nook and corner where the very atmosphere seems mysteriously surcharged with the peace that passeth understanding. We turned away

from it upon a glorious morning, taking a steamer for one of the "Royal Progresses" of Norway, a trip on the Hardanger Fjord. Some consider it the grandest of all, and surely in length and extent, and in lofty mountains and mighty glaciers, it is indeed very grand. We passed through two or three consecutive fjords and were charmed with the grace and beauty of the rocky shores. When we turned into the Hardanger proper, at whose end lies Odde, all in the full glory of sunshine and with background of blue sky and dazzling white fleecy clouds, and looked at the precipitous mountains upon one side, crested with glorious glittering glaciers and dazzling white snow field; upon the other, the great towering mountains sloping with such easy flow to the water's edge, giving generous lodgment for farms and houses aud villages; upon the severe and haughty grandeur of the mountains softened and subdued by the verdant stretches, we felt that nothing more beautiful had passed before us! The glaciers in the sunlight displayed exquisite tints of blue, while the white snow-fields fairly shone. The scene was not desolate or solitary as in many of the fjords, because of the many houses, farms and orchards. Sundry landings are made, every one of which with fanciful hotel, or church spire, or picturesque Hardanger costumes, is a picture one wants to treasure. The fjord is so broad that it is quite unlike any other. Odde, at the end of it, is a rendezvous, an entrepot and a headquarters, with the hubbub, noise and confusion at hotels and in

its streets, of parting and coming guests,—a charming place completely spoiled. It is the terminus of the Telemarken route to Christiania, said to be very wild and fine. How little we dreamed of what was before us that blessed, perfect sunny day! We drove for fifteen miles along this route and returned, seeing the great Buarbrae or glacier and the breathless Folgefond or snow-field, which is fifty miles in length and seven in width, with views of lake, waterfalls and wild passes that were bewildering. Slowly ascending the hilly road back of Odde, we came in fifteen minutes to a long, narrow lake, close to the shore of which the road runs, often upon walls and masonry and under hanging cliffs, while opposite are the lofty mountains. In an opposite lateral valley was seen the great Buarbrae, which flows in a mighty torrent from the great Folgefond snow-fields, all brilliant in the full sunlight with blue and dazzling white. Beyond the lake the valley contracts;—the stream pours and plunges through a narrow, rocky ravine;—the road steadily ascends, and in one place bends several times upon itself in loops or zigzags, and the higher we climbed the finer became the view of the great Folgefond ice-fields in the distance, which showed a solid and unbroken drift of pure and spotless snow. The day was so glorious that blue sky and those dazzling drifts made a picture of ineffable glory and unearthly brilliancy. We came upon the celebrated Lotefoss quite abruptly, and looked from the road in a cloud of spray up and up the precipitous wall,

and saw pouring in two great streams a tremendous volume of water which broke into repeated falls and cascades. The *sky* line of these white, bounding, exultant waters, way up to the summit against the blue, was marvellously lovely. As if this was not enough, away farther appeared the Espelands-fos or fall, one of the most picturesque in the country. The water spread out over the flattened surface like a mass of white lace or gossamer. The road entered a ravine, and by loops and rapid zigzags reached a level stretch where, two thousand and seventy feet above the sea, was Seljestad, the terminus of our jaunt. The return was much finer, for we were constantly descending. Like a panorama continually before us was the rapturous view of the Folgefond snow-fields, uplifted in sublime solitariness against the distant sky; the wild but exquisite ravine, the mad, angry stream dashing into foam upon the huge boulders, the fields of huge boulders in numbers like unto a pebbly beach, the zigzags with the loops below showing through the trees like white ribbons flying in the breeze, the dazzling, gorgeous waterfalls, and at last the peaceful valley with verdant meadows and calm and placid lake. We had but few days in Norway in which so much that was overwhelmingly enjoyable was crowded, and sensible souls!—we opened every pore and absorbed it all! From Odde to Bergen is an all-day journey by steamer, too good and too much for an unbroken trip. We regretted later that we did not break it at lovely Viking-naes, but in the early morning, an ominous sign in the west

("not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door," but it served) aroused fears at that late season of coming days of storm. All the livelong day we passed through fjords, often three miles in width, past mountains great and mountains small, mountains bare and mountains green, and snow-crested and flecked, and in sight of varied outline and beautiful form. It was a repetition in miniature of the panorama of the North Cape cruise, with often the same glorious effect and wealth of of color. But few landings were made, only one, in fact, where there was a wharf. That was an ideal and charming village upon a large and secluded bay. A pretty hotel with a gay garden was near the water and the opposite sloping shore was dotted by numerous cottages. The outlook from Viking-naes was over a great inland sea hemmed in with mountains. Four hours before reaching Bergen we came into narrow straits and between great rocky gateways. It was gloriously beautiful, for the course lay henceforth through an immense archipelago. Islets and islands, some of bare rocks, some with little farms and pretty cottages, seemed like flotsam and jetsam floating upon a broad expanse of waters. Some were a peculiar steel gray with, along the water-line, a dash of tawny yellow and brown ; some were green with pasture-land, and some brown with undergrowth. The sky became leaden and the wind keen and bitterly cold, and we lost much by the enforced staying within. The immediate approach to Bergen, with its widely scattered motley collection of store-

houses, churches, etc., in the twilight of a warm summer's day, must be, in its way, as dreamy and weird as far-away Venice, by the warm southern sea. Even in the gray and the chill it was surpassingly beautiful and picturesque.

## "PASTURE NEAR THE MOUNTAINS."

### BERGEN.

It is a common jest, that "it rains in Bergen *all* the time" and the official records show that the annual rainfall exceeds that of Scotland or England. Knowing this, we were duly grateful for the great patches of blue and the floods of sunshine which alternated with copious showers during our entire stay. The climate even in winter is very mild and the perpetual humidity keeps a look of eternal freshness in foliage and verdure. Bergen in one sense is commonplace;—in another so quaint and characteristic as to be one if not the most interesting large place in the country. Like all Norwegian towns, wood enters so largely in all buildings that it has been repeatedly devastated by fire. One portion has been handsomely rebuilt, and as large open spaces are left to check the spread of conflagrations, one frequently has a most picturesque view of the harbor and adjacent structures. At times it is as quaint, characteristic and national as Holland, with its queer low houses, gables and high-pitched red-tiled roofs. The city is built upon a hilly peninsula with plenty of water on every side as well as from above. The day after our arrival was the Sabbath and we were glad to witness a Norwegian service at the

Cathedral, originally a monastery church with a huge tower in front and one side-aisle formed by a "lean-to." It was bare and rude,—a ceiling of wood and three stained windows at octagonal end, being the only ornamental features. A simple altar before a low reredos of arched niches with statuettes, had two huge candlesticks of silver, a pitcher, chalice and plate. The minister appeared in a straight woolen gown with tight sleeves and around his neck a very full white ruff, like a boa. He sang or intoned the service so sweetly, that at times it was as good as an oratorio. Upon the end of the altar lay a maroon velvet cape or kind of chasuble with border and large cross of gold, and upon it laid a very full white surplice. At a certain time in the service, an official stepped up and in the presence of all the people put upon the minister the white surplice and later on, arrayed him in the velvet robe. The people all had prayer-books and were very devout in demeanor and hearty in their singing, in which much of the service consisted. The beginning was lovely for it was with a wild sweet melody, but when for ten minutes they chanted or sang in a minor key, the wail and monotony made nervous people want to fly! The surplice and the velvet cape were laid aside some time before the service at the altar was ended. Then the minister went into a high pulpit at one side and in black gown and ruff (very suggestive of some old Rembrandt) held forth to the remarkably attentive audience. It was however, very odd, every once in awhile, to

Borgund Church

see one and another stand up, as if tired with the long, hard sitting.

On our way home we passed such an ancient and quaint appearing church we stopped to examine it. Service was over, but preparations were making for a wholesale baptism and we gladly remained. Along the wall upon one side of the very large chancel, stood in a spelling-class row, the fathers and godfathers of the seven babies who were to be baptized. Another stiff row across the front of the chancel consisted of the mothers and the godmothers, holding the children. The silver bowl in the hands of a marble figure was opposite the men and a black-robed, white-ruffed figure administered the rite. In view of the uproarious bawl and direct refusal to be comforted, there could be no question as to the natural depravity of some of the little tots. It was very droll when all was over, to see the men cross the chancel and disappear in a side room and the women cross to the men's side and go into another room.

A stroll in any direction reveals many a queer nook, characteristic warehouses and pretty views of the surrounding heights and harbor, while the shops are most fascinating and with their Norwegian antiquities and stuffs, exquisite carved wood-work, quaint antique silver tankards and cups, lovely modern silver, gilt and enamel table adornments, beautiful furs and pretty national costumes, are poor places for the tourist with depleted exchequer. Perhaps the most interesting

part of the town is the old Hanseatic quarter. That ancient German league at one time dominated and controlled the entire trade of Norway in codfish and oils and possessed this quarter of its own with gates and guards to shut the rascals in, as well as out! A public-spirited citizen, has fortunately, by preserving a suite of rooms in their original state and by filling them with all sorts of relics of that time, made a museum of intense interest. The Emperor William II. of Germany, recently wished to purchase the entire display, but the owner proudly declared it belonged to Bergen. Evidently William was not "L'état c'est moi," for once! The front façade has a gable and a row of small-paned windows and is painted in olive and dull red. The side had an open corridor or gallery facing a passageway, with cranes for hoisting barrels and goods. Master and men all lived in small low-ceiled rooms in the front of the warehouses. The first room was the employés' dining-hall with long low massive table and seats. A brass wash-basin was supported upon a frame and suspended from a bracket above was the pitcher or pot of brass. Every warehouse was obliged to have its own fire pumps, and one standing in this room looked as if it would scarcely extinguish a hearth-fire. Pewter tankards, weights and measures of odd description, curious hanging lamps like little pans in which the oil was held, and from the ceiling pendant some dried fish two hundred years old, decorated the room. Every window, though, had

pretty little valances of white silk. Opening from this was the office or counting-room, the largest of all and really quite pretty with its corner cupboards of panelled wood; its little enclosed office in one corner for master's desk with small, quaint panes of glass in front, over which was spindle work, similar to that now so much in vogue. All was painted in terra cotta and olive-green. Some handsome, but awkward, carved, high-back and embossed leather chairs furnished it. There were always a master, foreman and thirty clerks, and they all lived in common; and lest some Norwegian should acquire an interest none were allowed to marry! The business was almost exclusively in codfish and oil and with Spain and Italy, and *the rooms smell yet!* Off the counting-room was the master's dining-room, and, as he ate alone, it did not need to be larger than a butler's pantry, which it much resembled, for the side-walls were covered with racks for dishes. Opening from this was another small, unfurnished room the whole end of which was occupied by two doors like a cupboard. The attendant opened them, displaying the master's winter bed or bunk. In the back was a door through which a maid could make the bed without entering the celibate's apartment! Then we climbed upstairs by a little narrow, winding way and came into the master's private room or salon, where was a very quaint sofa with back like two antique chairs, several high-back chairs, some old carvings from their church two old crowns from entrance gates, a

small hanging wine cabinet; a rawhide for flogging employés, and upon the walls portraits and swords and *in* the wall,—a summer bed! These shrewd old fellows had different weights and measures for buying and selling, which are here shown. A curious object was a pretty oval mahogany table with a large salver fastened on top, which was used in testing brandy. The foreman's room came next, in which was a huge wooden bird used for a target, an immense hammered brass platter on a wooden support, used to receive the offertory in church, a long pole with embroidered velvet bag and a bell for taking up collections, and the queerest lanterns formerly used at funerals. The next was the employés' room, upon which little trap-doors from the master's and foreman's beds opened! The clerks evidently had few comforts or luxuries, for the bunks for them were in two rows one above the other and two slept in a space which looked scarcely wide enough for one. A number of other curious relics were shown. It was an intensely interesting picture "of a day that is dead," which it is to be hoped will "never come back" to Bergen again.

A short walk along the quays brought us to an old fortress, in which stands the "Haakonshallen," or ancient palace of the kings. It is some six hundred years old and consists of one long large building with steep Gothic roof, recently restored. The one hall, which is all there is, is a fine lofty apartment with open timbered roof and beautiful

carved settles along the side walls; massive fireplaces and windows of stained glass. From the outer cornice we had a superb view over Bergen and its environs. Near it stands "Walkendorf's Taarn," or tower, of thirteenth century construction, "formerly a fortified tower built for the purpose of holding the Hanseatic League in check." The old German Hansa Church has most elaborately and curiously carved pulpit and ancient reredos of great interest.

A drive of no particular interest, of three-quarters of an hour, brought us to the country-place of Mr. Gade, the American Consul, which would "hold its own" with any gentleman's estate in our own land. It was a cluster of beautifully diversified hills, all tumbled in a close mass, in fact, with numerous old forest trees and a perfect arboretum of all kinds of choice trees and shrubs, most judiciously grouped and placed, with paths in every direction, and upon a high point a little tea-house, commanding a most lovely view of mountains, hills and smooth waters and little islands, all as cool and green as England. One came continually upon the loveliest prospects imaginable. The grounds were kept in the highest order and an air of refined elegance pervaded the whole demesne. Upon a small plateau, with steep hillside below, stands the little Fantoft church, removed from the interior, which with its surrounding balustrade and side mound with rude cross forms a most effective and dainty picture. The church is pagoda-like in general appearance, with gargoyles and ornaments

at ends of peaks that are decidedly grotesque. It seems a mass of roofs, having three separate slopes and a cupola of boards cut like fancy shingles. All around it is a low open corridor. Owing to the almost entire absence of windows the interior is so dark that the rude arabesques and ancient, religious pictures that adorn the walls, can scarcely be seen. It is small, for thirty-five people would fill it, but considering the age in which it was built, the architectural design and structural feeling and sentiment seem wonderful and interesting. The drive back to Bergen by a different road was delightful, being for a long way through a hill country with steep banks and gorgeous mountain-ash trees along the way. We stopped for awhile at the beginning of a long descent, enraptured with the view of the valley, grand surrounding mountains and the city of Bergen and beyond, the waters, islands and bare mountains heights of the fjord. The suburbs of Bergen are extremely picturesque, varied and charming. The road gradually descended, passing numerous pretty villas and flower-crowded grounds, and a large leper hospital. We stopped at the gates of a cemetery which sloped towards the waters. Perhaps a hundred yards from them in the centre of a straight path or road leading to them, was a mass of ivy and flowers, a slender bronze or metal vase with a wreath of fresh flowers hanging over it, which marked the resting-place of "Ole Bull," who seems to belong to our own land. We were told of the home-coming of the remains, and how

the people in a multitude of small boats went out to give them welcome to Fatherland.

We expected nothing from Bergen—"pasture near the mountain,"—but our cup was full to overflowing. The effect of the lofty bare mountains around about it, is very grand and impressive, and at night the twinkling of lights from the houses upon them is weird and uncanny. There is one superb drive, which climbs the side of the Floifjeldet, a mountain nine hundred and eighty-four feet in height, built in most extravagant style with excise moneys, which commands a magnificent view,—but the almost steady rain of our last day prevented our taking it, and it was relegated to that "next time," that in the glowing present seems so possible to the tourist, but which, alas! oftener proves a bourne to which no traveller returns.

# ACROSS COUNTRY BY VALDERS.

## BERGEN TO CHRISTIANIA.

### I.

BETWEEN Bergen and Christiania one has the choice of three routes—all the way by steamer ;—by Telemarken from Odde, the most picturesque portion of Norway, with mountain passes, snow fields, lakes and waterfalls, and scenery of wild grandeur and rugged magnificence,—and "across country by the Valders." We chose the latter, because of the lateness of the season and unsettled weather, beginning with a superb railway journey from Bergen, of sixty-six miles to Vossevangen, the road being an unusually fine piece of engineering and costly construction. It took us four hours and twenty minutes to cover the distance. We had seen so much scenery that was fine and noble, and scenery that was gentle and subdued, we had no large expectations. How little we know the joy or tribulation that awaits us ! We had driven in carriage and stolkjaerre through the depths of dark, cool valleys and looked in wonder at the lofty enclosing walls ; had upon steamers passed through the fjords, which are only the valleys flooded, and had watched with awe and admiration the effects of towering, sombre, snow-flecked and sunny heights,

but now we were to go with rapid, changing picturings ever before us, upon a prosaic, railway train, a rare experience in Norway. Soon after leaving Bergen we came into the spectacular and panoramic portion. Now swinging low, the road lies close to the water's edge;—anon, upon walled embankment, hugs the base of precipitous cliffs and hangs as it were over the waters;—again, dashes apparently against a hopeless front of mountains only to find a little aperture;—a moment of darkness and again it is near and overlooking placid waters and opposing heights and lateral fjords, which, like arranged or studied pictures stretch out in beauty inimitable for a too short moment. One is kept on the "qui vive" constantly, for effects are as rapidly changing as in a revolving kaleidoscope. Miniature fjords or bays, graceful heights, verdant slopes, bold precipitous mountains, fifty-five long, and short tunnels, along rock-bound shores, through projections and also the heart of the mountains; enchanting surprises in view of waters and mountains; sudden pictures seen through and framed in by ventilating shafts and the heights so slowly ascended, leave upon the mind a confused and delightful impression. At one point we looked away down upon a great rounded bay in which a large fleet of fishing-boats lay "as idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean." Past fjords and into cañons of great beauty, by inland lakes with exquisite reflections of spires and overhanging hills, and past two large factories most picturesquely situated, and past and through more

loveliness and beauty than our minds could grasp or hold, we were borne upward, until, notwithstanding our regret, we came to pretty Vossevangen. Surely we cannot soon forget those huge opposing walls, the grim gray pyramids, or the ravishing combinations of peaceful waters and sombre mountains. The night was passed at the delightful hotel at Vossevangen. Our route was then over the hills and far away to Stallheim, the Naerodal and Gudvangen, the same journey we had made in opposite direction a week or so before. But it is a way one would not regret passing a dozen times, for it possesses great variety. It is amusing to hear tourists who have just come into Norway say "the charm of *this* drive (whatever it may be) is its *great variety*," whereas that is the marked peculiarity of the *whole* land. Variety surely is the spice of Norwegian travel. Past the little lakes, and with the views of grand bare and snow-patched mountains we so enjoyed before, we drove with the new pleasure of familiarity and knowing what to expect! We tarried for several hours at Stallheim where we met a most agreeable Californian who remarked of the drive from Christiania that "it was more enjoyable, than the Yosemite, because there were only eight miles of that, while this continued day after day." The beautiful Naerodal was overhung with clouds, and as we walked down the sixteen zigzags became sombre and impressive, but our drive to Gudvangen was exhilarating and delightful. A little steamer bore us away at six-thirty. The grandeur

and sublimity of the Naerofjord and the entrance to it, especially when sombre with overhanging storm-clouds, is inexpressible. The darkness gathered early because of the heavy black clouds, and in an hour and a half we were shut in to outlines only. But we were told the scenery grew less bold, as we passed through the fjord towards Laerdalsoren, a little village of eight hundred inhabitants, of which we saw only a multitude of low-lying lights, at ten o'clock. As the hotel was a half mile or more from the shore, we took a stolkjaerre and plunged at once into the worse than Egyptian darkness. The blackness was so intense nothing was distinguishable, yet the little pony dashed along at a break-neck pace as if "possessed." It was not quieting to the nerves nor was it exactly comfortable, but it is never prudent to interfere with either man or beast in this country. The drivers do not seem to control the horse by the lines, but by a low confidential talking with him. Every accident or mishap of which we have heard has been the result of the tourist taking the reins. We knew both horse and driver were familiar with the road, but the frequent jolts and the fearful speed suggested constantly the possibility of an upset. The drivers have a droll way at the end of a journey of taking off the hat, bowing very soberly and then *shaking hands!* The heavy rain broke upon us, soon after the hotel was reached. Eight o'clock the next morning saw us upon our winding way across country. It proved a fitful day of cloud,

sunshine and occasional mist. Our way was through the Laerdal, close to a little river all the day long. For two hours we were in the bed of a wide fertile valley, but constantly ascending, with the great lofty mountain ranges on either side like bounding, swelling billows. Occasionally a little poor hamlet and all along the way, well tilled farms. The details of the scene were simple, the effect grand and impressive. The valley narrowed suddenly and for awhile we threaded a tortuous canon which in turn became a deep ravine and then a narrow gorge with great abrupt frowning heights close to and above us, with scarcely room even for the tumultuous river. In fact, the road was cut out from the rock face and filched from the river bed. Sometimes close to the water's edge, then twenty to forty feet above, looking down into a chasm in which the waters held high carnival and often under great masses of projecting rock. The river was such a succession of cataracts, cascades, waterfalls and rapids it almost wearied with the ceaseless motion and the unbroken beauty of green waters, dazzling foam and moss-covered boulders and rocks. The course was so circuitous that every moment gave some novel and startling effect. The narrow ravine or canon was often overwhelming with its dark and solemn stillness.

The present road is a magnificent one. The old one can be traced as it mounts fearful heights and as suddenly dips into low places or hollows. As we neared Borgund at midday the ravine became

impressively grand, exquisitely romantic and surpassingly beautiful, for it was not only bold but narrow, picturesque but sombre, and the road was carried along the bank some two hundred feet above the stream as it passed through the crevice and broke into cascades and waterfalls over enormous boulders and against the face of lofty precipices. Just beyond an abrupt turning of cañon, stream and road, stood the very picturesque, ancient "Stave" church, built in 1138, very similar to the one at Fantoft, near Bergen, but not in as good preservation. It is black and battered, surrounded by a yard with humble graves and a rude stone wall. To one side without the walled enclosure stands a heavy massive belfry with an antique bell inscribed "Sanctus Laurencius." The people built a new one near by, which suffers in picturesqueness beside this remnant of other days, and sold the old one to a Historical Society in Christiania. We rested some two hours at a wayside Inn. Like every square yard of Norway there was much to fascinate and please, but we contented ourselves in watching the river in its mad and tumultuous plunging through the deep ravine. A family were coming down from a "saeter" (a mountain summer farm) with loads of churns, cans and household wares, and driving a herd of beautiful light-colored and mottled cows. As they wound down the elevated roadway, the scene was charming and would have made a lovely sketch. Not infrequently through the country are seen, high in air, coming from some "saeter" beyond a

hill-top, wires upon which fagots of brush or farm or dairy produce, are sent to the valley below. Some one has facetiously declared, "the potato is the *national berry* of Norway!" and surely one is often reminded of it. Were it not so pathetic, it would be as amusing as it is interesting, to note the universal cultivation of the beneficent tuber in very small ways and in the most unlikely spots. Scarce a hut is passed that has not in its immediate environment a tiny stretch of it. The high water mark was reached however one day when close to the roadway, upon the top of a huge boulder, appeared a flourishing miniature patch, only a few feet square. The people labor hard in every way, receiving at best apparently small returns, yet they seem loth to leave their rugged country. For three hours in the afternoon the road constantly ascended and the scene grew more and more wild and bleak. We were in the very midst of the great mountains with waterfalls and rushing stream and for the last two or three miles upon a regular switch-back road. At five o'clock we reached "Maristuen," a large hotel all alone, way up in the mountain billows, without a sign of life in any direction, with a grand view, sedate and subdued, over a wide expanse of hills with outlines soft and billowy as a sea. The location is a favorite one and is considered very healthful, and the hotel, a fine and imposing one, is very popular. To one side it looks down into a basin of a valley with long sloping lines of mountains beyond, while on the other, a ravine opens with the ever-fascinating and beau-

tiful mountain stream. The elevation is but twenty-five hundred and seventy-five feet, but one is as alone as regards the world and its busy life as if ten thousand. It was bitter cold, the great black clouds seemed full of snow and the sky, although glowing, was chilly and cheerless, and we were glad to get by a fire that thirtieth day of August. The next day was blustery, with occasional rain, but not enough to obstruct our view. The way was fine, leading higher and higher, betwixt and in sight of bare, desolate mountains and across the Fillefjeld, all of it grand in its loneliness and lovely in its easy, graceful outline. At half-past ten we reached Nystuen, which is only a good-sized hotel, facing one of the numerous little lakes which are so curiously tucked away upon these mountain passes. All along the post-roads of Norway are stations where horses and vehicles have to be changed unless you have engaged a conveyance through, and even then certain rests are obligatory. We would have been obliged to have made fifteen changes between Laerdalsoren and Odnaes, had we not engaged our man and stolkjaerre at the start. Some three miles beyond, just as we came in sight of one of the lengthy magnificent valleys (to which we descended later in the day), we turned abruptly away and by a superb road constructed by the Government and the Norwegian Tourist Club, began a climb to Lake Tyen, thirty-six hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The road was charming, smooth as a park-drive, with the outside boulder battle-

ments so common here, and hugged and clung to the very face of the huge steep mountain-sides and gradually crept up and around every outline of rock, by a way often excavated from its face, Often, as you drive along the country, the only evidence of a road ahead and above are the long rows of blocks, like parapets, breaking with their order and continuous line the utter wildness of the scene. In many a view it is the only touch of man visible. This road was peculiarly fine, for it overlooked at first, for miles and miles, the long picturesque valley with the white road waving through its dark depths of verdure, and then it turned into, or, rather, followed a depression in the mountain-face and looked down into a deep ravine and across upon timberless and moss-covered heights, and then up and up, bending, turning, and climbing slowly, and then turned into the narrow Jotumparten Pass, which in a brief time ends at Lake Tyen, a beautiful sheet of water some seven miles long. Even in this out-of-the-way place, a little hotel, a very cheap affair, received us most hospitably and ministered most acceptably to our wants. At the opposite end of the lake is the panorama of the snow-clad Jotumheim, called the finest in Norway. Alas! in that hour clouds lay heavily upon the mountain-tops and storms repeatedly broke over them. We could see the snow-flecked base, but at no time was the horizon-line visible. A picture of it hung in the waiting-room to tantalize and distress, for really, those who lost the view would be better off not to know what they

had missed. But we sat by the windows and saw that which the fine-weather guests do not see, several successive rainbows against the clouds and snow-flecked heights, which were exquisite. We hoped to have a row upon the lake and a climb to a knoll which commands the whole superb view, but it was useless to attempt either. So, after dinner, we took the advice of the hotel people and pushed on. The drive down was jolly, for the road was so fine, the view so magnificent and the cool, clear air so bracing. They drive down the inclines and zigzags at a fearful speed which is exciting and exhilarating, but one cannot help feeling that if the wheel should fly off or the breeching break, it would hardly be worth while to attempt to pick up the pieces, either of man, brute, or vehicle. All the afternoon the road descended in a prolonged valley with everything in the way of view we could desire, lakes, waterfalls, mountains, and combinations of them all. It was a continuous procession of all that is beautiful in nature. We came into the luxuriant growth of evergreens again, so that the mountain-sides were no longer cold, desolate, and gray, nor bare or bleak, but dark and verdant with the tint of fir trees. Fifteen hundred feet below, we came to the station, where we would have passed the night, had not Lake Tyen been shrouded with clouds. At five o'clock we reached Grindaheim on the border of a little lake with a fine outlook upon the abrupt ending of two or three mountain ranges. We decided to push on an

hour farther, for the finest bit of the route was just beyond and the clouding, lurid west suggested a rainy morrow. It was superb! All the way the scenery was wonderful and grand. For a long way the road was excavated from the faces of rugged and almost sheer cliffs and by zigzags followed every variation of the shore line of the lake, so that it was a continuous dipping into little coves or rounding of sharp points, often beneath semi-arches, and in one place beneath a shed roof, to shelter passers-by from falling stones or débris, loosened by trickling streams from the heights above. The road is called the "Kvamskleven" or "ravine cliff." Perhaps there was a half-hour of this, but the whole drive along the lake and the view of opposite mountain ranges was fine, and in the gathering twilight it grew oppressively grand and sublime. Our day's journeying ended at Oylo, a solitary hotel upon the side hill, a few hundred yards above the highway commanding a finished outlook upon mountains, woods, and waters which, in the fading twilight and the solemn shadows, was inexpressibly quieting and restful to our tired bodies, excited nerves and wearied souls, for one learns in Norway that pleasure wearies, as well as ceaseless toil and unending activity.

## ACROSS COUNTRY BY VALDERS.

### BERGEN TO CHRISTIANIA.

### II.

Oylo is a favorite resort of Norwegian artists. We did not wonder at this when we saw how crowded the immediate neighborhood was with ravishing and enchanting pictures. Upon the wooden walls of one of our rooms were painted, much as etchings are marked, sundry mementos of various artists, which were amusing and interesting. One was a large key hanging upon a nail; another a watch and chain, still another a leaf of paper with dog-eared corners, and a miniature, all so perfect as to deceive even at close range. The apartment itself was a sight, for, although occupied by an immense sofa, huge centre tables, three candle-stands, and bedsteads and several chairs, there was room and to spare! In the hall stood a most quaint and gorgeous linen trousseau chest, with showy arabesque of gay colored flowers and ornaments, a woman's name and a date. A party of Germans came in after us, so that the evening was quite merry, as the landlady lighted a fire in the queer fireplace, which they call, as if spelled, "pi-es." The chimney was square and in the corner, with fireplace open on two sides and the

wood piled in the corner without fire-dogs of any kind.

As we all sat there, in the light only of the flaming logs and glowing embers, it seemed strange that the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" were not written long before Longfellow's day. What would our stories have been, had we from over the sea and fatherland, in that weird and flickering light, each told one? But Oylo soon faded out of sight when we began our journey anew. We passed a magnificent waterfall or cataract and followed the river, and some two and a half hours away, when nearing Lohen, a station beautifully situated upon a knoll overlooking the most picturesque Slidrefjord, or lake, had another fine bit of road along the mountain-face. We also passed a most picturesque, ancient church. The almost entire absence of windows is a marked feature of these old churches. One we passed that day had none in front or upon one side. From the heights above Lohen was gained a superb view of the fjord or lake and the mountains we were rapidly leaving behind, all spotted with snow. Indeed, there was hardly a rod but deserved notice! One is simply overwhelmed with natural beauty in Norway, for there is such an inexhaustible store upon every side. About three o'clock we rested the faithful little pony and enjoyed some recreation ourselves, at Fosheim, where was a fine and large hotel down in a hollow, but with a lovely outlook. How many little heavens we did come into! At many a place we sang "My willing soul would

stay," with much gusto and longing. Then down the hill and along the valley, having a grand view of the distant Jotumheim which was so obscured when we watched for it at midday at Lake Tyen, until at five o'clock we came to lovely Faegerness. The near approach to it was extremely picturesque, for, from the descending road, as it made a sweeping curve, we looked down upon a lovely sheet of placid water with an island and bold projecting points thickly wooded, and nestling in the trees of pretty grounds, two white hotels with brilliant national flags waving, and a little way farther on the road, from a bridge, upon a group of dark and blackened saw and flour mills, stone flumes and a boisterous cataract of water tumbling over a very rocky bed. Faegerness is a settlement of only two hotels, a shop and a few houses for working people, but its location is ideal, close to the water's edge. Our windows looked upon pretty, lawn-covered grounds which sloped to the water, and upon a summer-house and dainty flower borders. Beyond, a stone causeway and foot-bridge led to a densely-wooded island with charming walks, with numerous seats and resting-places. The season being about closed, there were but few guests and scarcely any tourists, so the pretty little place which, at other times, must be in the perpetual hubbub of speeding the parting and welcoming the coming guests, was, in every line and outlook, the embodiment of charming restfulness and delicious repose. Our Sabbath there was perfect, warm and sunny and the placid glistening waters

and the dainty points and islands seemed like some sheltered cove at Lake George. The distant view along the length of a sheltered valley closing with a portal of bold and abrupt mountains was exquisitely beautiful, with grace in every line and beauty in the multitude of soft colorings. After the rain and the cold of the last few days, the warm sunny Sabbath was a real benediction and we enjoyed every moment. But at five o'clock the next morning the rain was falling in torrents! At eight-thirty, there was plenty of blue sky, sunshine and clouds, but it was so charming we were glad to be "on the go." For a few hours our way lay along the valley with nothing particularly striking, although all was beautiful in every direction, and then the road began a gradual ascent of the mountain-side by a course cut from it. We walked for an hour for the sheer pleasure of it, the ascent was so gentle, stopping frequently to enjoy the views. The beautiful smooth road rises and bends with every projecting spur, affording many a charming view of the valley, the scene ending clear beyond Faegerness with the white-tipped Jotumheim Mountains. Up and up we plodded gradually for an hour or more, then rounding a spur of the hills left the charming Valders valley, with its evergreen thickets and little river behind. Soon we reached the summit, a long plateau or level country, with two or three little lakes or pools, scanty verdure and dwarfed tree growth. Across this wild and desolate upland stretch the white road wriggled like a serpent.

and then, into evergreen forests that were charming. Down and down we whirled by curves and long winding stretches, that were park-like in effect and beauty. The whole descent for an hour and a half was by a superb roadway, through the thickest of dark and fragrant evergreens, with snatches and views of the valley below, lovely in its billowy lines and verdant tints. At an elevation of two thousand feet, stands Tonsaasen Sanitarium, a popular resort of the Christiania people, a group of fine large buildings beautifully located, with here and there in the adjacent woods, paths leading to summer houses and outlooks, not unlike Lake Mohonk. The air, which is resinous with odor of firs and balsams, is considered extremely healthful. Two miles farther on is Sveen, a posting station, the descent to which was by curves, zigzags and loops through the lovely woods, which earlier in our experience would have seemed wonderfully beautiful. The remainder of the afternoon until we reached Odnaes at six-thirty, was a gradual "come down" in every way. While it was charming all the way, it grew lower and more cultivated and sublunary and we realized that the end was near, and that these few remaining hours, were our "Good-bye! Summer." It was, however, less difficult to accept than it would have been earlier in the season. The whole drive from Laerdalsoren of one hundred and forty-six miles was delightful and in its variety wonderful, and in spite of clouds, rain, and cold, we were sorry to have it end. Odnaes is a hamlet with a fairly com-

fortable hotel, at the head of Randsfjord Lake, and was the closing scene of our drive across country. We tarried there for a night, and at seven-thirty on the morrow took the steamer which in five hours, after making some ten landings, traverses the length of Randsfjord Lake. The scenery seemed very mild and subdued, with long sloping heavily wooded or farm-covered hills on every side. Snow and the great mountains were a thing of the past! All was peaceful and smiling as if storms were o'er. At the Randsfjord end of the lake, the lumber interest loomed up, thousands of logs and a sort of raft being collected there through which a channel was kept open for the steamer. A wait of three-quarters of an hour and then we boarded the railway train for Christiania, some eighty-eight miles away, a journey of five and a half hours. Oh! what a beautiful railway journey it was! We passed through enough beautiful country to satisfy one for a summer's tour. All so verdant, highly cultivated and prosperous in appearance, while hills, mountains, waterfalls, rivers and pretty villages were everywhere visible. At Hone-foss, we had a pretty view of the falls and in several places saw the great logs shoot the cataracts and rapids. Drammen was the largest place on the route and was most picturesquely divided into two or three towns by the waters of a fjord. After leaving, the road mounts a hillside and looking back, we had a magnificent view of the town glittering and basking in the sunlight, in the midst of sparkling

waters. It was indeed a wonderful scene, and fitly closed our list of Norwegian pictures upon memory's walls, never to be quite forgotten.

At seven-thirty P. M. we entered Christiania, which we had left a few short weeks before, so full of hopefulness, in a pouring rain, and our halcyon days in Norway were ended.

* * * * * *

A party sat one winter evening around an open fire in Rome, the Eternal City, talking in the desultory way that is the traveller's wont, of various masterpieces of the old artists in which Italy is so rich. From one to another the comments, critical but appreciative, flowed in easy course, until at last attention was centred upon the Beatrice Cenci of Guido Reni, by a young gentleman remarking he could never see anything in it, either in engravings or copies, and now, in the original. Said a lady, "But do you not think the expression,—*the look in the eyes,*—is wonderful? "No!" he replied, "I can see nothing in them!" to which she gently responded, "Perhaps it is not for *you*!"

Perchance some one may peruse these pages who has made the tour of Norway and not possessed of a keen love of Nature in her varied moods, nor an eye sensitive to delicacy of color and gracefulness of outline, nor a heart responsive to the numberless, spiritual and poetic suggestions of land and sea; or perhaps some other one reading them may be led to make the journey and not being in the mood to be always pleased, may

think or pronounce this record of a trip, which even with the oft-repeated limitations of storm and disappointment, was a joyous and delightful one, overdrawn, or too enthusiastic or too highly roseate. To such, sadly and kindly, I would say, *it is all there, nevertheless*;—and as the lady remarked of those wondrous, appealing, hauntingly beautiful eyes of the pathetic Beatrice Cenci, "*perhaps it is not for you.*"

# HALCYON DAYS

IN

# FRANCE.

# HALCYON DAYS IN FRANCE.

## PATIENT WAITING, NO LOSS.

### ROUEN.

BECAUSE Rouen is only about three and a half hours from Paris, and on the direct line of northern travel, and comparatively easy to reach, it is the oftener relegated to that halcyon "next time," with which every tourist comforts himself when too wearied or hard-pressed for time to do more. Yet scarcely any other city in France, so opulent in historical associations and architectural trophies, yields more rich returns in ecclesiastical and civic structures and picturesque streets, while none have a more pathetic feature than the spot where Jeanne d'Arc went up in a cloud of fire. We had so repeatedly left it *undone,* that our departure finally seemed very unreal. The day was warm and sunny. Although the country proved monotonous, being much of the way very level, with sometimes a horizon of hills, yet with the little, silvery Seine with bushy banks,—pretty hay and harvest fields, forests with first touch of autumn like a burnishing of gold, quaint thatched and red-roofed hamlets, frequent chateaux almost buried

in the trees, and towns and villages of considerable importance,—there was much to interest and to please. For a long way from Paris the neatly enclosed vineyards and opulent fruit and flower-gardens with stone walls covered with pear and other fruit-trees trained like vines, seemed almost continuous. Occasionally a long, sweeping view over a slightly undulating country, with forests and chateaux, would stretch out in soft and dreamy beauty as far as eye could reach.

At Mantes we had a most exquisite view over the river, upon the group of houses above which waved the huge, lofty openwork, square towers of its cathedral, and beyond, the isolated solitary tower of St. Maclou, the only remains of an ancient church (1344) built with "the toll dues exacted for leave to tow barges through the bridge on Sundays and holidays!" Our faithful book companion told us that "it was among the glowing embers of its houses and monasteries, which William the Conqueror had caused to be burned, that he received the injury in his corpulent person caused by his horse starting, which proved mortal a few days later at Rouen!" As we were to follow the course of his Majesty, even to the place of his final strange sepulture, it possessed more than a passing interest. We knew Rouen (as it is called the Manchester of France) was a busy manufacturing town, full of bustling life in spite of its venerable and stately antiquities, but we were not prepared for the crowd and babel of sounds which filled and surrounded the station. There

was a delay of some twenty minutes for a customs' examination, which, however, was not insisted upon with us, since our innocent-looking luggage suggested no violation of the game octroi. A civil porter assured us the Hôtel de la Poste was near and that we did not need a fiacre, so we followed and followed him and our truck of luggage for full ten minutes. But as our course was through the principal street and past numerous shops, bright, pretty and attractive, as the French know so well how to make them, we rather enjoyed it. It was too late to drive and the "show places" were closed, so we strolled out for a general reconnoitre. It was not many minutes before we were fairly effervescing with delight, for almost immediately we came upon some quaint façades and then in full sight of the Palais de Justice. One glance at the picturesque and ornate structure and we were back in Belgium, the Low Countries—the Netherlands. It is built around three sides of a square, a tall iron fence-lining or marking the fourth and front boundary, with a riot of ornament and an exuberance of exquisite detail, most effective, although condemned by professional critics. Tall dormer windows adorn the roof and furnish, as it were, an excuse or foundation for sculpturings and adornments in most prodigal profusion. Statues of various sizes crown delicate pinnacles; borders of floral design garland the Tudor windows, and a regular open rose fretwork follows the line of cornice. It is but one story with a high basement, but the pitched roof with open cresting adds as much again to its height

and gives fine field for spectacular and ornamental effects. In the centre of the front façade projects a beautiful tower-like bay window with most ornate effect, forming within a lovely, circular room with domed roof, designed for use of Francis I., but now a retiring room for the judges of the court. Steps of stone ascend to the side wings and various apartments, and some three spacious court rooms, with richly carved and gilded ceilings, one formerly the Parliament Hall, are shown. The City streets make many a picturesque and interesting vista. Sometimes they bend and curve, and quaint odd façades of open timber and plaster work, with each story projecting over the one below with carved brackets for support and queer ornaments, appear on either side. As we passed purposelessly along, at the end of a narrow street, weird and spectral in the late afternoon light, loomed up an ornate Gothic tower. A few moments later we stood in an open plaza opposite the great Cathedral of Rouen. Alas ! time and the elements have played sad havoc with the tiny, dainty statuettes,—the delicate embroidery-like sculpturings and the lavish abundance of superb ornamentation with which the two towers and west façade are loaded. Because of the decay and deterioration of the stone, it is like some beautiful frost or icework which has already begun to melt and lose form and distinctness under the warmth and glow of the sun's rays. It is said that originally it was "the best and purest type of early Gothic work" but that in the sixteenth century it was embossed and

overloaded with ornamentation. One looks with wonder at the abundance and endlessness of the minute, exquisite and tiny sculpturings. The smoke of centuries lies upon the carven surface, with weird effect of strikingly high lights and sharp contrasting ebon shadows. One tower is massive, comparatively plain and finished with a wedge or peaked roof, while the other, called the "Butter Tower," "because built with the money paid for dispensations to eat butter in Lent," rises to a much greater height and is finished with octagonal story and open parapet or cresting, with exquisite window openings and ornaments. Over the intersection of nave and transepts, rises a very slender open work and incongruous tower of iron to a height of four hundred and eighty-two feet. The north and south portals are singularly elegant and tasteful in their rich designs and abundance of medallion heads and sculpturings. The view of sides and rear, with wretched buildings huddling against the consecrated walls, great flying buttresses, numerous pinnacles, and several smaller beautiful towers, is peculiarly varied, jumbled and picturesque. But the front view is exquisite,—it is a joy to look upon these grand architectural forms tossed high in air, for one knows and feels each detail, each ornament, each leaping outline, is *some one's thought* expressed in stone which mingles a strange reverence and awe with the delight experienced. Streit, the English writer and lecturer, says of this noble pile, for "perfect beauty of plan and poetical inspiration of design,

I think Rouen goes near to excelling all," (meaning Chartres, Notre Dame, Amiens, and Rheims). We stepped within and for a while wandered according to our own sweet will in the dim religious light and the hallowing shadows, seeing the lovely vistas of clustered columns and graceful arches,—the soft rich coloring of the ancient windows and the exquisite groupings from various points and angles, with here and there along the aisles or in minor chapels, occasional flaring or flickering lights. One turns from such visitation with a hushed and subdued feeling as if for the nonce in presence of holy things and heavenly visitants. The next day we "did it," making a dutiful examination of every nook and cranny with unfaltering interest. Shall I say there is one beautiful sweep of clustered columns and arches stretching away some four hundred and thirty-five feet with a rise of ninety? It carries no idea of the combined effect of fretted stone, rich sculpturings or mellow toned glass. These old structures are not inanimate,—they pulse, they breathe, they speak to something within, not yet free, and one feels the vibration of the thrill long afterwards and perhaps in some form or other, forever! The Choir has massive round instead of clustered columns, back of which is an aisle or corridor in which lie the tombs of Richard Cœur de Lion and his brother. They are modern reproductions, for the Huguenots hopelessly defaced the originals. The "Lion-hearted" bequeathed his heart to Rouen, and after several changes of base, the

Verger assured us, it now lies beneath the recumbent effigy. Directly in rear of Choir is the Lady Chapel with several enormous tombs which, because of delicate and exquisite carving of lovely conventionalized ornaments, flowers, tiny statues and intricate traceries, are magnificent as well as marvellous.

In our round of sightseeing we stopped at St. Maclou, a small but extremely beautiful church of the fifteenth century with a most peculiar porch and a facade elaborately sculptured and ornamented. The interior has a beautiful lantern tower, much rococo ornamentation and, as in several of the Rouen churches, a wealth of painted glass. With its unique open-work staircase ascending to organ loft, richly carved doors and lovely cupola, it is most fascinating, and the front façade is one of the most charming sights of the city. How many lovely groupings we saw against the warm blue sky and through the soft hazy atmosphere those ideal days! Standing in the great open *Place de la Hotel de Ville,* the scene was superb. Over the roofs of the houses trembled in the hazy air the towers and turrets of the cathedral, soft and tender as a vision. The massive pile of the *Hotel de Ville,* looks upon an equestrian statue in bronze of Napoleon I. Glimpses of quaint old buildings are had on every side. But alone in the Square, or Place, almost entirely surrounded by open space, stands, in peerless beauty, the wonderful pile of St. Ouen! How strangely to us the record reads of the first stone being laid 1318 and the structure,

following a single plan, being completed at the end of the fifteenth century! The Huguenots are said to have made three bonfires within its walls, the material of which was the organ, the choir-stalls and the pulpit,—and the Revolutionists turned it into an armorer's or blacksmith's shop. Little suggestion, however, of all this sacrilege remains, for judicious restorations give it a look of eternal serenity and quiet. The west end, towards the Place, has elaborately carved portals, and at each corner a lofty tower and spire piercing the azure two hundred and eighty-two feet from the earth. To about one half of one side, and to the rear, is a beautiful public garden laid out with serpentine walks, little avenues of trees, fountains and gorgeous flower borders. From this lovely enclosure one sees the entire structure in all its wondrous beauty. Against the blue sky appears a forest of stately pinnacles or turrets, open carved balustrades, huge flying buttresses, a long line of pointed Gothic windows;—beyond, the graceful, open, modern, spires, while over the intersection of the transept and nave rises a grand central tower, stately in effect, exquisitely beautiful in detail, with four crowned turrets around an octagonal upper story, which terminates in a graceful gallery appropriately called "the Crown of Normandy." It is as graceful as frost-work, yet as massive as if designed to endure forever. We thought of the "Close" so often seen surrounding the English cathedrals, so peaceful, so still, so in accord with the solemn and sombre piles, as we

looked at this garden so secular in tone and appearance. Yet the old minster seemed joyous and triumphant in this lovely environment. This great open square of a busy city and this lovely pleasure-garden surrounding the stately and majestic temple are in perfect harmony. The *Church surely is in the World* (where it should be), lifting its healthful silent testimony of man's need of God and the wondrous love of the Divine for man, above all its care, turmoil and frivolity. The majestic pile from the garden at moonlight presents a picture holy in its suggestion, entrancing in its beauty, and quieting in its enduring strength. The interior fairly paralyzes with admiration and delight. It is called a piece of architectural *daring,* in that the columns and arches are so slender, and the side walls and clerestory a line of almost continuous windows, giving the appearance of apparently insufficient support for such an immense structure. Usually the walls and columns are ponderous and massive, and give an impression of tremendous strength. But this is as airy and graceful, as delicate and refined, as a temporary work. Usually, too, they appear like a dogma or doctrine, too heavy and too well established to be misplaced or shaken, but this has all the exuberance and lightness of a happy and triumphant song. As one enters the western portal what a vision of loveliness lies before him! The nave, symmetrical and harmonious, stretches out a distance of four hundred and fifty-three feet; the slender columns along its length, rise

upon either side like beautiful pines or palms; above them the tall open triforium gallery is faced by exquisite Gothic screen-work, while higher still, the clerestory windows and the arched roof, like meeting and interlacing palm branches, appear in bewildering succession. Through the arches gleam the rich stained-glass windows of the aisles. Exquisite wrought iron gates open into the choir. Around the choir is a row of small chapels hung with ancient tapestries and swinging golden-lamps. We sat for awhile upon the steps of the high altar looking at the picture made by the lantern tower and the exquisite vista of the nave. Oh! that wonderful forest of slender columns with light from clerestory windows falling in bars of soft color or flecks of gold just as the sunlight often tingles through the woods,—with the great organ and wheel window at the end! So still and tranquil was the place, so glorious and mystical the flecks of light upon the uplifted stone, that it seemed like beauty, grace, adoration and worship suddenly arrested and forever fixed in enduring adamant. One instinctively pictures it hung with velvet and regal trappings and crowded with the beauty and chivalry of France, as upon the coronations days it has witnessed. We asked ourselves, "Does one forget all he has seen when he feels in many respects, this is the most beautiful interior in the world?" Surely we can never forget the joyous impression of grace and beauty it made upon our minds. It was worth all the rest of Rouen. Other sights there were, interest-

ing and beautiful. St. Laurents we found to be a most picturesque, badly decayed fifteenth century pile (now a powder magazine) with a superb florid openwork tower,—a row of little side chapels with droll extinguisher roofs and a balustrade along the cornice formed of letters, like Burgos Cathedral. St. Patricia's, St. Godard's and St. Vincent's were profuse with rich painted glass, which gave the interiors a crazy quilt appearance. The tower of St. André, all that remains of an old church, stands most effectively in an open garden, upon which fronts a very fine antique-carved-front wooden house with projecting stories, said to be the house of Diane de Poitiers. The exact spot where Jeanne d'Arc was burned is now covered by a theatre, but near by in the "Place de la Pucelle" is a fountain and statue to her memory. Saturated as Rouen is with the story of the Domremy Maid, it seems strange there is nothing more appropriate within the limits of the town, although at "Bon Secours," in the suburbs, is a most elaborate temple and statue. Facing the Place Pucelle is a most interesting structure of the fifteenth century, the Hôtel du Bourgtheroulde, built around an open court with walls ornamented with a wainscoting of marble reliefs representing the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. upon the field of the Cloth of Gold. In one corner is an exquisite hexagonal tower, covered with carvings. Finished in 1537, it has sheltered, so says a tablet, Francis I., Medici Cardinal Legate, Earl Shrewsbury, Ambassador of the Queen and the Duchess—on the occasion

of the visit of Louis XIV. to Rouen. An amusing note is attached, which reads as follows: "Nota Bene. Visitors are informed that Jeanne d'Arc never sojourned in the Hotel Bourgtheroulde!" Go where we would, we found *something* interesting, although the marvels and imprints of modern life are fast obliterating the quaint and picturesque. In 1860 extensive demolition was made in one of the most picturesque streets of the city, but haply the great Clock Gate House which spanned it was undisturbed. It is a very odd structure, with immense dials on either side and carved reliefs within the arch. Beside it is an old belfry tower from which curfew is tolled nightly.

An excursion to "Bon Secours" upon a high cliff, gave a characteristic view of the narrow Seine with pretty bush-bordered islands,—a great stretch of green meadow and the city with its towers and turrets scarcely distinguishable in the hazy atmosphere. Long as our story seems, it does not note one half of the fascination and charm of majestic and venerable old Rouen.

## ALONG THE SHORE.

### DIEPPE, ETC.

DIEPPE was very dull! We were not surprised! We knew it would be, for it was "out of season." But Dieppe itself was there and Dieppe, and not the senseless madding crowd which makes holiday, was what we desired to see. The guide-book about covers it in saying,—"Dieppe in a deep depression between two ranges of chalk cliffs, as white and nearly as tall as those of England," for there the town lies upon a "tongue of flat land" with a river flowing in a great bend through it, making a well walled and protected harbor. We were somewhat disappointed in its general appearance, for, knowing it was a place of fashionable resort and misled by numerous pictures, we were really expecting a second Ostend! From the pictures, we had fancied a long stretch of pretty gardens along the sea, faced by many a tasteful villa. The long pictured green was there, but it was a sort of "commons" with paths in every direction, with an unkempt careless look, hardly pardonable in these days of landscape gardening and flower picturing in high places. Facing this, a ways back from the beach, was an almost solid row of city fronted apartment houses and hotels

four and five stories high, with little gardens and very tall railings in front. After all, there was nothing the matter with Dieppe! It was our senseless ideal which was at fault! The great blue sea shimmering in the sunlight and the distant white cliffs were always beautiful. It was months since we had seen it breaking in reputable, tempting surf upon a smooth beach, and that was at pretty Biarritz. Here, however, the beach is gravelly and coarse. It had used us very shabbily upon the northern waters since those sunny days. At the extreme end of the commons or downs, surrounded by lovely parterres with brilliant flowers, is a large brick casino, while upon the cliffs beyond appears the ancient castle of the fifteenth century, now a barrack, with numerous towers, steep roofs, angles, etc., which once had the honor of sheltering "King Henry of Navarre." A huge gateway, flanked by two massive towers, leads to the busy town which lies back of the line of hotels, which has little to interest save the harbor, which is like an artificial basin or dock, with a fleet of steamers and other craft, and the Church of St. Jacques, which is a picturesque mass or cluster of flying buttresses with screen-work traceries. The little River Arques, flowing into the sea, really makes the sheltered harbor possible. Of course we must have a drive, and the ancient Castle of Arques, some four or five miles away, made as good an objective point as any. For a full hour the country traversed was of little interest and we felt a trifle "sold," for it was along a white, dusty

road, overlooking on one side the level valley and on the other frequently *overlooked* by châteaux, with fine surroundings and grounds, all so carefully walled in that but little can be seen by the passing vulgar crowd. The ruins which occupy the crest of a very bold ridge between two valleys, are extensive and imposing, showing round and square towers and plain walls, well mantled with clematis and ivy. It is a place of much historic interest, for "it is celebrated for the momentous victory gained beneath the walls by Henry IV. and his devoted band of four thousand Protestants, over the army of the League, thirty thousand strong." We walked around them and from an opposite ridge, gained a characteristic and pretty Normandy view of a long fertile valley with smooth meadows, great rows of poplars, thatched and red-roofed cottages, and in a little village near by, a most irregular and picturesque Gothic Church with antique tower, and over the choir a pitched tent-like roof much taller than the rest, and upon the hills beyond, a dense forest. We stopped at the old church upon our return and found the exterior most picturesque. because of numerous grotesque gargoyles, ornamental flying buttresses, quaint tower and roofs. Having been added to at different periods, with no attempt at harmony or uniformity, it is a most picturesque jumble and we were not surprised to find several artists sketching it. Then for an hour we drove through a grand old forest, with wide, beautiful roads winding and bending through it. It was park-like in

its beauty; delicious in its verdant and quiet seclusion. The long vistas made by the straight roads, were ways of delightful greenness and coolness, These forests are unique; we have nothing in our land to liken them to. We passed over much historic ground associated with King Henry IV. of France and Henry II. of England. To the usual charm of the seashore, the grand boundless sweep over the waters in varying mood, is added at Dieppe, the most peculiar appearance of the chalk cliffs, especially if the atmosphere is hazy, or when at sunset hour they seem like phantoms or banks of white clouds lying upon or rising from the sea.

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We would fain go to Fécamp. How should we go? Madame, of the hotel at Dieppe when asked about it, shrugged her thin, wiry shoulders and lifted Frenchily her eyebrows in horror, as she exclaimed, "Fécamp! *Fécamp*! is a *fish* hole." Nevertheless to Fécamp, with its abbey and its drive to St. Jouin and Etretat, we would go, and having luggage, the longest way around,—that is, a return to Rouen,—was the shortest way there. It was very warm and the atmosphere hazy, just what the monotonous country needed to make it "artistic!" It was pretty and that was all; highly cultivated and with the usual picturesque thatched cottages, heavy village churches and occasionally a large château. The châteaux of Normandy have a droll expression of having been set down at once and complete in their places,

much as a child would stand a block or toy-house upon the floor, with seldom the look as if intended to remain. Perhaps it is because of the straight up and down of the walls and roofs and the round cone-tipped towers at corners and the entire absence of porch or piazza, but they have a stiff angular appearance, neither harmonizing nor contrasting pleasantly with their rural surroundings, at least from a distance. A most agreeable Frenchman in our compartment advised us to stop at Fecamp, saying it was most interesting and we could take a carriage and see it all before dinner and drive to Etretat on the morrow, adding with a twinkle, "Lose no time in getting *out* of Normandy and *into* Brittany as it is much more picturesque."

Like Dieppe, Fecamp occupied a narrow tongue of land or level valley between the chalk cliffs, but it is much narrower and the town proportionately smaller. Yet it is a place of considerable manufacing importance. Perched upon the side hill fairly overhanging the little town, are numerous fanciful villas. The *beach,* as they term it, like that of Dieppe, is a stretch of coarse gravel. The sea was restless, rather inclined to be combative and the surf broke white and spray-like against the walls that protected the promenade. All the better since we only came to *see.* In the centre of the town is a gorgeous garden, crowded and running over with brilliant flowers. In the nectre, of it beneath a wrought iron canopy is a gilded statute. Facing the garden is a huge, extensive

and most imposing group of buildings of fine architectural character and style, with Gothic windows, pointed roofs and dormers and much elaborate carving. From a central building rises a tall stately tower or spire and at either end a wing projects, forming a tasteful court with a front guard of tall gilt-tipped railings. It is very handsome and has such a scholastic or ecclesiastical appearance that one instinctively assumes it is a college or library, whereas it is the manufactory of the celebrated liquor or cordial originally made by the monks, known all over the world under the name of "Benedictine." A recent fire made a visit impossible.

The abbey church in the town is a structure of so little external merit, we were quite unprepared for the unusual beauty of the interior. Way back in A. D. 1200, this wonderful pile was erected, and even now it ranks in the estimation of critics and connoisseurs with the finest and best in France. The vista of the nave with its tall columns and arches, open triforium gallery and the very lofty lantern tower is as fine as anything we have seen,—always excepting peerless St. Ouen at Rouen. Back of the High Altar was a deep Chapel with a marble tabernacle containing some of the "Precious Blood" placed by Joseph of Arimathea in the hollow of a fig-tree, which being washed ashore near by, the spot was called "Ficus Campus," and hence "Fecamp."

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Leaving the town and the sea level, we climbed slowly and gradually a very long ascent until we came to the level of the summit of the cliffs. The almost entire absence of fences, hedges or dividing line of any kind, gave to the gently undulating country an easy, breathless sweep literally from horizon to horizon, which was peculiar and withal, very fascinating. While highly cultivated and having an air of prosperity, the detached open-timbered cottages and hamlets, looked so unsteady, and forlorn, that life looked poor and hard. Even the châteaux, with but few exceptions, looked shabby and their surrounding grounds unkempt and neglected. The people too, were far from pleasing or attractive and beggary rampant. The heavy rains probably accentuated the forlorn appearance of many of the cottages, which did not look any more ambitious than many of the Norwegian log huts. All through the country we have noticed how universally pear trees are trained flat like a vine against the walls. Sometimes every house will be so adorned and the effect is beautiful, especially when laden with ripening fruit. In the course of an hour and a half we overlooked a verdant valley running towards the coast, with slopes an endless stretch of green and brown. Upon opposite hillside could be seen a grand park and forest, with buried in the trees an extensive chateau with almost grotesquely tall conical towers. Suddenly the road curved and before us was a line of showy and ornamental villas and walls hugging the side hills, while down in the

valley lay the dull slate-covered roofs of Etretat. As a friend had bidden us to go to St. Jouin, an hour farther on, to luncheon at "Ernestine's," we commenced at once the ascent of the opposing hill. The country from there on was very beautiful, being a long majestic sweep of sunny green, of yellow and harvested fields and rich russet of freshly ploughed earth, with the occasional "petite" forest or thicket of trees, all seen through a delicious golden haze which fairly trembled as though it would melt away. Leaving the high-road we struck across country,—it was like being in one of Millet's or Corot's pictures, it was so soft, delicious, and dreamy. Finally we came to a little hamlet, with cottages covered with pear trees and half hidden by hedges and shrubbery, turned into an ivy clad gateway and came into a garden, facing a château, the Hôtel de Paris of Ernestine! It was ideal,—"just like a story." Ivy and roses, and creeping plants, and great pear trees loaded with fruit, well-nigh obscured the stone-walls. In front was a huge arched trellis covered with Virginia creeper, fairly ablaze with autumnal crimson and gold. Beyond lay a garden with a multitude of upright pear trees, and along the walls another trained on a rod a foot or two from the ground. The front portal was wide open, revealing an entrance hall with walls covered with beautiful plaques,—bracketed shelves with odd pieces of china, bits of brasses, queer mirrors, antique clocks and one scarcely knows at a glance what all! Upon either side

were large rooms loaded and covered with paintings, engravings, brasses, bronze, china, gilt, wrought iron and steel ornaments of every description. The rooms were fairly crowded with choice and richly carved antique furniture, clocks and very choice bric-à-brac. In the garden was the "atelier" or studio, for madame's son is an artist, and artists are very fond of St. Jouin and tarry there all summer. It was a most unique and pretty affair, being furnished with several large and richly carved cabinets, tables, chairs and suites of white furniture, antique hangings, embroideries, vases, cups, exquisite china pieces, numerous plaques, bronze, brass, copper and iron ornaments and a great profusion of antique French chintz. In the hotel were many souvenir sketches and letters, presented to "la belle Ernestine," who, to tell the truth, is now a stout French woman with iron-gray hair, portly frame and ruddy visage, at pitiful variance with many of the poetical and effusive tributes. One framed letter was from the Spanish statesman "Castelar" and another was a commendation from Queen Isabella. Our luncheon was laid in one of the prettily decorated rooms and was good, nothing more nor less. But the charge for it was so exorbitant we inclined to leave the bill upon the walls as an addition to the curiosities! Our friend had told us of sojourning there several weeks some two years before at the rate of five francs a day, with frequent rides to market in a Normandy cart with Ernestine and huge sunbonnet thrown in. Had Er-

nestine known of our acquaintance, we would have suspected her of a desire or intent to "even up" at our expense. However, we paid it without useless exception, and as we drove away felt much like exclaiming: "Oh, Ernestine! Ernestine! if you have a shred of conscientiousness anywhere in your Gallic make up, your life will be a burden until the memory of this unjust charge is obliterated by an opportunity to repeat it perhaps on a larger and a broader scale!

Nevertheless, we say:—"*Go to Ernestine's.*"

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Etretat, an hour distant, like Dieppe and Fécamp, lies in a lateral valley between the chalk cliffs, and for many years has been a most picturesque and fashionable resort. As the hillsides are dotted with numerous fanciful villas, it makes a much prettier appearance than either of the other two. The shore is covered with what they call "a pebble beach," with stones from almost the size of a cobble to that of a large marble. It was low tide and we found it extremely difficult to walk to the water's edge over this crunching mass. Along the shore are the "galoches," old superannuated boats or hulks of large size, roofed with thatched peak covers, and used as storehouses for ropes, nets and fishermen's traps. They are most droll and odd and make fine subjects for the artist's brush. There is the usual casino and several hotels. The view is most unique and strangely beautiful, for the great chalk cliffs on

either side have been torn and worn by the action of the sea into most fantastic shapes, arches, turrets and detached columns. Looking toward the right on that soft, dreamy afternoon, we saw the termination of the cliffs lying upon the water against the blue sky, like a bank of white clouds, pierced at extremity by a pretty archway. To the left, the cliffs were nearer and were white and glittering and curiously pierced. We walked to the summit and looked down upon weird and fantastic pinnacles, into deep well-holes and upon arched passageways, through projecting masses, which were wonderful. The sea, softened by the haze, was shimmering in the sunlight, and the weird white cliffs glistened like the walls of an eternal and celestial city. The view toward and over the slate-covered roofs of Etretat, the beach with a large corps of washerwomen laying the clothes out and securing them with stones, the quaint, picturesque house-boats and beyond, over the prettily wooded hill dotted with villas, was most charming; but it was the perforated white cliffs, so weird and spectral, and the broad, blue shimmering sea, that held us like a spell.

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The little steamer from Havre, in landing at Trouville, stopped at the extreme end of a very long pier from which a sweeping view is obtained of the entire coast and the best part of the place. The season of course, was over; the majority of the private villas and the larger hotels were closed;

but the place, the pretty panorama of villas, the beach, the promenade and the sea, go on forever. Our windows and balconies commanded a delightful outlook upon the yellow sands and the sounding sea. The beach is of yellow sand instead of the dreadful pebble and cobble-stone of Dieppe and Etretat. Facing the sea is a continuous line of detached villas and hotels, all fanciful, festive and ornamental, surrounded with pretty gardens and shrubbery. From the pier one lovely morning we looked upon the picturesque row of villas, soft and yellow in the sunlight, and upon the sea, calm and serene. Beyond the villas a forest crowned hill showed here and there among the trees, the gables, turrets, towers or roofs of numerous villas. Across the waters, at the foot of, and high up on the side of hill and ridge, which at extremity terminates in an abrupt cliff line, gleamed the roofs and towers of prosaic Havre, transfigured by the sunlight into a suggestion of a shining city or abode of the blest. In an opposite direction lay Dauville,—another stretch of pretentious villas following the coast. The French are nothing unless amused, and the customary Casino, divides the honors. Historically Trouville is interesting as being the port from which Louis Philippe in 1848 and Eugenie in 1870, escaped to England.

But the sea, the sea sweeps all before it, with its changing moods and varying expression, and when upon its sunlit waters appears some rude hulk with green or blue or terra cotta sails, or as

several lie idly in as many positions and the colors grow bright and glowing or die away in indistinctness, it is like some delicate fairy-like mirage or poetic vision.

The perusal of "Three Normandy Inns" along the way, made a drive to Honfleur and Villerville essential to peace of mind all through our future earthly career, whenever Trouville should chance to be mentioned. It is only the matter of a few hours but the memory is for a life time. Up the hill from the town, looking down upon extensive mussel beds and low black rocks, and back upon Trouville and the whole beautiful coast beyond, and then for an hour and a half along a charming country road for a while, quite shut in by hedge rows which obscured but did not completely hide the fanciful villas and fine surrounding grounds, often brilliant with great solid masses of color or odd ribbon beds. Up and down with many a lovely and dreamy view over the bay of sunny Havre, with Villerville lying far below upon the shore, to be visited later we supposed, but passed upon our return because of gathering fog. A few moments pause at Crique-bœuf, to visit a tiny ancient wayside church with huge wedge-shaped Norman tower, with walls and roof almost completely obscured by a massive and heavy growth of bushy ivy, and then on to Honfleur by a perfectly beautiful road, closely lined with tall beeches and elms which often formed a continuous arch over head, while the banks were frequently a solid mass of matted ivy, surmounted by hawthorn and

other shrubs. The road wound and turned in most charming variety, costly villas peeped through the trees, and from opposite side were revealed frequent outlooks over the golden waters. Just before Honfleur was reached we noticed numerous signs, advising a visit to the "Côte du Grâce' (a votive church of the sailors) and a lunch at Hotel Renaissance where was a "large exhibit" of antique furniture, ancient carvings, rare china and "bric-à-brac," both upon the hill above. We could not, of course withstand that! A path by repeated zigzags, led through woods, up the steep face of the ridge, which, owing to the recent rains, was slippery and tiresome. It emerged finally upon a level plateau with a grove of fine and handsome trees, a sort of pleasure ground, commanding the loveliest view of all, over the broad shining waters, the yellow sands and the white cliffs of distant shores. The hotel proved a very modern structure with a kitchen resplendent with rich ancient carved panels and lintels set in the walls and sundry pieces of carved furniture, chests and cabinets and copper and china utensils upon the walls. Ordering some refreshments, we mildly intimated we would like to see the Museum. "Impossible! the proprietor absent, etc." "Very well," we said, "then we do not care for the refreshments" and turned to leave, when presto! we were asked to follow! We passed through a pretty room, with the most delightful carved chests and buffets and bric-à-brac, all of centuries ago,—and were then ushered into an oblong room (perhaps

thirty feet) with sumptuously carved wainscoting full eight or ten feet in height, from an old château, which black with age and brilliant with varnish, was an exhibit of itself. Above, the wall was lined with tapestry, evidently quite as old, while chairs and tables, cases of silver, jewels and miniatures, lovely plaques of china and gorgeous faience and articles of brass, iron and bronze filled the entire room. In the subdued light of rich tinted glass this interior was an exquisite and refined picture.

Beyond the charming grove stood the little "Côte du Grâce" very tiny in size with a nave and transept and low roof, and with walls covered with votive offerings. Even from the ceiling were suspended miniature vessels and gilded candelabra which, with the flower-decked altars, gave a very cheerful and festive air to the interior. Looked at without prejudice it becomes pathetic,—the air being redolent with praise and thanksgiving.

A wide smooth road led down into the very heart of Honfleur, which, with its steep, narrow, circuitous streets; its rows of irregular houses; its evil-smelling wharves; its picturesque fleets of shipping with multi-colored sails; its frequent elaborately carved and ornamented façades of faded and decayed splendor; its odd tower of St. Catharine and its curious timber church, is most interesting and delightful to artist or dreamer. The interior of St. Catharine is remarkable and curious. I said in the beginning it was a matter of a few hours, but we were sorry we could not give it a day.

Upon our return the fog came slowly across the sea, and little Villerville was passed unvisited.

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The next morning our faces turned inland. Our last look from the dainty Trouville balcony over the sunny sea, profusely dotted with tiny blue, green, pink and dull red sails, a veritable Vanity Fair, was enchanting and not unlike, in the hazy air, a myriad of soft-tinted butterflies fluttering over a daisy-starred or flowery meadow, in some fairy or fabled land.

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

### L'HOSTELLERIE GUILLAUME LE CONQUERANT.

If there is any more charming or picturesque bit in all Normandy, than the wayside hostelry at Dives, of "Guillaume le Conquerant," one of the trio idealized, but most fascinatingly portrayed in "Three Normandy Inns," it was not given us to see it. A French lady at the hotel at Trouville, quite disconcerted us by contemptuously remarking that the "Hotel William the Conqueror" was only a restaurant where visitors went for lunch or dinner and that we should go to Cabourg, a half hour away, and drive over there. An employé quietly assured us that they had, as they say, "about thirty beds for guests." So we decided we had come too far to see this unique resting-place for man and beast and its accumulation of articles of "bijouterie and virtu" to pass the brief time of our sojourn at a giddy summer hotel, three quarters of a mile away, with only the impressions of an hour within its precincts. We were "caught napping," for gazing listlessly at the mountainous country as we passed along in the train we did not notice our arrival until startled by "Dives!" A lively and general scramble for our multitudinous traps or "impedimenta" followed, and almost

before we knew it the train was on its winding way and we and said belongings were packed in a rickety old omnibus driven by quite as rickety and ancient a driver, bearing rapidly across the country, to a great delight or equally great disappointment. In a very brief time we came to a long building close upon the street with commonplace façade suggesting an ordinary apartment or dwelling house and with no intimation of the picturesqueness it enfolded, with hollyhocks, clematis and glorious Gloire de Dijon roses trained against the walls, quaint dormers upon roof, a queer half gable at corner, a swinging sign of wrought iron, and over the low arch of entrance, carved in stone, "L'Hostellerie Guillaume Le Conquerant" surmounted by a crest. Passing through the arched Norman porte-cochère which pierces the building, one is ushered into the court,—the commonplace and later day fade away;—life seems suffused with the picturesque and synonymous with an old-time legend or story book. A pretty picture it is, of a long sunny court with pitched, moss-covered, weather-stained tiled roofs; droll crazy-looking dormers with tall finials of glazed pottery; open timbered black and white walls and a gallery on second story, following one half the way around, garlanded and hung with clematis, jasmine, grape and rose vines, which hang and sway with ceaseless grace and bewitching and fascinating effect. Across the court projects a wing which, in fact, divides it quite into two square courts and sounds the most picturesque note in the whole fanciful

harmony. An outside staircase upon it, leads to an open gable porch in second story with small statue of the Madonna in its pediment and sculptured wood figure against one of the quaint carven posts. Upon either side, beneath tiny-paned, red-curtained windows, artful bas-reliefs with terra-cotta grounds, are sunken in the walls. In two curious dormers on the roof above, two great white parrots or cockatoos arrange their plumage or indulge in droll gymnastics or amusing antics in the sunshine. Huge jars or boxes with myrtles, scarlet geraniums and brilliant begonias, stand along the basement and relieve the dull gray of the walls, and as effectively as if arranged and grouped, stem by stem, for temporary decoration. An enormous trumpet-creeper, with a wealth of scarlet blossoms, wanders along the roof ridge, falls riotously over the roof and envelops a dormer. The other angle of the court repeats the gables and galleries, all festooned and half obscured by the prodigal clematis and other vines. Along opposite side is a low line of sheds and "lean-to's," for man and beast, and from building to building are great swinging ropes and festoons of feathery clematis. We sat down beneath a little porch "to take the picture in." At that moment a young American lass, with flowing hair and white "Tam O'Shanter" cap,—a regular "Golden-haired Gertrude," appeared in the quaint, elevated porch, holding upon her hand, falcon-like, one of the noisy white cockatoos. It was dramatic and artistic. White-capped maids and servitors, in

ruder gear, flitted to and fro across the court with trays glittering with glass and plate and bottles well covered with dust and cobwebs and disappeared in a most uncanny way in hitherto unnoticed low doorways, and continually through the porte-cochère would come pretty victorias, open landaus or Normandy carts with gayly-dressed visitors from the hotels of Cabourg. All was life and motion. At times the little court was most brilliant because of numerous groups around the tiny tables or in the droll booths at the sides. In one corner of front court a queer coquettish little peaked-roof porch with a metal crown for a finial, sheltered a low, carved, black door. Passing through it from the sunlight of the court, one is dazed and confused by the semi-darkness and indistinctness of the apartment to which it leads. But sit and wait, for slowly and gently the indistinctness is dissipated and from the darkness is evolved soft luminous recesses of color from a deep carven bay window with glowing liquid glass of centuries ago, and as the eye becomes accustomed to the light, gradually is seen, encircling the side walls below, great stretches of priceless and gorgeous golden and colored Spanish leather, a tall and continuous wainscoting of almost black, elegantly carved wood, finished at top with narrow cornice or ledge, crowded with odd and quaint vessels and articles of china, glass, silver and brass. Plaques of china and faience and great brass sconces hang against the walls and woodwork. Pendant from an odd cluster of twisted brass in

centre of beamed ceiling, is a lovely and graceful chandelier with arabic inscriptions, the contribution of the Orient to this strange, poetic apartment, peering out of and buried within the commonplace walls of the street exterior. Great carved chests, made for trousseaux of brides of long ago, serve as buffets, fairly covered with quaint glass and china of odd shapes and exquisite colors. A deep fireplace, with hood of Gothic traceries and rich curtains of embroidered silk, has armorial shields for a background and tall fire-dogs surmounted by holders for small pewter porringers. Odd chairs, low settles, damask cushions and all sort of odd and interesting articles, from a stiff, carved Madonna of gilded wood to a queer little spoon, fill the room which is the "salon of the Marmousets." To sit quietly in this room in the deeply shadowed corners was to feel lost in a poem, enveloped in a lovely harmony. And is this all? No! for adjoining it, entered from the other court, is a smaller but equally beautiful one, called the "Salon de la Pucelle," encircled by a tall Gothic or ecclesiastical panelling in the rich dark wood; a tall old clock with spiral columns, all sorts of odd copper vessels in chimney-place, linen and trousseau chests, sconces, china and furniture. With the candles in tall silver candelabra lighted and the tables arranged for special dinners as we saw them, the two rooms were very beautiful and picturesque. Still another called "Salon Bleu" was furnished with white and blue and several exquisite pieces of old mahogany with ormolu mountings. Upon

the galleries or balconies overlooking the courts the doors were labelled "Chambre Gatina,"—"Chambre de la Officier," "Chambre de la Curé," and the guests and the white-capped maids seen through a tangle of vines passing to and fro were irresistibly pretty. In the oldest portion, that which forms the half gable on the corner, are the rooms occupied frequently by "Madame de Sévigné," but unfortunately they were in use, and we left without seeing their handsome wainscoting and the furniture used by her.

The trend of the search for the beautiful and the picturesque does not often turn kitchenward, but in this curious hostelry that humble apartment is as unique and dainty as the more ambitious salons. Upon either side of the rafters which support the low ceiling, little racks with continuous rows of odd and beautiful placques; an old carved dresser loaded with exquisite and tasteful bits of faience and china; an open closet filled with the same and in one corner a lovely stand with an odd vessel of plate. Against the walls hang numberless copper and metal vessels which shine like mirrors and across one side of room is a huge open chimney-place with great glowing fire of logs before which upon revolving spit were chickens and joints, while two cooks entirely in white completed a very fascinating picture.

It was a perfect delight to sit quietly in the various quaint nooks of the courts and watch it all, even to the cockatoos, the crane, the peacocks, the jet-black ducks and the great top-knot fowls feed-

ing, whenever anything was thrown to them. As the day grew long and sober and the transient visitors disappeared, a lovely tender light suffused, softened and quite obscured all the lines of roughness and decay. At one side a gate opened into the enclosed garden, but it was unkempt and overrun, with here and there a rose, the last of summer,—great masses of deep red phlox, marigolds and jaunty little Michaelmas daisies.

A long wet summer and a recent week of continuous rain were probably responsible for an air of dampness, mustiness and general lack of tidiness in the courts. It seems impossible to be "artistic" and "picturesque" and be *clean*, and ordinary French hotels are rarely *clean*.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the Frenchwoman at Trouville was *right* :—again, she was *wrong!* It depends upon how you look at it! It is a place to lunch, to dine; a charming objective point for a drive and not a place to sleep. While our rooms were commodious and picturesque, the artistic hangings and ancient upholstery made them too "stuffy," too suggestive of a *dead* past, for *living* refreshing sleep.

On the other hand it *is* a place to sleep, for one who passes only an hour or two within the pleasing and varied enclosure of its courts knows little of the poetry and sentiment inseparable from changing lights and coquettish shadows and loses much of the enchantment of its picturesque groupings, fantastic conceits, and beautiful realities.

## HOUSES LEFT DESOLATE.

### CAEN.

DOUBTLESS the most picturesque figure in legendary and historic Normandy, is that of William the Conqueror. His name is everywhere ;—the air is fairly redolent with his exploits. Because of his marriage with a near relative, which was a flagrant violation of the rules of Holy Church, and his desire to expiate his errors with pious offering and to find peace with the Pope, the busy town of Caen "second only to Rouen in importance" is the possessor of two noble churches, which architecturally are so fine and impressive that the tourist of to-day instinctively and irreverently wishes he had espoused the whole remaining family if results could have been proportionate. The town is indebted to him also for a most picturesque castle. As the two churches are at opposite ends of the town, a drive from one to the other through wide streets, past innumerable "Caen-stone" houses, monuments, etc., gives a most satisfactory general view of the place. While ostensibly expiating his sin by erecting the Abbaye Aux Hommes and its attendant church of St. Etienne, the wily William artfully combined with his repentance a regal provision for his own burial.

Notwithstanding a great central octagonal tower, several turrets and two elegant spires upon western end, the huge pile of St. Etienne is so bold and simple as to seem severely plain, although its size makes it fine and impressive. The interior is grand rather than ornate and beautiful, because of its breathless extent and the rugged massiveness of the Norman style. The attention is not distracted nor the eye charmed by lavish and elaborate ornamentation and detail, but the mind is overwhelmed and solemnized by the simple grandeur and august greatness of the strong unadorned round arches which, high in air, stretch away in impressive procession, some three hundred and forty-nine feet. At the extreme apsidal end, beyond the choir, the style changes to early Gothic with pointed arches and lancet windows. Before the High Altar sunken in the pavement is a vivid confirmation of the stirring "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" of the Preacher,—a long gray or discolored marble slab which marks the *place* of burial of "Guillaume le Conquerant," inscribed :—

Hic sepultus est
In victissimis
GUILLELMUS
Conquestor
Normanniae Dux
et Angliae Rex
Hujusce Domus
Conditor
Qui obiit anno
MLXXXVII

But it covers an empty grave,—it is a house

without a tenant, for in 1562 the Huguenots ruthlessly destroyed the costly monument which originally surmounted it and scattered the poor remains so effectually that only a thigh bone was ever recovered, and the remorseless Revolutionists in 1793, made short work of even this scanty remnant of a King! "None so poor to do him reverence." The story of the injury to his person by the starting of his horse after the firing and laying waste of Mantes; of his lonely death a few days later at St. Gervais at Rouen, deserted by his sons and followers, and of his corpse, robbed and stripped by ungrateful servants, lying neglected until some unknown but faithful knight provided funds for its burial at Caen;—the interruptions of the final service by the demand of a man for reparation for wrong done his father in the original taking of the land upon which the church stands,—the payment of the same and the breaking of the coffin while lowering and the abrupt closing of the service and the stampede of attendants because of offensive odors,—is a strange and gruesome ending of a picturesque and erratic career. But to day as one stands by the desecrated and outraged grave and looks along the impressive and solemn vista of this structure which he so proudly raised for this definite purpose, with no note of war or conflict breaking the calm repose and holy stillness of the scene, this story of history seems a myth,—a wild play of the dramatist's imagination.

This couple deemed by the Church in life too near, certainly were sufficiently separated in death

and burial; for quite to the opposite side of the town is the "Abbaye aux Dames" in the church of which, "St. Trinité," Queen Matilda was buried, although her remains did not escape dispersion by the Calvinists. Later they were recovered and re-interred. The church is a stately and massive pile, with two noble towers, without spires ornamenting the west front and a central or lantern tower rising over intersection of transept and nave. While sombre and heavy it is mystic and imposing. The interior is fine and quite ornate, showing Norman arches and profuse ornamentation. The "tout-ensemble," however, is much marred by the fencing or partitioning off of the choir for the use of the nuns. We were conducted through a corridor into the choir. Against the partition was an altar, opposite it a row of square grated doors. The guide lifted one of the inside curtains and revealed a beautiful and most effective scene. Some twenty-five or thirty white robed, black veiled figures occupied the great carved stalls, so intent upon their devotions that not an eye was lifted. The placid faces and white-robed forms, as a spectacle, were lovely. Within the choir is the tomb of Queen Matilda, a restoration of the present century. Beneath the choir is a fine crypt with groined roof and thirty-four columns which formerly was the burial-place of abbesses. The adjoining "Abbaye" was founded by the Queen as a nunnery for ladies of the nobility. It is now a hospital in care of an order of nuns. By a corridor the whole length of

a large court, we passed out into a lovely park, with superb avenue of trees with branches intermingling above, which was continued around three sides of the level park. From thence queer spiral paths lined with hedges led to a belvedere upon the crest of a little hill, which commanded an interesting and pretty view over the city. We were driven to the old castle of the Conqueror, but as it is now used as a barrack, there was no admission. "Coachee" probably knew it all the time, but it evidently was not "his to reason why" but only his to increase his fare as much as was possible. However, we had a near view of the fortifications, outlying walls, bastions, moat and drawbridge, and there was a charming jungle of shrubbery and tangle of vines near the moat and bridge. There is always something pretty and picturesque about these places, if one is only in the mood to discover and enjoy it, and the traveller's life is too brief to be fretted by such trifles.

A few moments from our hotel, was the fascinating and beautiful church of St. Pierre, with at one side, a pretty garden making such an open space that its dainty outline and form are seen to unusual advantage. Its most beautiful feature is its tower, "one of the most graceful in Normandy." It is peculiar in that slender, narrow, tall lancet windows pierce it for the space of two or three stories, giving an expression of extreme delicacy and grace without any sacrifice of massiveness or strength. It is a fair and beautiful object to look upon,—that light springing tower, surmounted by

a semi-open spire standing some two hundred and forty-two feet in the still blue air. The pinnacles and flying buttresses along the whole length are Gothic, but the apsidal eastern end with little chapels projecting like bay windows are enriched with finials and balustrades of profuse Renaissance ornamentation, the effect of which is most dainty and picturesque. It is a queer mixture,—the Gothic, all dignity and impressiveness ; the Renaissance, like a daintily ormamented and richly embroidered hanging. The vista of the interior, owing to the plain glass windows and open surrounding space, is unusally light and cheerful, while at the same time exquisitely harmonious, solemn and meditative. For about one half of the length the groining of the ceiling is profuse, ending with long pendants or tapering bosses, and the view of the distant stained windows of the chapels through the arches back of the high altar, is unusually beautiful.

A brief visit to St. Saveur, with a curious interior of two parallel naves with central row of arches and columns and apsidal ends ablaze with gorgeous glass, finished our sightseeing in commonplace but interesting Caen. A general drive showed us the quays and well-shaded streets and boulevards and some quaint Renaissance façades, and our faithful guide-book quietly informed us that it was once a hot-bed of Girondists when driven from Paris ;—was the town from which Charlotte Corday, picturesque and murderous, set out upon her mission which culminated in the

dramatic assassination of Marat ;—that it was the birth-place of Auber and a lot of celebrities and the scene of the death in a madhouse and burial in the Protestant Cemetery of Beau Brummell ! But it seemed *the step* from the sublime to the ridiculous to begin with the sounding name, career and tragic end of William the Conqueror, and to close with the meaningless echoes of foppery and frippery, as exemplified in the life of that exquisite nonentity, Beau Brummell.

## "IN PERICULO MARIS."

### MONT ST. MICHEL.

THE numerous very effective and picturesque etchings and engravings of Mont St. Michel, make one shrink at the last lest the reality disappoint the fascinating ideal,—dispel the beautiful dream. But familiarity in this instance breeds no contempt. The unique and curious pile of fortress, city, monastical structures and cathedral, delights the eye, and fully meets every requirement of the artistic and picturesque. It is so thoroughly unlike any other place, save perhaps St. Michael's Mount upon the Cornwall coast, that even the satiated tourist or "blasé" globe-trotter, is conscious of a new thrill, a novel sensation, as across the mainland, springing from the waters, is seen the beautiful pile with its coronal of cathedral turrets and buttresses. It seems strange that this mighty rock, boulder-like, should lie beyond the level sands a good mile from the mainland, solitary and detached. Like Gibraltar it seems like a bit of another world unintentionally dropped upon the low-lying shore. Something perhaps of the picturesque and unique effect has been destroyed of late years by the construction of a causeway across "La Grève" or the sands, for previously,

with every incoming tide it was completely isolated when it must have been a beautiful sight to see the rapid, swirling waters encompass it. But it makes access possible at any hour, although it robs the approach to it of any novelty or excitement. When one wishes to get there he is glad for the causeway,—but when upon its serene heights he watches the strange, weird transformation or processional of the incoming tide, he heartily wishes it a league away. We were some five hours travelling by rail from Caen to Pontarsen, where we took the stage. Two changes were made on the way and at the last junction a trunk was missing, having been, as it afterwards proved, carried on to Granville, en route to the Channel Islands. Having covered in repeated trips, literally the whole continent of Europe, without the least trouble or inconvenience from luggage, it was a trifle droll that this brief trip in Normandy and Brittany should twice witness the vexatious and annoying disappearance for days of important baggage, once it being actually returned to Paris and again stranded at Granville through no fault of ours. The day we left Caen was beautiful and the aspect of the country quite unlike any we had passed. It was so full of trees. It seemed as if every hedge-row and dividing line was picked out or dotted with a line of tall trees. These lines and dark green spots on the vivid green of the meadows, were curious and beautiful in effect. Avranches, situated upon a lofty hill, was to us by far the most attractive place passed. Because of its ele-

vated situation we could understand how its view of Mont St. Michel and its twin islet, rising from the waters of the bay, must be, as it is said, surpassingly beautiful. There once stood one of the finest cathedrals in Normandy, of which to-day only a single broken column remains, interesting as marking the spot where Henry II. knelt before the Papal Legates and received absolution for the murder of Thomas à Becket.

At Pontarsen, we mounted an *ark* of a coach drawn by four horses. Along the roadway were great hedges or compact rows of feathery shrub with dull pink flowers, common enough in single plants upon our lawns. The wind blew cold and chill from the north. Ere long, across the level stretch of meadows, with strange weird beauty, a tumultuous mound of fortification walls, a confusion of houses lifted high in air, a mass of Gothic pinnacles, came in sight. This, our first glimpse of distant, enchanting and fascinating Mont St. Michel was most satisfying and delightful. Oh! the beauty of that crossing of "La Grève" or the sands, even if it were upon an artificial causeway, for the tide was madly rushing in, a mysterious and mighty force, and everywhere the environing yellow sands were gradually being covered and lost in the swirling heaving waters. The western sky was glorious with golden clouds and the brilliant sunlight touched the waters and made brighter the tawny yellowish walls of the ancient uplifted Abbey and Cathedral. Surely the "Archangel Michael,—the saint of high places,"

was never more fitly enshrined or enthroned. The glamour of a strange history, both secular and ecclesiastical, covering centuries of war and conquest, régimes and dynasties, hangs over and clings to and fairly envelops the wonderful pyramidal pile, and approaching it one is fairly dazed by its spectacular effect and its suggestions of a confused and dead past. The coach stopped at the very base, close up against the wall, and dismounting we walked upon a rude modern foot-bridge carried along the fortifications and in a moment entered an outer gate,—came in sight of the old cannons,—passed through the second arched portal and a moment later were "vis-à-vis" with Madame Poulard, so vividly and truthfully portrayed in "Three Normandy Inns." We seemed to have come into a familiar place, all because of that charming book. What was more strange, we found the poetical and idealized description both of Madame and the weird Mount upon the golden sands, perfectly truthful and a Meissonier in delicacy and fidelity of detail. The authoress saw more, however, than the ordinary tourist is likely to do, for she looked at everything through an atmosphere of poetry and sentiment, caring *less* for what was actually before her and *more* for what, in imagination and fancy, it suggested. "But what is Mont St. Michel?" some one innocently asks! And no wonder, for even with the etchings and engravings frequently seen, comparatively little is known of it. Well! It is a pyramidal, isolated rock, rising from the Bay of

Michel upon the Brittany coast, one hundred and sixty feet above the surrounding "Grève," or sands, about a mile or half a mile from the mainland, which twice a day is so surrounded by the sea, through the action of the tide, as to form an island. But let no one imagine that any of the rock appears when seen from the mainland, for it is so covered from base to summit as to form a most unique and picturesque architectural pile. Encircled at the base by lofty, massive fortifications with towers and bastions of the fifteenth century which rise from the waters, it shows a succession of houses perched upon narrow terraces, until at the topmost crest, loom up the walls, turrets and flying buttresses of an ancient monastery and cathedral. This is the plain English of it, but it gives no idea of the startling, sensational beauty,—the picturesque jumble and confusion of outline and form or the peculiar *massive airiness* of the pile.

Following pretty Madame Poulard up one story and another and then up an outside open staircase, we emerged upon a platform or terrace directly above the hotel, upon which is the "Maison Rouge" an ugly "dependance" of red brick, a discordant note in a symphony of brown and yellows, where we were shown two droll little rooms with balconies commanding a superb view. It was late and the darkness gathered rapidly, as is its wont in Autumn time. Ere long "table d'hôte" was announced, and we wondered, unfamiliar as we were, if we could grope our way down in safety.

But as we passed out in the cool dark evening air, little Chinese lanterns were handed us to light our way down the long narrow outer staircase. The front of the Maison Rouge and the terrace were also dotted with them. Up and down the staircase like angels climbing a mystical ladder or like colored fire-flies or sprites flitting to and fro, moved the little procession of tiny lanterns in the darkness, magically transforming the picture of the stern fortress, dull tower and ornate cathedral we had so admired, to a fairy-like revel or festival of most poetic and startling beauty. We wondered if an ordinary passing to a hotel dinner was ever made more daintily spectacular or exquisitely picturesque ?

Before the Maison and looking upon the Grève and the mainland, is a pretty little terrace with a row of trimmed lime trees with room for a number of chairs and small tables where one may sit in perfect quiet, lifted high in air, and sip his "café noir" and gaze listlessly and dreamily upon the waters of the canal, the yellow sands or the distant verdant shore. A little balcony from each room upon every floor gives the same lookout without the shade. It being late in the season and the early sunny mornings deliciously cool, we enjoyed much our coffee and rolls there, while we watched the beautiful surrounding scene. One afternoon as we sat there in supreme content suddenly was heard a great roaring noise of artillery. Looking down we saw the water that a moment before had seemed so glittering and still, strangely

agitated, for the tide was coming in like a torrent suddenly released by mighty barriers. Never had we beheld so weird and strange a sight, so entirely unlike the ordinary rise and fall of a tide.—It is said that it comes in faster than a horse can gallop! A little river has been deepened and excavated like a canal to the mainland, across the level sands. In this the waters rapidly came in a straight line, soon rising above and obliterating the banks and in an incredibly brief time so covering the wide expanse of sands that we were isolated and lone, apparently floating upon the face of the great deep. It was a singular and impressive sight, this mighty onslaught, this magic *taking possession* of space by a mysterious, resistless and overwhelming force and power. One is awed and silenced by this exhibition of resistless and commanding power,—this fiat of the unseen,—which makes men, by contrast, seem so puny and feeble. Instinctively one thinks of those wonderful commands, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place;" and later in the world's history, of the waters none the less uncontrollable than this rushing flood, answering immediately to the Divine, "Peace be still." One may sit for hours upon this terrace, simply entranced and fascinated by the surrounding scene. It is so lifted up in air that it is like floating quietly along in a balloon. The battlements afford a most charming promenade, overlooking the sands and the sea upon one side, while upon the other, built against the

steep rock, is a pyramidal pile of houses above houses with tiny terraced gardens and balconies. A single street at foot of the pile, within the fortifications, suffices for the traffic of the town. The ascent from the base to the cathedral roof involves some six hundred and sixty-two steps,—a wearisome climb. A strange history enhances the interest. Originally a pagan sanctuary, then a Benedictine Abbey, founded in 709 by command of the Archangel Michael; a prison during the Revolution and now a museum belonging to the State, which is now restoring, at enormous outlay, the cathedral pile. Up and up one passes, until, quite out of breath, is reached a lofty donjon, and two great towers with arched entrance to a wide staircase of stone called the Abbot's, by which ascent is made to the church. The nave and transepts are of massive and heavy Norman character, but were so blocked up with scaffoldings and building material in use for the extensive and costly restorations that there was little to be seen. But the choir of pointed Gothic was lovely, with its lofty clerestory windows, its surrounding aisle or passage, and its dainty little chapel. A spiral staircase of fifty-five steps leads to the roof where, surrounded by flying buttresses and dainty pinnacles, one looks way off upon the shimmering waters and the surrounding shores. Far above appears the "lace staircase," with delicately carved and dainty open-work balustrade of marble. As usual the cicerone gave us too brief a time, yet a day there would not have fully satisfied us. This roof and the platform and

terrace in front of the cathedral, are the only points of satisfactory lookout, at present. Beneath the choir is a magnificent crypt with nineteen massive columns, each twelve feet in diameter, where stood the black Virgin in 1793. The great adjoining convent called "La Marveille," is an enormous pile (246 × 108), one part being three stories and another two, in height. One had a large apartment for the distribution of alms to the poor,—above it was the refectory, "one of the finest Gothic halls in France," while above this was the dormitory of the monks, an exquisite apartment, the sides of which were lined with narrow lancet windows. The other portion has a spacious cellar, over it the "Salle de Chevaliers," a noble hall some ninety-two feet in length, with three rows of columns and vaulted ceiling and a gallery upon one side! Above this are the cloisters, which, with the roof of the choir, form the most beautiful and richly decorated portion of the whole building. The gay tiled roof of the pretty cloisters is supported by a double row of delicate, pointed arches, placed in such a way that the inner and outer rows alternate, each arch supported by slight slender columns of granite with dainty capitals. In the spandrils are the loveliest studies of flowers and foliage, also delicately and exquisitely sculptured in stone, above which is a cornice of flowers. It may be of interest to note that it is eighty-one by forty-five feet in size, and has two hundred and twenty polished columns, for it gives some idea of its extent and beauty. The effect of this quiet

sunny quadrangle, lifted high in air, is wonderfully beautiful and unique,—the vistas of the two rows of outer columns delicate and exquisite, while the outlook from a balcony or window at one end over the blue, blue sea, is a dream of loveliness. There was much climbing up and going down and proportionate fatigue. In the cellars are the prisons and frightful dungeons with prisoners' chains still attached to the walls, and a dark horrible vaulted place where any one obnoxious to the authorities was confined and left to die, or, as they say, "oubliette,"—forgotten. It is said that during the Revolution it was made a prison, and, among others, some three hundred aged priests were confined until their deaths, In one cellar was a curious immense wide wheel, in which twelve men, walking incessantly, drew up by rope, etc., supplies of all kinds, from the base of the rock.

Since 1874 it has been a "Monument Historique," like Carcasonne, belonging to and cared for by the State. Alas ! we did not have time enough ! for there was such a succession of pictures, quaint and beautiful, and always the golden Grève or the blue waters of the sea. It was a never-failing amusement to watch the peasants, like flocks of veritable sand-pipers, hurrying over or picking upon the sands. In the famous kitchen, on the level of the street, where above, a bed of burning logs and glowing coals, a spit with chickens, joints, etc., slowly revolves, simmers and sputters until "done to a turn," we bade pretty Madame Poulard "good-bye," passed down the narrow street,

through the stone-portals and along the broad walk to the coach waiting upon the causeway.

The sunlight flooded the tawny walls and gilded the cathedral heights,—the wind blew strong and fresh across the yellow sands, as sorrowfully and reluctantly we were borne rapidly away from the unique grouping, the quaint beauty and the romantic charm embodied in "Mont St. Michel," which, like an aged sentinel, stands solitary and alone, far out from the coast, always "in periculo maris,"—"in danger of the sea."

## SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

### DES ROCHERS—LAGARAYE—MAINTENON.

IMMEDIATELY after our arrival at Vitre, we took a carriage, and leaving the ancient town with its quaint irregular streets and picturesque overhanging houses until the morrow, passed at once into the blessed country. Brittany is very beautiful, being very undulating, densely wooded and highly cultivated, with here and there a stately château, a gray tower or village, and a great multitude of slate and thatched-roofed stone cottages. Normandy is more level and monotonous, but there is a peculiar and irresistible charm in long straight lines, whether of verdant fields or stiff rows of quaint poplars. Along the route of the day, we noticed numerous balls or bosses of mistletoe in the oak and apple trees, a reminder that once the Druids occupied this land. But now we were on a pilgrimage bent, no less than a visit to the house of Madame Sévigné. Our course lay along the highway, across the beautiful country for some four miles, and then turning, came by a gradual ascent, lined by gray terrace walls, to a park entrance ushering at once upon a level plateau, and we were close to that we had so desired to see, an ancient French château, with surrounding grounds

in perfect order. Along one side of a great level stretch of greensward stood a fine stone farm-building. At the farther end, in shape of an L, was the Château de Rochers, an aged, gray, picturesque pile, with steep-pitched roofs and dormers, and the conical-roofed towers inseparable from these old structures. At one end, but detached, was the chapel, an octagonal structure like a great dome, built by Christopher de Coulanges, Abbot of Livry, maternal uncle of Madame de Sévigné, he who was termed in her letters "the very kind one." A maid opened the door and we stepped at once into an imposing octagonal apartment with a lofty domed roof, ornamented with fleur-de-lys. The furnishings were simple, the covers being of red velvet. Opposite the entrance door was the altar with pictures, etc., of which she wrote "I have on my altar, a painting representing the Holy Virgin, a crucifix and my inscription 'Soli Deo." The first mass was said in it Sunday, December 15th, 1675.

A tall wrought-iron gateway, between the chapel and the château, opens upon the gardens with the park beyond, laid out by Le Notre, who planned the city of Washington. Although stiff and formal in arrangement and perfectly level in surface, it is a beautiful sight with its immense flower borders and solid plots of color, its lime tree walks and four huge symmetrical and magnificent Cedars of Lebanon planted in 1806. Through the centre is a wide, straight, gravelled avenue, lined upon either side with boxes holding

large and venerable orange trees. Half way down this path is the sundial, with inscription by Madame de Sévigné,—"Ultimam time." (Fear the last one). The end of this walk, made semi-circular in shape by the terrace wall, is called the Place Coulanges. Two paving stones set in the ground indicate where one stands to interrogate "the echo of Madame de Sévigné," which she designated as a "little repeater of words mounting up to the ears." The walks and drives in the park beyond were named by her, and beautiful walks between and beneath perfectly straight rows of lime trees, quaintly trimmed (square) on outside, are of her time. It seems almost as if the dainty creature might step at any moment from the château and walk in the almost unchanged scene. By a wide gravelled pathway to the right of gateway, we passed the entire length of the château to a huge corner tower with pointed conical roof. A couple of steps led to an open French window through which we passed into the apartment of Madame de Sévigné, filled with furniture and bric-à-brac belonging to or used by her,—a sort of memorial shrine. Had we known, our impulse would have been to have taken off our shoes. It is a large square apartment, with lofty ceiling with heavy beams, profusely ornamented in colors and with her initials interwined with a knotted cord or rope,—symbolical of widowhood. An elaborate fifteenth century chimney-piece or mantel is also richly decorated in gold and colors. A bed, with canopy and coverlet of yellow satin and chairs of

same, embroidered by her daughter, the Countess of Grignan; a bureau; a long glass-case with her account books; (Nov. 1, 1871), a washstand and in the corner, a little dressing-table with brushes and articles of toilet in scarlet enamel with painted flowers, all once used by her, with upon the wall a fine full-length portrait of her, complete the furnishings, save before the deep embrasure of a window, wherein she sat and penned the incomparable letters, stands a writing-table. It was a strange sensation to sit down in the same place and make our feeble notes, just two hundred and fifty years afterwards. Her family became extinct with her childless son. The present owners and occupants are in no wise connected with her, the property having been acquired by purchase, but this "Green Cabinet," with all these relics of that gentle, gifted woman, are as religiously preserved as if the heirlooms of their own family. We sat there and thought of callow days, when in course of study we talked with girl friends of "the Letters," and wondered if a perusal of them in these later years would shatter the old-time vase. Methinks, though, the "scent of the roses would hang round it still." We strolled out in the gardens and lingered by the rose-bordered terrace wall. The western sky was a glow of yellow and gold, flecked with tiny, fleecy clouds of gray, tinged with gold. The outlook was a sweeping one, over a great billow of a country, thickly wooded, with occasional peeps of chateau or village. There was little variety or diversity, yet it

was superb, for the long lines were graceful and quieting, the hour still and holy, and our mood pensive and tender.

This lovely woman, "chaste and true in an age of unchastity and treachery, frank and natural in an age of duplicity and precocity,"—the granddaughter of a canonized saint, the daughter of a soldier, and the wife of a marquis, divided the seven brief years of her ill-mated married life principally between this fine old estate and Paris and passed a goodly portion of the forty-five long and happier years of her widowhood, in its quiet, peaceful precincts. To a devoted and ideal attachment to her only daughter, separated from her by marriage, is owing much of the world-famed correspondence, so rich in historical items, so full of pure maternal affection, all so beautifully and charmingly expressed. An interesting writer says :—"possessed of a cheerful temper, a keen insight, a ready wit and a hearty affection for all her friends, her society was courted in her time by the best and greatest men and women, among whom she moved on terms of perfect though unassuming equality." Her pure and unsullied life closed at the Château of Grignon in Southern France, where she was visiting her daughter. In the choir of the collegiate church of St. Saveur, adjoining the château terrace may be seen a black slab, in the floor marking the entrance to the family vault ("saved from destruction in the Revolution by removal)", and to one side a white marble monument with the words :—

Here lies,
MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL
Marchioness de Sevigné
Deceased April 18, 1696.

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A bronze statue has been erected in the Place, but the best record of her, who unsullied "stood before kings," lives in graceful and incomparable Letters.

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The remembrance of Mrs. Norton's lovely poem,—"The Lady of La Garaye," was freshened as we approached Dinan in Brittany, for in its immediate vicinity are the pitiful ruins of the château around which her graceful pen has thrown a delicate glamour of poetry, sentiment and romance.

The afternoon of our arrival was lovely and we started out with glowing anticipations, explicitly impressing upon the good-natured, thick-headed coachman, our strong desire to visit "La Garaye." A half dozen times as we paused at some entrance, we thought we were approaching it. Alas! the fellow was so bent on showing us the sights of suburban Dinan in regular order, and so evidently regarded this as inferior to other attractions, that our visit to the ruins of La Garaye came perilously near being an utter failure, for, as the afternoon wore on, the soft dreamy atmosphere changed and the day closed in cloud and mist. When expostulated with, he replied with utmost suavity,—"If I did not show you *all* these places, I could not expect a fee at the end!" A few moments took us

out of the little town into the open country. After driving two or three miles upon a highway, overlooking long stretches of green fields and woodlands, we turned and passing through a rickety tumbled down gateway, entered upon a rough, neglected private road (with deep ruts quite equalling our country byways in spring time) bordered by double rows of trees upon either side. At the end of ten minutes of this we came upon two huge stone barns, a vile filthy barnyard and farm buildings. Passing between the barns the carriage stopped in an open green place. A hundred feet or more to the right, like towers of living green, stood two square gate posts, heavily mantled with the omnipresent ivy, evidently once the lordly entrance to a princely demesne. At our left was a small antiquated farm gate with, "It is forbidden to enter without leave," which being translated into literal English signified, that "Who enters here leaves several francs behind." There was no time to seek a concierge or ask permission, for the leaden sky was already distilling moisture and the prospect was that in fifteen minutes, all would be enveloped in mist. So without ceremony we entered, and what lay before us? Neglected, ill-shapen pear and apple trees, ladened with fruit, with foliage brown with touch of autumn; to one side a square phalanx of cabbage and cauliflower plants, while a mob of onions, potatoes, and various garden truck, and a wild riot of weeds filled the little garden or open space. But along its limit, some fifty feet away

and overlooking it with pronounced sadness and melancholy reality, were tall thick castle walls, so completely (with small exception) covered with massive bushy ivy as to reveal little trace of stone or support. In one place, encircled by the living green, was a rude, deeply cut bas-relief. From the impenetrable wall of glossy, sombre green, projected a portion of a tower, three stories in height, in effect similar to an oriel window, with sculptured bands separating or outlining each floor, and rich ornamentation surrounding the window opening. Beside it, a portion of the rich façade, with elaborately worked window frames and twisting around the corner of one, as if laughing in derision at all this ruin, of this later day and life of ours, a grinning and grotesque gargoyle. Beyond were other massive walls and round towers, all hidden completely by the beneficent ivy which covers many a wound of time in this fair land. Weeds, brambles, and stumpy shrubbery and tangled grass and vines made a forlorn and desolate jungle. The style is a "mixture of Renaissance of sixteenth century intermixed with Gothic ornaments." The last owner, "Claude Touissant, Count de la Garaye" quitted the gay world and converted this stately mansion into a hospital and both he and his Countess studied medicine and prepared themselves, and the Countess became an excellent oculist. The hospital was destroyed during the Revolution. Both Count and Countess, however, died before this disastrous régime. Even their graves at Taden, a

few miles distant, were desecrated at that time, so our "Murray" told us; but Mrs. Norton's lovely poem threw about the old ivy-clad ruins the only real charm and fascination they possessed for us. The soft gray mist intensified the pathos and melancholy of the hour, so like a shadow of the past. With carriage closed we crept back into town again, the mist increasing to a gentle rain ere we reached our destination.

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Normandy and Brittany were already "of the past." There was nothing between Chartres and Paris but Versailles, save the Château de Maintenon, a half hour distant from distant Chartres by rail.

We alighted at an unpretentious station and taking an omnibus, were in a few moments literally *dumped* in an open Place in the centre of the town. A general market, always a picturesque and characteristic scene, was in full blast. Passing through Brittany we had been much interested in the caps worn by the peasant women, being informed that almost every town has a distinctive shape or make. Although we left fair Brittany soon after leaving Vitré, the régime and variety of caps continued. This made a walk around and among the stalls, looking at the buxom peasants and their wares (and also their *wears*), very amusing and interesting. Facing the Place, giving no suggestion of what it concealed, was a high stone

Château of Maintenon

wall with huge gateway with massive solid doors of wood,—the entrance to the magnificent domain of Maintenon.

An old servitor in livery opened the gate and courteously said that the family being "in residence" the private apartments of Madame de Maintenon could not be shown, but that we could see the long salon in wing erected by her which the present family has richly decorated and ornamented. While waiting for a servant to conduct us, we were asked to sit down under some noble trees close to the entrance. The transition was magical. One moment the confusion and hubbub of the market-place,—the next, in the midst of a scene of such rural beauty and architectural grandeur, as to seem miles away from the busy town. Before us was an open level place in exquisite lawn, its opposite boundary a long imposing château with tall steep roof and dormers, with at each end a round tower with conical extinguisher roof. A wide portal or porte-cochère, above which rose a wedge-roofed tower, opened through the building into a stately three-sided court beyond. To one side, a long two-story wing (which we were to visit) came at right angles to the front line where it joined a church, which seemed well-nigh a ruin. The estate was purchased by the "Widow Scarron" in 1674. Four years later the King made it a Marquisate, and seven years later his marriage with Madame the Marchioness of Maintenon was privately solemnized it is said in the chapel of the château. It is at

present the estate of the Duke Noailles, whose grandfather married the niece of Madame.

Presently a red-vested, blue-liveried dapper young butler or valet appeared and escorting us to the side wing ushered us, by a winding or spiral staircase to the second floor into a long, low, arched-ceiled room, more suggestive of a passage or hall than a "salon." The walls and ceiling were richly colored and gilded and upon them hung, or set in, were portraits of "Madame" and the whole line of Noailles from the crusaders to the present day. At one end an iron grille or gate led in to a square cabinet, where Madame was wont to kneel and look into the adjoining church during Mass, without being seen. At the opposite end of the salon, a door opened into the château where are rooms in which are many pieces of the original furniture, besides hangings and tapestries all associated with Madame. As we came downstairs the attendant remarked that he thought if we sent in our cards, permission would be given to visit the environing park. In a few moments he returned saying, —"Madame the Countess would be very pleased to have us walk in the park." It was prettily and gracefully done, as only, in fact, the French can do. We passed through the deep porte-cochère into a court built up upon three sides and out upon a level parterre brilliant with ribbon and mosaic beds and solid masses of color. A moat, with flowing water sweet and pure, surrounds the château and the reflection of walls and towers in the mirror-like surface is most fascinating. Crossing

a bridge over it we entered the park which, with but slight undulation stretched out as far as eye could reach, with avenues, shaded roadways, great woods and thickets and beyond, apparently extensive forests. The unbroken stretch of richly cultivated meadows in every direction, was a fair and beautiful sight to the country-loving eye. But making it totally unlike any other estate, was a quarter or a half of a mile from the château, a line of immense and stately arches, half ruined, and green here and there with ivy,—the remains of the unfinished aqueduct, commenced by Louis XIV. to furnish the fountains at Versailles with water. It was, however, abandoned before completion and preference given to "the hydraulic works at Marly," and also because of its fearful cost and the frightful mortality among the forty thousand soldiers engaged in its construction,—a scandal of a scandalous age. After some sixty-five years a portion was demolished and the materials used to build a château at Crécy for Madame de Pompadour. The total length would have been thirty-three miles. Forty semi-arches were finished, but only fourteen now remain. The beauty and impressiveness of these majestic imposing and silent arches in the midst of all this sunny and verdant scene, can scarcely be expressed. It all seems as of a far-away age, like those sombre, mysterious arches which stalk so solemnly and weird-like across the Roman Campagna. Just beyond the arches we caught the most effective view of all, of the distant château, which is much more varied

in outline on this than the other side, having projecting wings, dormers and towers, while before us in the water the beautiful pile was reflected, clear and distinct as in a mirror. It was one of the most beautiful and spectacular scenes of sunny France, which will dwell long in our memory.

Born in a prison ; the honored spouse for nine years of a kind-hearted wit and poet ; the widowed governess of the royal children of Madame de Pompadour ; the favorite, and, at last at the age of fifty, the wife of Louis XIV, and dying twenty-four years later at St. Cyr. in the home she had made years before for others ;—so runs the romantic story of *substance* and *shadow* which is wreathed about and is recalled by the stately pile and lovely park of Maintenon.

## "THAT NOTHING BE LOST"

### ST. MALO—DINAN AND VITRÉ.

WALLED towns are not so numerous, even in Europe, that the conscientious sight-seer can afford to pass one, especially one altogether so fine and interesting as St. Malo off the coast of Brittany. Originally an island, with the handsome gray machicolated walls rising directly from the water, it has of late years been shorn of much of its distinctive and isolated character by the construction of a causeway some five hundred feet in width which connects it with the mainland, and at same time forms one boundary of a commodious artificial harbor.

The railway station is one half or three quarters of a mile from the gates of the walls, and the drive from them passes a gay casino and close to the fortifications an ancient castle, now a barrack, with four huge towers with a lovely garden, brilliant with flowers, and pleasant with walks and resting-places. Our approach to St. Malo for some time was charming, for it was at a glorious sunset hour, and the trees, spires and picturesque piles of roofs of the country traversed, stood out like purple silhouettes against the golden, cloud-flecked sky. We were driven in the early dusk along the Sillon

or connecting link, and entering the gates were taken to the Hôtel de France, interesting as incorporating the old mansion of the Chateaubriand family, in which Chateaubriand was brought up, although born in a home facing another street. Our windows overlooked the front court, upon an old portal surmounted by the heraldic arms of the family with antique statues upon either side. But for the contiguous city walls, the rear windows would have commanded a peerless view over the broad blue waters and wonderful archipelago of rocky islands, great and small. The beautiful encircling ramparts or walls of the sixteenth century afford a charming walk, almost entirely around the city. The remarkable rise and fall of the tides of water, ordinarily from twenty-three to twenty-six feet, and in the spring-time often as much as forty-eight feet, give great variety and contrast to the outlook from the walk which follows the summit of the walls; for when the water is low, broad smooth stretches of sand, innumerable rocks and islets appear, but when the tide is full, only a broad beautiful expanse of waters, with here and there the larger islands or mounds bristling with fortifications or great white, angular, bare rocks, are seen. As one writer says : " St. Malo floating upon the water is an island, entirely unlike St. Malo standing upon the land." It is difficult to decide which is the finer. Perhaps the full expanse of water is the more beautiful, but the vast expanse of sands, with the dull heavy rocks and the multitude of people crossing to and fro is the more interesting.

Certainly, there is no fortified seaport town that will compare with it in picturesqueness of detail or environment. Within the town the streets are necessarily narrow and irregular, with tall four and five story houses. One vista along the line of a narrow shadowy street, ending with the fine tall spire of the cathedral, is very beautiful. Some streets are bright with shops full of Breton embroideries, jewels and metal work. But the charm of the town is the walls, the view from which is so enchanting and varied, one rarely wearies. One morning the beauty of the scene, with the broad waters in some directions a sapphire blue, wonderful to behold: in others a lovely chrysoprase green most fascinating and enchanting, and along the horizon a broad line of most peculiar and beautiful purple, was something marvellous and unusual. When the tide is out, the yellow sands at Mont St. Michel are peculiarly fascinating and beautiful. Upon the opposite side of the partly artificial and partly natural harbor is St. Servan, a town of twelve thousand inhabitant with no feature one half as interesting and amusing as the *way of getting there!* It is difficult to give a correct idea of it, or the droll comical expression of it, for there is scarcely anything to compare it with. If you can imagine one of the tall iron skeleton frames or towers, surrounded by a windmill often seen upon country places, enlarged and resting at the base upon small wheels fitted into grooved rails upon the river bed, and surmounted not by a windmill, but by a small room

or cabin at a height of some forty feet, being drawn by machinery upon the shore from one bank to the other, you about have it. At low tide the whole structure and rails can be seen, and "skedaddle" is the only word that expresses the droll and funny *thing*. But when the tide is in, it is entirely different, for it looks like a house, lifted above the water's edge by slender iron supports, slowly crossing a stream,—a regular House-Boat on the STICKS! It is called the "Pont Roulant" and quite suggests the tall stilts of one corner of France and border of Spain.

Upon the opposite cliffs of the Rance is Dinard, a most fashionable resort with rocky shores which quite recall the Maine coast, and villas and hotels in great number and variety. A little steamboat took us there at high tide in about fifteen minutes and a carriage drive of some two hours revealed many a charming view of coast and waters and glimpses of villas great and villas small. The water was so low upon our return that we landed at a distance and walked a long way over the delightful sands. The Island of Grand Bey, then, was only a great rocky mound rising from the level stretch. Upon the highest part is an old fortification or *something*, and upon one of the boldest heights, enclosed by an iron railing, is a small obelisk which marks the resting-place of the traveller writer, and politician, Chateaubriand (1848), chosen, we were told, by himself, but given by the city, It is a wild and dreary spot, and it is a most romantic and beautiful one,—just

as the weather may be. With the waters calm and the skies serene, it is ideal; but when the clouds are dark and heavy and the wind keen and chill and the broad waters purple almost to blackness, it has a solitary, a *lost soul* look, which is pathetic and pitiful.

As we stood there the numerous islands and islets beyond were peculiarly fascinating, for along the water they showed a dark brown, higher up a soft terra-cotta, while their crowns were a mellow and creamy buff (all because of sunshine); very vividly they recalled the rocks at Marblehead Neck and Manchester upon the Massachusetts shore. They seemed to lie upon the surface like soft dappled, tumbled clouds, and as a bit or a combination of color the scene equalled in that hour even the Bay of Naples.

Dinan, a most quaint, picturesque and withal attractive little town, a favorite place of residence with the large English contingent who find comfortable living cheaper upon the Continent than at home, can be reached from St. Malo by small steamboat upon the River Rance, a delightful journey, it is said, between well-wooded and picturesque banks. The time of sailing being regulated by the tide, and neither time nor tide having ever been known to wait for man or tourist, and neither in this instance accommodating us, we fell back upon the railway which in two hours brought us to Dinan. The country traversed was beautifully diversified in surface and

thickly wooded, and had the air of great prosperity. Gray towers and here and there a chateau with extinguisher roofs and towers, alone break the continuous verdure of tree and field. At some stations railway cars were loading with apples, cider being one of the staple productions of the country, All through Normandy and Brittany it was upon the tables "ad libitum" (and "ad nauseam") in place of the common wine usually provided. An English writer says, "Owing to a glut of apples the discovery was made that brandy could be made from cider, which has led to much drunkenness in Normandy." Even to our passing glance it seemed as if the Normandy peasants were more coarse and gross, and less cleanly, than the same class in Brittany. The location of Dinan, upon the crest of a hill overlooking the river and valley of the Rance, is picturesque and romantic,—the old walls and towers interesting and an avenue which descends upon one side to the valley upon which face the high-terraced rear gardens of the homes of the better class, very fine. The shady boulevards upon the old ramparts are lovely and many of the streets in the crowded portion of the town extremely picturesque because many of the ancient homes are open timbered and built with each story projecting over the one below. The vista of these narrow streets, especially where two or three met or crossed, with some of the houses forming an arcade and many with a tremendous topsy-turvy appearance, was an unending entertainment and delight.

The ancient Castle, once occupied by Anne of Brittany, now a prison, standing green and forbidding upon the edge of a ravine in the heart of the town, was most interesting in its construction, its high vaulted chapel and its superb view from battlements and old Donjon tower. A lovely drive of two hours or more, showed us the little hamlet of Lehon, with an ancient Priory, a curious old church and upon the heights above the remains of an old Castle, with a superb view of the surrounding beautiful country from the ruined towers and walls. Truth compels us to say, however, that surfeited with ruins, castles and churches, we spent more time gathering and eating the luscious blackberries which grew in greatest profusion at their base, than upon the time-honored walls themselves. Farther on, in fine grounds, stands the Hospice des Aliénés, with some six-hundred inmates and an ornate chapel. With lovely views at times of the roofs and towers of Dinan, and here and there passing through well-wooded country we turned citywards and drove to the ruins of the château of La Garaye, described in another article.

We were five hours by rail in reaching Vitre, but almost two of these were passed in waits at different points. Although our chief object in stopping was to visit the Château des Rochers, the home of Madame Sévigné (described elsewhere) we found much in the ancient town we would have been sorry to have lost. France is a treasure-house of the picturesque, while the glamour of the roman-

tic and the charm of the historic, crowd its every nook and corner. The more the pity is it, that so few American tourists give any time to the hundred and one inland and characteristic towns. This quaint old town was a stronghold of the Protestants and was stoutly held and defended by the Huguenots in 1589. The ancient castle with machicolated walls and towers, a portion of which had been finely restored, while another part is used as a prison, is very fine and imposing. From the wall facing the open court is built or hung like an oriel window, half Italian, half Gothic in style, a pulpit entered by a door in rear, which is a gem. The castle was the home of the Lords of Tremouille, adherents of Protestantism, and over the gateway may still be seen inscribed in stone, "*Post tenebras spero lucem,*" an illusion, probably, to the persecutions they suffered.

The ancient cathedral had a fine Gothic interior, with a multitude of chandeliers, a superbly carved wood pulpit and much rich stained glass and a rare art treasure, a Triptych, dating from the fifteenth century, a square panel or cabinet with hinged doors and some thirty-two small Limoges enamels, depicting scenes in the life of Christ, which is wonderful but not pretty. Upon the outside of the cathedral walls, hangs one of the curious, oriel window-like pulpits, overlooking the open place, which would indicate that street-preaching or open-air service is not an innovation of modern times.

A stroll through the droll, crooked and narrow streets, with many odd, irregular and projecting

house fronts, timbered and sculptured façades, queer little balconies, outside staircases, arcades, and a general appearance of having been tumbled together promiscuously, is most amusing and entertaining. It was evident we were out of the beaten track of summer travel, for not a word of English fell upon our ears from the rising of the sun until the setting thereof.

## TWO CATHEDRAL TOWNS.

### CHARTRES—RHEIMS.

Two more Cathedrals, Chartres and Rheims, in all their glorious beauty, stately grandeur and solemn significance, were to open like a sumptuously illustrated volume before us, ere our wanderings in France were ended. Fain would we have included Amiens, with its elaborately sculptured façade and its magnificent and well-nigh peerless interior, but for the inexorable limit there is to all things, especially sight-seeing. The numberless charming photographs of these later years are educational, and one unconsciously grows so familiar with various edifices that the sight of them, loses in novelty but gains in appreciation and understanding. We made, of course, no pretence of *studying* them. Time was too brief and crowded for that. We simply gave up entirely to the enjoyment of the exquisite details, the wonderful daring and patience of construction—the æsthetic beauty of form and color, and the romantic, poetical and spiritual suggestion of these marvellous houses of heavenly inspiration although made with hands.

Our approach to Chartres, a dull foggy afternoon although through a country teeming with reminiscences of the last war, and our arrival, travel worn

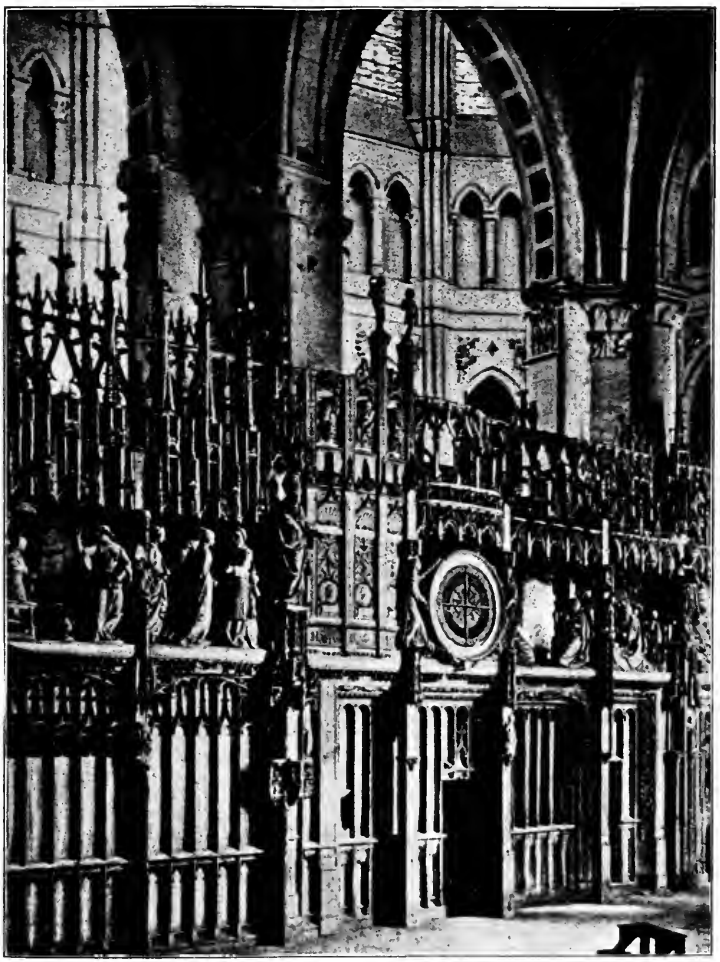
and tired at early dusk, with the wind keen and chill, and the air cold and penetrating, was not enlivening, to say the least. But upon the morrow the sun was bright, the sky clear and the air delightfully warm, and as we looked above the roofs of the opposite buildings of the town, the two dissimilar towers of the cathedral bade us a cheery good-morning. Chartres is a fine old town, with boulevards or promenades superseding the ancient ramparts, with one picturesque old gateway with huge towers. Soon we were "confronted with the minster's vast repose," face to face with the magnificent structure which had drawn us thither. An open space upon three sides gives a very satisfactory view of the remarkably fine edifice. with very plain western façade, with most elaborately ornamented portals and at each corner the wonderful towers of unequal height, one rising crocketed, massive and comparatively simple to a height of three hundred and forty feet, while the other, stately, ornate, elegant and grand, soars away with lacelike delicacy to a height of three hundred and seventy-one feet. The latter is unusually delicate and graceful, and the manner in which it changes from square to octagonal, with exquisite traceried windows and slender flying buttresses, and springs into a tapering spire, is marvellous. Ferguson says it is "the most beautifully designed spire on the Continent," surpassing those of Strasbourg, Vienna and Antwerp, in elegance "of outline and appropriateness of design." Against outside walls of nave rises a line of massive turrets, while from

them round arched flying buttresses, with spokes like those of a wheel, spread over the roof of the aisles. The most unusual feature, is a side portal, consisting of three Gothic porches, the central one projecting. with clustered pillars and beautiful openings all lined with statues, which appear originally to have been gilded. The thought and sentiment of worship are so floridly and gracefully expressed in stone, that they seem like little temples of themselves. It was of this that Lowell wrote :—

> "I stood before the triple northern port,
> Where dedicated shapes of saints and kings,
> Stern faces bleared with immemorial watch,
> Look down benignly grave and seemed to say,
> 'Ye come and go incessant; we remain
> Safe in the hallowed quiets of the past;
> Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
> Of faith so nobly realized as this.' "

It was a joy to simply stroll around the great stately pile all glowing with sunshine,—to look breathlessly up at the exquisitely carven and open towers against the bluest of skies, and to linger at our own sweet will, wherever any combination seemed peculiarly striking or beautiful. It was not *study*, it was simple enjoyment, yet something lasting came into mind and heart, to go not out again. It seemed to us, the "tout ensemble," of the interior, as we entered by transept door and looked diagonally towards the nave, taking in the lofty roof intersection, a great rose window, a forest of columns and arches, with glimpses of glowing tints from windows in the aisles, surpassed

Interior Chartres Cathedral



any one effect we had ever seen. The French cathedrals are profusely ornate and florid and consequently devoid of the sombre, impressive grandeur of the English Minsters. An unusual and exquisite feature of this interior, which quite recalls in a certain way. the Spanish cathedrals, is a superbly and elaborately sculptured screen, separating the choir from the aisles. This tall partition, where it faces the aisles, is a Gothic structure with some forty pictures or scenes sculptured in stone, framed in by such delicate traceries as to justify the commonplace comment of another,—"point lace in stone." Some of the details are so fine, slender and frail, one wonders how they could have been chiselled in stone. The secret probably is, that the material like "Caen-stone," is very soft when first quarried and easy to work upon, while it hardens rapidly by exposure, for marble could scarcely be so sculptured. The groups represent scenes in the life of Christ and the never-failing Virgin. The interior is breathless in its vastness and harmonious proportions, while the whole building is singularly sumptuous and rich. A writer says:—"The origin and splendor of this cathedral are owing to the circumstance that it was the earliest and chief church in France dedicated to the Virgin, and thus the object of vast pilgrimages." It is said the Druids worshipped the statue of a black woman,—"A maiden who should bear a child," which stood in the crypt when this Christian temple superseded their worship, which was burned in 1793 when the structure was sacked.

In the aisle is a gorgeous chapel of the Black Virgin and child, called the "Vierge du Pilier," of the fifteenth century. Yet in the crypt another is shown. One or the other, though, wore the "bonnet rouge" in the Revolution. In the centre of the nave in the pavement is a most curious labyrinth or maze of colored marble lines, following which one would walk nine hundred and sixty-seven feet,—a "penitential path for worshippers," with large blocks or stations at intervals "corresponding to the beads of a rosary."

Beneath the choir is the crypt, a succession of small shrines in decorated chapels, within the centre, lighted by numerous hanging lamps, the chapel and image of "Notre Dame de Sous Terre." After we had thoroughly inspected the wide and lofty nave and transepts, the great clerestory windows surmounted by large wheel or circular windows filled with glorious and wonderful painted glass of the thirteenth century and the multitude of charming details of chapels and ornamentation, it was peculiarly restful to sit quietly during Vespers and hear the intoning of the service with occasional burst of organ music, and watch the shadows gather in the lofty arches and the late sunlight making the windows gleam and glow like a multitude of precious gems.

Ere we left the city we stepped in for a momentary and farewell glance. The choir was draped with black velvet and silver ; a temporary altar and catafalque covered to correspond ; richly robed choristers and priests filed slowly in, followed by

uplifted casket burdened with flowers; and a moment later choristers were chanting in sad minor chords a "last of earth" service most mournfully and effectively. And the light streaming through the mellow glass lay in bars and slants of glorious hues upon it all, as though there was no sorrow or death from whence it came.

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Rheims is of such historic interest and architectural splendor that one cannot willingly leave it unvisited. To reach it involved our return to Paris and a railway journey beyond, of three hours. To our inexpressible delight, our windows looked directly upon the superb and ornate western facade and the two massive towers of the wonderful Cathedral and we could sit and just look and *look* by the hour with the usual wonderment that man ever thought of the design or dared to attempt its execution :—with the usual dreamy indescribable influence of all these wondrous architectural forms asserting itself and with, alas! the usual inability to grasp or fix the emotions and impressions of the hour. One may hear prolonged music, which may move the very soul and uplift the spirit above the fogs and mists of earth, and be unable to express the thought and emotion inspired,—yet be the better for the influence. So with these magnificent and overwhelming thoughts in stone. The only disappointment was in the very dilapidated and disintegrated condition of much of the exquisite sculpturings and statuettes, of which the

photographs give little idea. Like a great fantastic frost-work (not *white* however) or heavy lace-like embroidery, the West façade rises, with the grime of centuries lying like heavy shadows upon it. It is called,—"One of the noblest and most magnificent examples of the early Gothic" and is also declared by Ferguson (and he *knows*) to be "perhaps the most beautiful structure produced in the Middle Ages." How glorious it is! As one sits and gazes dreamily at it, he *feels* it as one would a triumphal "Te Deum," elevating the thought and uplifting the soul. It ceases to be stone, it becomes a chorus of exultant voices chanting the praise of the Divine. The west façade is indescribable. The plain facts and details may be noted, but that will not portray it. Three deeply recessed portals are thickly covered with exquisitely sculptured statues, there being in fact some five hundred and thirty in all upon this matchless façade. Above looms a superb rose-window forty feet in diameter,—higher up an open gallery with statues and groups and at each corner a stately majestic open tower with turrets rises to a height of two hundred and sixty-seven feet from the base. Originally they were surmounted by spires, but these were burned in 1480,—twelve years before Columbus discovered our blessed land. From every side the picture is striking, majestic, and sublime. Along the sides, resting upon buttresses are turrets like little temples protecting statues, while flying buttresses and an open gallery along the roof edge, add to the imposing

effect. The apsidal eastern end with grotesque gargoyles and statues, is most picturesque. The interior is awe-inspiring and solemn with arches and columns and wide nave, stretching away in the soft-tinted atmosphere, a distance of four hundred and fifty-three feet. It is, however, very simple,—rich thirteenth century stained windows and valuable ancient tapestries upon the side walls giving the only notes of color. The vista of the interior looking from the eastern end, is most unusual, the whole wall presenting a succession of niches with small statues, etc., ending with the superb rose-window, a blaze of richest colors. In the adjoining Sacristy or Treasury a collection of jewelled ornaments for the altar, an exquisite cabinet of gold, enamel and crystal containing the little bottle of the inexhaustible "holy oil," the sacred "Ampoule" were shown. Bædeker says :—"It was the possession of the Sainte Ampoule which probably led to the choice of the cathedral as the coronation place for the Kings of France : and within its walls the Archbishops of Rheims as Primates of the Kingdom have crowned almost without exception, the successive occupants of the throne from 1173 downwards. Henry IV., who was crowned at Chartres,—Napoleon I., who was crowned at Paris, and Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe, who were not crowned at all, are the only French "monarchs who, since that date, have not been anointed with the miraculous oil." Adjoining the cathedral is the Archbishop's palace with the hall in which the Coronation banquets

were given. Nothing however, gave the pleasure the outlook from our windows afforded, especially when the atmosphere was mellow and hazy, when the great structure rose with a mystical and unearthly effect, quite overwhelming to mind and sense.

Rarely is seen in this opulent land, anything more beautiful than the Tomb of St. Remi, in the choir and behind the high altar of the Abbey Church of the same name, said to be the most ancient ecclesiastical building in Rheims. As it has been restored three times it is in perfect condition and is in form of an exquisite temple of colored marbles with columns, sculptured ornaments, and a dozen or more marble statues. The church has graceful arcades, columns, beautiful marble screens around the choir, and tapestries upon the walls, and is of extreme interest.

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From "cathedral's vast repose" and abbey's peaceful shades to champagne cellars, undoubtedly is a long step downward, but they constitute one of the most important sights of Rheims, it being in the centre of the best champagne country. Its vine-clad environing hills yield in the end, a deplorable harvest. We drove out of town to one of the largest establishments, that of the Widow Pommery (the "Veuve Pommery" of commerce) where extensive and handsome structures form quite a village. The most peculiar and interesting feature is the underground caves or cellars of im-

mense extent, cut out of the solid but soft rock. Originally extensive caves were excavated in these hillsides for some unknown purpose by the Romans. For many years much building material was quarried from them, thereby enlarging greatly the area. Some thirty years ago they were taken for the storage and ripening of champagne, and now a subterranean city, commodious and extensive has been laid out far beneath the surface. Some one hundred and twenty-five steps lead to depths where wide streets or lofty passages named for various European and American cities, illuminated by electric lights, stretch out bewilderingly in every direction, intersecting frequently spacious rotundas with domed roofs and skylights. The rock-lined walls of some of these rotundas are frequently carved in huge colossal bas-reliefs, representing various classic and bacchanalian revels and legends, quite in keeping with the industry they house. Otherwise the walls and high arched roofs are plain, and without artificial light would be dark as midnight. Along either side are thousands of bottles of champagne in various stages of preparation. In one long street nine hundred thousand bottles were standing upside down, quite suggesting their ultimate effects. The appalling number of thirty millions of bottles were thus stored. The fresh juice is brought in casks direct from the vineyards, drawn off in immense tuns, then bottled and stands perfectly still for three years, then every bottle is reversed daily for a year, so that no sediment can adhere to the bottom or sides of bottle; then each

bottle is opened, allowing the foreign matter (which is then next to cork) to escape and then a small quantity of syrup or "liquor" is put in and the final cork driven in place when again they are stood aside for three years, before ready for sale.

In one of the buildings is seen the final process of preparation for market, of the wrapping of necks in tinfoil, the labelling, putting in straw cases and at last in baskets. Each bottle in this last preparation, passed like clockwork through six hands. When two layers have been put in baskets, the men actually jump with full weight upon them, and a fresh relay sew the baskets up with twigs.

It is all curious and interesting, but appalling! One wonders almost, what use there is to try to stem the current to which it contributes. Standing there in the glamour of the sunset hour, what wonder was it, in view of this ceaseless, tireless activity, that the distant stately cathedral seemed dormant or wellnigh comatose, its influence, purpose and work wellnigh neutralized by the world-wide sway and result of this destructive manufacture.

# TEN DAYS
# IN
# SOUTHERN FRANCE.

## IN SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

### BIARRITZ—PAU, ETC.

"The King is dead!" Spain with its fascinating old cities, its Moorish legacies and its wonderful Murillos, was already out of sight—a memory,—a thing of the past; "Long live the King!" "La belle France," in new and unfamiliar guise surrounded us. One always so thinks of approaching it by one of the Channel routes, or direct from Germany or Switzerland or by the Mediterranean port of Marseilles, that entering it at the extreme, obscure southwest corner and settling as it were, at once in lovely Biarritz, is quite like coming into some fine old mansion, not by the stately front colonnade or portico, but by a back or side doorway! We might have glided from one to the other quite unconsciously, but for the peremptory change and customs examination at Hendaye. The railway journey of an hour to Negresse, the junction or "point of embarkation" for Biarritz some two miles distant, was uneventful, the only place of importance upon the route being "St. Jean de Luz," a little seaport, whose baths and old royal châteaux of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we fain would have visited. The country already looked differently;—the train

sped along more rapidly and it was another people, more quick and alert, upon which we looked. Twenty minutes in a "bus" over a white dusty road, but through a pretty country and past many embowered villas, brought us to charming Biarritz, a most picturesque and ideal watering-place. "Can any place be more charming?" we exclaimed again and again as we sat by our windows aud looked over the tumbled grotesque rocks, the rolling dazzling surf, towards the broad expanse of the sea or along the rocky Spanish coast, with, in the extreme distance the white cloud-like Sierras,—or loitered in the streets with brilliant little shops more than half Spanish and but little French. It is the Bay of Biscay, but to all intent and appearance, the boundless sea, with its horizon-limited blue waters, and the ceaseless roar and play of surf. Our hotel was lifted high upon a point and it was curious to note the perfect contrast in the outlook from either side. One looked down upon a semicircular cove and the great rollers breaking over it. Beyond upon the rising shore, was the old Villa of the Empress Eugenie, who, when she ascended the throne, forgot not the humble seaside resort of her earlier days, but by her presence and patronage elevated it to a popular watering-place. The handsome villa, never in harmony with the surroundings, has been transformed and enlarged into a palatial hotel, with lovely and extensive grounds,—while in seclusion the beautiful Empress lives out her little, objectless life in rural England. By a strange coinci-

dence, however, she holds to-day a lovely villa at Cape St. Martin on the French Riviera. Beyond, the rocky forbidding coast, bounds on and on to Cape St. Martin where stands a single slender white lighthouse. In the opposite direction, the scene is as different as if fifty miles away. Huge rocks, seamed and torn by ceaseless waves and terrific storms, lie scattered about as profusely and carelessly as pebbles. Little bridges continue the pretty walks of the mainland, out to and over them. Strong walls of masonry formed enclosures and breakwaters and also propped up the great rocks and boulders, which otherwise from the mad beating and ceaseless pommelling of the waves and breakers, would topple over. One tall mound with a tunnel worn through its base, is surmounted by a statue of Mary and the Divine Child. The waters lap against the rocks and when the tide comes in or the stiff wind blows, break in great, exquisite, feathery masses of whitened spray over them. The town is compactly built, many of the villas which overlook the beach being crowded together like a city street. But a few are detached, all, however, very unlike any seaside resort in our own land. Here and there beyond the town is seen a roof of cottage or villa, and glittering in the sun, the dome and ornaments of a distant Greek church. A telegraph and signal station occupies the highest point along the shore, beyond which is a cove or inlet where the more timid people seek to disport in the beautiful waters. An exquisite picture is formed here, by the road pierc-

ing the bank on one side and a picturesque villa with balustrades and cunningly devised grounds, perched upon the other, while through the gap are seen the waters of the great bay beyond, placid and serene, undisturbed by rocks and surrounded only by the great high banks or cliffs of gray clay which form the coast line. Towards the former Imperial villa is the smooth, shining bathing beach a never-wearying picture with the sands, the white surf, and the merry bathers. Turn away from the water and stroll through the principal street, and you will find a multitude of bright little shops with a better variety of Spanish conceits and bric-à-brac and dainty manufactures, than can be found in any one city in Spain. Our enjoyment of the strolls and the idlings among the strange weird rocks, beneath a sky of serenest blue and overlooking the vast warm expanse of Biscay's bay, made the fashionable watering-place, evolved originally from a secluded fishing village, a most delightful experience and sunny memory.

We were indebted to that most fascinating book of local travel, "In the Shadow of the Pyrenees," for any knowledge of the celebrated "Refuge for Magdalens," and the settlement of the "Silent Nuns," both at Anglet, about midway between Biarritz and Bayonne, some ten minutes ride by the train, for neither Bædeker nor Murray make any mention of these interesting and strange phases of life. If the gifted author left a pebble unturned or a blade of grass unnoticed, we failed to detect them. The truthful detail which means so much

when read on the spot, like the "*genre*" pictures of the old Dutch painters, is marvellous as well as charming. It was a more than warm afternoon when we alighted at the station, only to find there was not a sign of a conveyance of any kind in sight. With grim humor, but with that perfect courtesy which marks the officers of these continental railways, we were pleasantly told, "turn to the right and walk on eight or ten minutes and *take it easy!*" Along a white, dusty, almost shadeless highway we walked (because we could do nothing else) till on our right, away from the road, we saw a goodly pile of buildings; innocently turning away from the road and across a meadow, we were met, when we had almost reached the group, by an aged sister, tidily attired in dull blue with white apron and head-gear, who demurely took us round to the front, *by the road,* to an open place, faced by a church, and several large and small buildings. At the porter's lodge we were committed to the care of another sister, of uncertain age, but attractive face and agreeable manners, who to our amusement *first* conducted us to the salesroom—which was perfectly characteristic, where was quite a display of embroidered linen and wearing apparel; then to the church, which had a fine interior with high altar daintily adorned with pots of flowering plants. In the subdued light, the penitential figures kneeling here and there, were pathetic and appealing. From there, to the gardens and conservatories, which were in perfect order, and full of fruit-trees,

blossoming plants and growing vegetables. Some of the penitents were digging and preparing the earth; some sat in the little groves sewing, while in the laundry several of the blue and white robed fraternity were ironing the various articles of a superb "trousseau," ordered from them. Set in the garden wall was a stone façade with three statues, and projecting from it an iron porch or framework supporting a glass roof and sides. Beneath this protecting structure, covered by a white marble slab, was the grave of the good "Abbé Cestoe," the founder in 1839, of this beneficent work for the unfortunate. Through his patience, skill and knowledge, a large tract of land, barren when he purchased it, is now a smiling and fertile farm. All around were fertile fields in fine condition with many women at work and several men ploughing in them. We did not see any of the rooms, nor the piggery nor barn-yards of the book. The work seems comprehensive, for not only penitents, but old people are cared for and children taught in the schools.

It was a hot and dusty walk to the Bernardines, House of Silence, a good quarter of a mile distant. It led to a private road of deep sand, and plodding through it as best we could, we came to a short avenue of plane trees (commonly called with us "sycamore" or "button-ball") which ushered us into a densely shaded garden-enclosure with numberless flowers in profuse bloom and numerous magnolia, evergreen and monkey trees. Along a wall at the limit was a row of hot-houses. A great

black gate opened into their "God's Acre" or as the sister said, "beyond the black doors." A small chapel has a life-sized effigy of the Virgin in black flowing-robes trimmed with gold. An L, curtained off, forms the chapel for the Silent Nuns, where they can kneel and not be seen. In the garden the hideous spectres glided away or bowed low over their work at our approach. The element of the romantic and poetical and even of the picturesque, was sadly lacking in their appearance, for the woolen robes in which they were enveloped and over which was a large cape, once perhaps white, with a black cross showing between the shoulders and a hood projecting some inches over the face, and so shirred at the edge as to quite hide the features, were a dingy, dusky white. We were shown the original chapel and one of the wretched huts thatched with straw and with sanded floor, which were used up to a few years since, and the present refectory, a long, low, perfectly bare apartment with rude tables and seats, and in little drawers the equipment for each person, consisting of a rude brown glazed pipkin, a wooden knife and fork, and a napkin. An austere "God only," appears over the desolation and barrenness of every room. One longed, out of sheer compassion, to change it to a "*God is Love.*" The sister said they first took vows for three years, then if they wished, for seven, and then for life when they donned the white habit. They are not allowed to speak to one another, but in case of emergency may appeal to the Mother Superior and can repeat

passages and prayers as much as they like. Probably there are many repetitions, for they are human.—In the garden among the lovely flowers, is the grave of "Madeleine," sister of the good Abbé, and of two others who assisted her in founding and establishing the order. With all, it was intensely sad, this utter blotting out of human life, this vain attempt to make amends, and one thought of the Master's dear words, "Go and sin no more," and felt like sounding out the promise, which cannot fail because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," as the better, happier, and God-given way.

Ten minutes' ride by rail placed us in quaint, interesting, half Spanish "Bayonne," divided by the Adour and Nive, into Petite and Grand Bayonne. The numerous bridges, shipping, large buildings and the "Allées Marines," which with several rows of trees stretch along for a mile beside the waters, make it most picturesque. It was hot, and we were tired, so contented ourselves with the view of the city, the citadel, fortress and cathedral, gained in a general drive of an hour or more. The ancient cathedral has been well restored and two stately and imposing spires added of late years by the generosity of a private citizen. The view of these lovely, graceful towers and spires, through the vista of a narrow irregular street, is exquisitely beautiful. Our return to pretty Biarritz was by a "steam tram" which was delightful, as

it carried us along a beautiful suburban road, past many fine villas and grounds and across the cool green fields.

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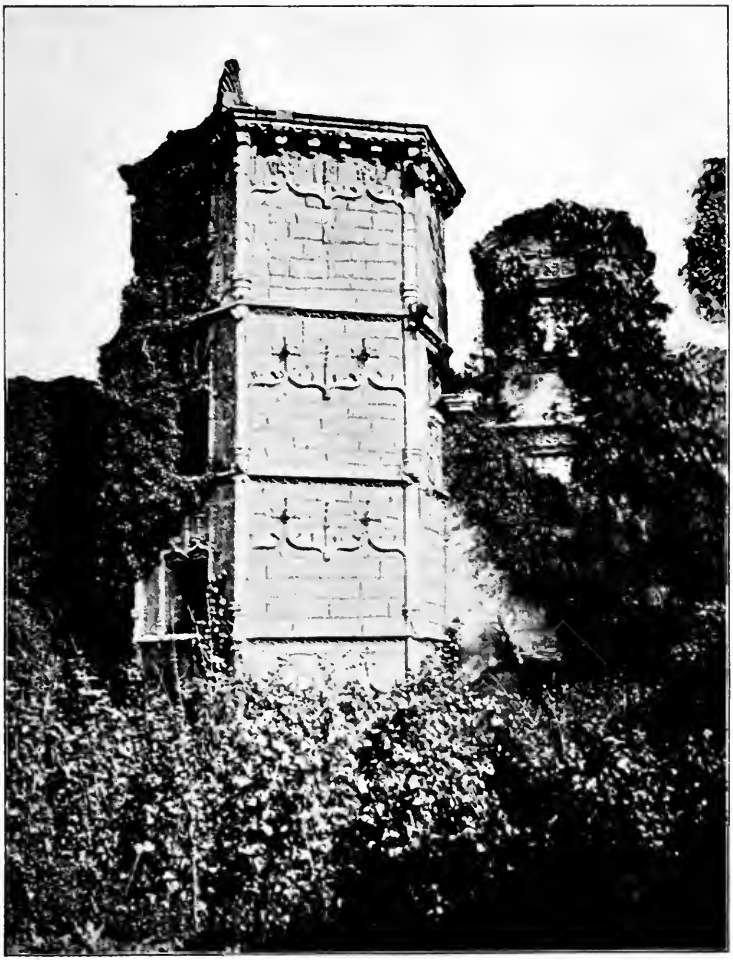
For four hours the railway train bore us through a beautiful country. Much of the time we seemed in the centre of a valley or plain with on either side hills bounding away to horizon, a stretch of living green and of the highest cultivation. But for the women "on a summer's day" raking "the meadow sweet with hay," and the uniformly steep pitched roofs of châteaux and village cottages and the French cognomens upon the stations and signs, we could have imagined ourselves in central New York. At the end of sixty miles of this, the train stopped and we were at "Pau," the birthplace of "King Henry of Navarre" It was not, of course, the proper time of the year to see it in its life and glory, for it is a winter resort, but we did think to see its natural beauty in perfection, under the warm skies of June. But we were disappointed. We drove up to the elevated plateau upon which the town stands and hurried to the balconies from our rooms to catch the oft-extolled view. Beneath us lay a valley threaded by a rapid river; quite a little settlement, and on opposite side, a line of lofty rolling hills covered with green meadows, vineyards, orchards and trees, with here and there peeping from cool depths, the tower, gable or façade of tasteful villas. All very pretty, but where oh! where! were the famous snow-

capped Pyrenees? A lovely haze beyond the green hills, finished the sky line of the picture as completely as if there was nothing more, and not once during our two or three days, sojourn was an unobstructed view of them given us. Once in the very early morning were visible the summits only, of the entire range, gleaming, dim, phantom-like and opalescent above the haze, a weird and most unearthly spectacle. The town looked *thin* and deserted. The front of the elevated plateau upon which it rests, where it faces the deep valley and the "Gave du Pau," is laid out in an ornamental terrace for a quarter of a mile and is lined with palatial hotels and apartment houses, making a beautiful promenade. At one end of the terrace is the château or castle of "King Henry of Navarre," which dates from the fourteenth century and gives to the town its name, and which, save the view from the terrace of the valley and the majestic range of snow-crested Pyrenees some fifty miles away, is the only "sight" it possesses. This old historic château has been much "restored" both by King Louis Philippe and the Emperor Napoleon III., and while it has perhaps suffered some loss in the appearance and nameless charm of old lang-syne it has doubtless gained much in beauty, symmetry and finish. The ground plan is curious, being irregular in shape. The façade towards the terrace, with richly ornamented dormers, cornices and balconies and a huge, rough, square donjon tower and tiny chapel, is very fine. The corresponding, or parallel wing or structure, grad-

**Château of La Garaye**



ually nears the other so that the end towards the gardens, beyond the town, is very narrow and mostly composed of two massive towers. These two buildings enclose a wedge-shaped court, the façades of which are superb, with beautiful carvings around windows and along cornice, exquisitely ornamented dormers and, at the narrow end, a mass of sculpturing from door upon ground floor, all the way up and ending in a dormer of lavish richness. The opposite and wide end of the court is enclosed by a richly ornamented colonnade of one story, which opens toward a bridge spanning the ancient moat. Upon one side is the old donjon, upon the other the mysterious, windowless tower of Monte Oiseau, so called, says Baedeker, "because there was formerly no staircase and in case of siege the defenders ascended into it by ladders which they drew up after them." Entering the château at the small end of the court, we passed through a square hall with low groined ceiling, rich furniture and pictures; then to an officer's large waiting-room with elegant, carved and leather-covered furniture, exquisite small chandeliers and statues. The windows, deep almost as an ordinary hall bedroom, in this and many of the apartments, framed in lovely views of the surrounding landscape. Then followed a magnificent, long banqueting hall, hung with immense tapestries and golden chandeliers with carved chairs, handsome clocks, etc. All the rooms had richly polished floors and ceilings and furnishings of dark varnished and gilded wood, and

looked as if ready for occupancy. A heavily carved and ornamented staircase of stone led to a story above where were several rich apartments with superb carved and upholstered furniture, mantels, enormous vases and tapestries. One, the salon of Margaret de Valois, was furnished with red embossed velvet and lovely Beauvais tapestries, which were as soft and delicate as water-colors. Up a circular staircase and we passed into the most interesting of all,—that in which King Henry was born, where it is said his grandfather Henri d'Albret, took the new-born babe in his arms "after his lips had been rubbed with garlic, according to the custom of Bearn, poured down his throat some drops of Jurancon wine, the best the country affords, to give him a strong constitution." The wonder is the new-born babe ever lived to finish the tale of Henry of Navarre and Ivry! Adjoining is a large room, elegantly furnished called the bedroom of Henry IV., with a huge ancient bedstead found by Louis Philippe, of dark wood covered with panels with heads of the kings of France, and at one side a low platform covered with blue velvet and fleur-de-lis, upon which six golden staves with white silk flags with crest embroidered by the Duchess d'Angoulême, support as a pendant, an immense tortoise shell, the cradle of Henry of Navarre. Surmounting the gathering together of the staves above is a golden helmet, with great white ostrich plumes, such as he wore at Ivry. Then followed several handsome rooms, with tapestries, quaint and

richly carved linen chests and the bedstead of Louis XIV. with spread and canopy of exquisite cross-stitch silk embroidery, said to have been executed by the young ladies of St. Cyr, under the direction of Mme. de Maintenon. The colors were fresh and the work very beautiful. It was a charming walk through these beautifully restored rooms, although everything was alarmingly fresh and clean. But after passing through with a promiscuous party of twelve or fifteen, with the faithful guide, perfunctorily "speaking his piece" in every one, we felt very much as though we would like to go over it again quietly by ourselves.

Bernadotte, created King of Sweden, was a native of Pau, and richly has he remembered and emphasized the fact, by the gift of costly porphyry tables, vases and mantels deposited here. Abd-el-Kader, that most picturesque of all prisoners, was confined here, at one time, and its historical interest is brought to these later days by its being the residence of Queen Isabella, now deposed. Within and without, from the terrace or tower, or from the surrounding gardens, it is beautiful, interesting and imposing. We had a most enjoyable drive of three hours to the hill-crest opposite the terrace and the town, passing villas and châteaux, and having many a lovely prospect. Had the atmosphere been transparent we would have had a view of the Pyrenees from base to summit, but we carried away only a memory of phantom-like, white glittering crests and beautiful

outline of snow-capped heights, here and there, above or through a haze—which, had it not defeated our purpose, we would have revelled in and pronounced exquisite.

## A MODERN BETHESDA.

### LOURDES.

A NEW sensation awaited us, in a visit to Lourdes, which may well be termed "a modern Bethesda," since it is an indisputable fact that it has been for some reason or other, a place of healing to a great multitude of impotent folk. Wishing to have abundance of time, we made it an excursion from Pau, which was unnecessary, for we could have stopped several hours, sufficient to have seen it all, and gone on in the afternoon to Toulouse. It was indeed a new sensation, for hitherto our thought and attention had been centered upon palaces, cathedrals and galleries, dilapidated cities, interesting countries and characteristic peoples, but now we were to stand face to face with one of the strangest manifestations of the present century. It was but an hour's journey from Pau, through a beautiful, highly cultivated hill-country, with often beyond the green-clad mountains, in the clouds or haze, the always weird, spectral, opalescent tips of the snow-crested Pyrenees. All along were seen the quaint, tiled-roofed villages, fine arched stone bridges and many a hay-field made picturesque by women harvesting. The immediate approach to Lourdes was impres-

sive and beautiful, for we saw the peaceful scene of the handsome church, the lovely Grotto, the suggestive Calvary, the castle-crowned rock and the mountain panorama, ere we came upon the dull monotonous roofs of the town where the station is located. A dusty drive of ten or fifteen minutes through the town, which but for the numerous bazaar-like shops, brilliant with bric-à-brac, religious articles, statues and rosaries, would have been dull and prosaic, and we came at once into a scene of strikingly peaceful and finished beauty. It was like a huge bowl surrounded by a gentle ridge upon one side, abrupt elevations upon others and the great rock (which hides the town) crowned most picturesquely with the various towers and irregular walls of the ancient historic castle. The hillsides are dotted with imposing buildings of various kinds ;—through a break is seen a lateral valley or gorge, while beyond, appear mountain heights. Hotels and villas crowd to one side ; —the "Gave du Pau," flows rapidly and bends abruptly around the Grotto rock, and in the bottom of the bowl stretches a beautifully kept and long open green or park, while beyond, perched high in air upon the Grotto rock is the costly Gothic basilica with a single, but elegant and graceful, spire. Directly in front of it, but somewhat lower, is the Church of the Rosary, of which only a low glass portal and a zinc-covered dome, are visible. Enclosing it, like great welcoming arms stretched out to gather the multitude to its hospitable bosom, are upon either side, circular,

gradually rising pathways of handsome stonework like a horseshoe, to the basilica, a most ingenious utilization of space. We first visited the lower church, that of the Rosary, passing through portals of elaborately sculptured stone with glass doors and ornamentation of mosaics. The interior is very odd and peculiar, being in form of a cross with a fringe of chapels on every side and a low dome with colored windows over the intersection of nave and transept. Cheap chandeliers, and numerous banners, some of which are very rich, hang from the ceiling, while the side walls are dotted with numberless frames containing first communion and bridal wreaths of orange flowers ;—epaulets, military honors, crosses, medals and swords. Against the piers are set large slabs of marble inscribed with various thanksgivings and remembrances. The high altar had a frontal of embroidered cloth of gold, a statue of "Our Lady" and a quantity of tawdry paper flowers. We passed out a side entrance, descended a spiral staircase and came into the blessed open air, by the side of the church, but on the level below. It was cool and verdant to look upon, huge trees made grateful shade that sultry day, and beyond a low wall, the rapid river ran closely by. We walked along the mountain base, trying to collect our thoughts and to relegate scepticism and unbelief to the background, that we might look at it all, with the proper reverence and respect of a guest, although necessarily tinged with compassion and pity. I have a great aversion to regarding or treating any

place or object honestly held sacred by either individual or multitude, with contempt or ridicule, being willing to accord to others that which I desire for myself. Otherwise, I would never visit shrine, church or holy place, at all. Along the base were several low granite bath-houses, one of which we entered. It was small, finished with blue stone, with steps descending to an oblong bath with places upon either side for attendants. When the afflicted one is helpless or too ill to walk, he is laid upon a "grille" of cotton bands and gently lowered into the waters, claimed to have miraculous powers of healing. Beyond these baths, is a long row of faucets and stone basins, from which the water from the grotto spring flows continually, and then the inevitable shop where candles and canteens to carry away the water are for sale. It was a discordant note, but inseparable from the system. Beyond was the grotto not at all impressive, a small rough cavern, not more then twenty feet in height, with the rock roof blackened by the smoke and grime of continually burning candles. Pendant from the roof hung a large number of crutches and mechanical apparatus for maimed or broken limbs, black with the smoke of the unctuous candles. In the centre was an altar and a long procession of superb bouquets of fresh flowers stretched tastefully and beautifully away to one side. In a niche in the rock above is a statue of "Our Lady of Lourdes" in long robes and flowing veil of white and a blue girdle or sash, as she is said to have appeared to the little maiden in this very place.

The fame of this humble place rests upon the very slight foundation, that the Virgin here appeared several times in 1858 to a delicate child, "Bernadette Subirous" while playing in the vicinity, and directed that a shrine in her honor should be built in this locality. Perhaps the poor child was already ill, but soon after she was taken, while sick, to the Ursuline convent at Nevers, where she died in 1880. It is claimed that the spring or water broke miraculously from the rock about the time of those appearances of the Virgin. The place sprang at once into popularity, for within the first year it was visited by three hundred thousand people, and it has increased so in favor that special cars are now arranged to carry comfortably the most helpless invalids from all parts of Europe. The beneficent ivy covers the face of the great rock and falls like a drapery over the grotto opening. Two huge stands hold the burning candles placed there by the faithful, and an iron fence protects the front, although the gate was freely open to everyone. Within, devotees were kneeling in prayer or earnestly kissing the great black rock. In front of the railing was a smooth open place with long seats. Perhaps some twenty persons were sitting quietly or kneeling there, too intent upon their devotions apparently, to notice any of the surroundings. It was very quiet, and in one sense, solemn and impressive. There were no helpless or sick ones there save only one old lady in a wheel chair. But it was not a day of pilgrimages and scarcely any one was there. Even in the

great church above, we saw but one person—an old, hard-working peasant, and she was asleep with her beads in her hands! It was a place for meditation, for it was cool and shady, the river ran close by with soothing sound, while beyond, a shadowed path followed it and wound out of sight, and in range of vision were the silent hills. The stories of the miraculous cures are marvellous, and like many other things, quite impossible to analyze or comprehend. We could not, of course, accept the belief that the waters were gifted with any miraculous powers of healing, but we could understand how many a mind lifted out of itself by faith in them, could be largely benefited. We could, for the time being, put ourselves in the place of these people, remembering that to which they had been educated, a system of penance and good works, understand that perhaps for the first time in their lives, *faith in the Unseen* was experienced and the result appeared to them miraculous. One cannot make light of it, no matter how little stock he may take in it, for it is all too serious a matter to those concerned. Yet, to us it was painfuly sad. Like so many of the church rituals and rites, it seemed to us it might be said of this, "Ye have taken away my Lord, and I know not where ye have laid Him." For it is not Jesus the great Healer, the Divine Redeemer, who is made prominent, but Mary, "Our Lady of Lourdes," and the common waters of a wayside grotto.

Returning to the circular staircase within an octagonal tower, thereby avoiding the long walk

around in the sun, we came out upon a porch and entered the crypt or basement of the Basilica, where there was little save a long corridor lined with confessionals and walls covered with votive offerings and inscribed marble slabs, and at the end several small chapels. We found the great church above, consisting of a single nave with apsidal eastern end, and in place of side aisles, a row of some thirteen chapels, very small as cathedrals go in this country. The "tout-ensemble" is very festive and gala-like, for pendant from the arched groined ceiling, are some thirty or forty sumptuously embroidered banners glittering with gold and radiant with colors, and around the clerestory are richly tinted windows. Everywhere are pendent also, chandeliers of crystal and of gold. The cream white walls between clerestory and chapel arches are fairly hidden by multitudinous banners, framed "votos" and golden hearts, the latter so arranged that they formed certain texts and quotations. A semi-military air, such as one notices in England in the chapels of certain orders, is imparted by twelve or fourteen national flags, one of which is the Stars and Stripes! A delicate screen of iron heavily gilded, encloses the high altar of simple white, with a statue of "Our Lady of Lourdes" beneath a canopy of gold with a half dozen hanging lamps with crimson bowls, continually burning before it. The general effect was very subdued and solemn, harmonious and impressive, although suggestive of some festive occasion. The number of "votos" or offerings is bewildering,

for upon all sides, the walls are covered with them, tastefully arranged and carefully placed so that at first glance, they seem a part of a scheme of decoration. As in the Church of the Rosary below, but in far greater numbers and of more costly character are seen family jewels, military trappings and swords, medals and crosses of honor, and bridal wreaths, all telling silently of the heart's recognition of blessings conferred and thanksgiving for them. Some of the multitudinous inscriptions are extremely touching and pathetic, such as "thanks for reconciliation in a family circle,"—"thanks for recovery of a child or mother,"—and "thanks for the grace of conversion." They make it seem like holy ground,—a great presence chamber inscribed and filled with the prayers of His saints. Surely He who looketh at the heart, must accept sincere and honest ascriptions to His praise and name wherever given! Regard it as you may, you cannot escape the touching and pathetic aspect of this great company or volume of thanksgivings and acknowledgments. Something of the great sorrow and suffering of the world, towards which, in loving tenderness, the pitying eye of our Lord (and not the Virgin), we love to think, is ever turned, oppresses mind and heart while standing there, while thought and faith pass on, even to the presence chamber of the Most High, which must ever be filled with the cries, the praises and the thanksgiving of His children here on earth. A consciousness also comes to one, of the helplessness of

man,—his need of help spiritual and divine. The secret of the place lies in this yearning of body and soul for something personal and divine. The prominence given everywhere to Mary the Mother of our Lord is painful, in view of the words "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby ye must be saved."—But no acknowledgment of Christ dominates this or any other structure, save the dead Christ upon the Cross,—instead of the ever-loving, ever-interceding One before the throne.—We turned away unsatisfied and sad, and could but feel that if all this volume of pleading; this reaching out,—and action of misguided faith,—this avalanche of thanksgiving, could but be directed and fixed upon Him who bore our sorrows and carried our griefs, what glorious results would be manifest and this little valley and these beautiful hills would leap for joy. The refrain kept sounding in our hearts while we sat reverently and quietly in this beautiful presence chamber so eloquent with praise and thanksgiving,—

> "And when before the Throne
> We stand in *Him* complete:
> We'll lay our trophies down,
> All down at *Jesus*' feet."

## HERE A LITTLE, THERE A LITTLE.

### TOULOUSE—NIMES, ETC.

THE dense haze neither lifted nor disappeared, but with almost vicious persistency obscured the view to the last. When we turned finally away from Pau there was not even a suggestion of mountain range in sight. The day was heavy, cloudy, and hot! For four hours and a half we sped along a beautifully cultivated country, with no novel characteristics save the multitude of Lombardy poplars, and the steep roofs. Once we had a fine mountain view, but the greater part of the way the landscape was simply peaceful and pretty. We arranged to stop at Toulouse for the Sabbath. A few hours there, would ordinarily suffice. The Hôtel du Midi had been commended to us, because it faced a public square—that of "The Place de Capitole." Wondering what awaited us, we drove a long way through crooked streets with much that was novel and characteristic upon every side; and entered at last a deep porte-cochère and were landed in a typical French court, with stiff shrubs in boxes, and café and "salle-à-manger" windows opening to the floor. Four or five servants in shirt-sleeves and aprons surrounded us and the impression was not cheering to say the least. But when "Madame,"

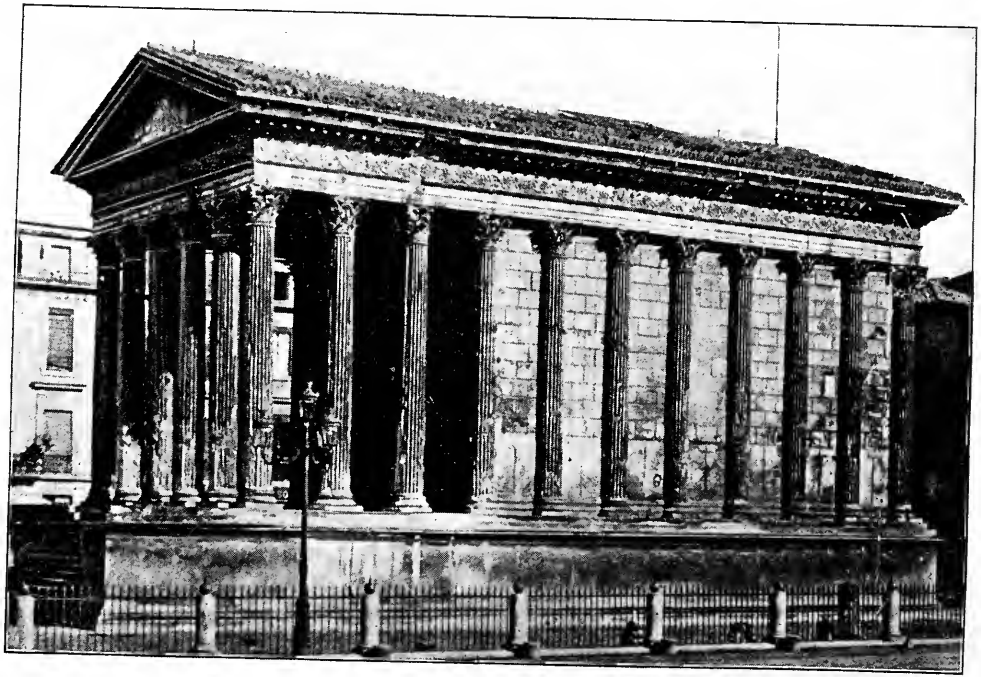
with her ribbons and flowing skirts and pretty French ways, and "Monsieur," with his effusive bows, appeared, and we were escorted upstairs, improvement was visible with every foot of progress. Fortunately our rooms overlooked the Place, a great paved open square, for it was a *fête* day and in the evening processions with lanterns and instrumental music and societies singing the "Marseillaise" and a great multitude of people, continually passed to and fro. When we closed our windows for the night, the great ugly Place was deserted and still. But when we threw them open (not very early) the next morning, such a strange sight greeted us, that we fairly wondered if *we* had "gang agley." It looked as if gigantic mushrooms had sprung up in the night, for the whole space was covered by immense white umbrella and other shaped tents and awnings, for a general market was in full swing. It was very droll and exceedingly pretty. We walked through many of the little passages or aisles upon which vegetables, fruits, flowers, hats, clothing, shoes, and about everything required to keep life going, were exposed for sale. At twelve o'clock the work of the day was done and we watched with much curiosity and interest the gradual folding of the "tents like the Arabs" and the silent creeping away. Like magic they came,—like magic they disappeared. One umbrella tent after another came down; various booths were quickly transformed into platform-wagons, with the tent-cloths neatly folded over the wares, and one after another crept away,

leaving the great square littered with cabbage-leaves and refuse. But unlike our way of doing, almost immediately carts and men appeared on the scene, much as the lackeys do upon a stage and at one o'clock not a trace of tents, market or rubbish was visible, and the bare, hot sunny square was deserted save by a few drowsy cabmen in an attenuated row. It was a transformation scene of singular fascination and interest. In the evening we visited one of the stations of the McAll Mission to France, which looked like a little shop entirely without decoration, unless a long strip of "Turkey Red" with "Dieu est Amour" in silver paper letters,—two or three chromos and two large texts upon blue pasteboard, could be dignified with such a name. There were some twenty-five present, which, considering the fête was still in progress, and the streets unusually attractive, was remarkable. A young lady sat at a melodion, a young man assisted with a violin, and a choir of five voices sang the familiar hymns which carried us in spirit and association beyond the sea, and made us all kin. Our return was by a boulevard and past the "Rond," a little park where a children's fête was in progress, made very brilliant by innumerable lanterns in the trees and little globules of light, forming pretty designs and patterns upon the lawns. A general drive upon the morrow showed us the leading features of the town of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, built upon either shore of the rapid Garonne, which is spanned by several iron and stone bridges. In the principal

streets were handsome buildings and shops,—and a museum, but the greater portion was very commonplace. Although roughly finished the old church of St. Sernin, dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries, and conscientiously restored by Viollet-le-Duc, proved a very large and fine and really picturesque Romanesque structure, standing quite alone with street or open place surrounding it. Its interior beauty and impressiveness is a surprise. The long, narrow and very lofty nave with Norman roof and triforium marches is very solemn, reminding somewhat of Durham. A triforium gallery, double Norman arches, columns with sculptured capitals, four aisles and a stately nave ending with an apse and tiny semicircular chapels, make an interior of great beauty. The vista of the nave is closed most effectively by the dark wood of the choir, the showy high altar and beyond, lifted high in air, the golden sarcophagus of St. Sernin, and still further on the gold and colors of the tiny chapels of the apse. Beneath the high altar is a most peculiar and unusual crypt, partly Roman and partly Gothic, in which small dark chapels, gorgeously decorated in gold and colors, open from a central hall, each with a twelfth century chest or sarcophagus of gilded metal containing bones of saints. In the upper chapel reliquaries of richest work stand in a row, quite suggesting a shop.

Across many a level stretch of the intervening space between Pau and Carcasonne, the ripening grain, or as they say, "*corn*," made glints of yellow

and gleams of gold ;—the character of houses and villages perceptibly changed ;—the steep, pointed roofs gave place to flat Italian ones and the Lombardy poplar and plane and button-ball trees were omnipresent. Just after leaving Carcasonne we had a perfect view of its castle-crowned hill, its dull walls and numerous towers. Twice afterwards we saw the towers and the crests of the walls and then Carcasonne passed out of our sight, probably forever. For four heated hours, the country traversed seemed to grow less and less interesting. At Cette, we saw the extensive salt works and had a whiff of refreshing Mediterranean air. Beyond Cette, the vineyards multiplied, so that it sometimes seemed as if there must be miles of them. The tint of the earth was a bright terra-cotta almost a brick color, contrasting beautifully with the tender green of the young vines. From the station of Montpellier, we looked longingly to the ancient city upon the crests of the lofty hills above, which time would not allow us to visit. This whole country with its Roman traditions and remains and its historic roll of peoples and events, is of such surpassing interest and fascinating suggestion, that it seemed almost wicked to pass through it, with only a superficial glance. Toulouse has its memories, but Nimes, Arles and Avignon are especially rich in Roman ruins and tangible reminiscences. In early evening, fairly wilted with the heat, we alighted at Nimes, —passed rapidly through a long, imposing boulevard, came into a spacious open place and were



Maison Carrée, Nimes

soon comfortably settled at the Hôtel du Luxembourg overlooking a pretty park and fountain with enormous swans. Nimes proved a treasure-house, without a single disappointment. It dates from before the Christian era and possesses more remnants and remains of the Roman régime than any other town in France. The old Roman amphitheatre, dating from the first and second centuries was but a few minutes away. As it stands alone, of whitish gray stone much smoked and discolored, showing two stories of Ionic columns and arches all seriously marred and injured, surrounded by wide streets or open spaces, it is not only most advantageously seen, but is most imposing and impressive. Oval in form, it encloses an area of 437 x 332 feet. While smaller than the Colosseum at Rome and the Amphitheatre at Arles, it is in a much better state of preservation. Neither Arles, Nimes, nor Verona, however, surpass the grand old pile in the Eternal City, in color, impressiveness or environment. The corridors and the vistas with the arched openings or windows toward the street, are very beautiful and picturesque. The Arena and open spaces, from which were caught many a fascinating view, were intensely hot in the glare of the sun, but the upper corridors were breezy and delightful, and it was most satisfactory to sit there quietly and read the story of it, all so strange and unreal, in the glamour of the lapse of years. One looks at the enormous blocks of stone (6 x 10 ft.) neatly fitted and joined without mortar; pictures it in its glory with its company of twenty-four

thousand spectators on pleasure bent, and the thought that even this and the life which it represents has utterly disappeared from the face of the earth, is appalling and bewildering. We could never become quite accustomed to this feature of European travel nor analyze the emotion it inspired, perhaps because in our own land, even a recurring hundred years is something to celebrate. The amphitheatre is imposing, grand; but in quite another part of the town is the Maison Carrée, a trophy of the second century than which neither Rome nor Athens can show anything fairer, a small Corinthian temple (76 × 40) with front portico of ten faultless columns and set in side walls some twenty engaged or half columns, all with richly sculptured Corinthian capitals. Owing to details of decoration, symmetry of form, beauty of design and almost perfect condition it is probably the most beautiful remain of the Roman age extant. It stands alone, above and in the centre of an open square and has such a checkered history that one wonders that anything is left to tell the tale or perpetuate the beautiful thought of which its form is the embodiment Built originally in time of Augustus, for a temple, it became later a place of Christian worship; then a place of meeting of the municipal officers; still later a stable; anon, connected with a convent as a dead-house or place of sepulture; a revolutionary tribunal; a corn warehouse; and now, carefully repaired and restored, a museum. The ornament upon pediment and cornice, the design and execution of the arabesque

frieze are exquisite, while the detail and finish of columns and capitals are faultless and probably not surpassed the world over. Excavations have revealed that originally it was a central building flanked by wings upon either side and glorious must have been the effect. When one thinks of a finished structure like this, springing into beautiful existence from some mighty brain in that far-distant age and remembers it has never been surpassed or equalled, the feeling obtrudes that the high-water-mark of *original* architecture has been reached, and that henceforth there is nothing but suggestion, adaptation or repetition. Henry Ward Beecher once exclaimed in his exuberant love of natural beauty : —" What a glorious thought it was when God *thought of a tree!*" Recalling this, the thought even comes in presence of these triumphs of ancient art, " What a glorious thought it was, possessing mind and heart of man, that found such perfect expression that even in these later days it serves as a standard of faultless grace, opulent imagination and unapproachable beauty !" The Maison Carrée alone repays for all the trouble and fatigue of the entire trip.

A pleasant drive is to the public gardens, which are prettily laid out and made most picturesque and interesting by the old Roman baths. Great canals or basins are full of clear sparkling water, while the baths, back of pretty columns, are seen beneath the pathways. Directly above, a steep hillside, beautifully covered with shrubbery, has a zigzag balustraded walk to the summit, where

stands a ragged and ruined octagonal tower, the "Tour Magne," some ninety feet in height, supposed originally to have been a family mausoleum, which commands a most extensive view. Near by the baths was the Temple of Diana, a much shattered but beautiful ruin, with halls, arches and niches for statuary, now in process of strengthening and restoration.

Was it not enough? Steeped with the inexpressible charm of these ancient, picturesque and thrilling remains, was it any wonder that we were content to give to the modern city, with its picture gallery and museum, its manufactories of silk, and its attractive boulevards, not even the modicum of a passing glance?

## THE FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.

### CARCASONNE.

FICTION and poetry, lamentable as it may seem, will often inspire interest and fix permanently in the memory that which more-to-be-valued history with its details and undisputed facts will fail to do, We questioned, but for several versions of the exquisite poem of Gustave Nadaud which ran the round of the secular press some years ago, whether, unfamiliar with Southern France, we would even have known of "Carcasonne." But that which points the moral and adorns the tale of the poem, appeals so to every one's experience, that once read, it is not easily or soon forgotten. Some busy lives are crowded with day-dreams, with mental picturings of places or experiences the fulfilment and realization of which sometimes punctuates the passing years with delightful incident and interesting epoch. As Carcasonne had been with us for many a long year a sunny day-dream, it was quite impossible to think of it as only two hours away as we sat in Pau, without quickening of pulse and throbbing of heart. Upon our arrival the heat was intense, quite equal to our best July records, so that when fairly settled in the unpretentious little Hôtel St. Jean Baptiste at Car-

casonne we were quite content to ignore the attractions and claims of this portion of the world for two or three restful hours. Then we thought to take a drive around the modern town called the "Ville Basse" leaving the walled mediæval "Cité" until the morrow. We were too subdued to have any preferences and bade the coachman take us where he would. To our surprise we found it a very pretty town with a number of boulevards, "allées" and an attractive garden or park, and a busy mart as well, having several woollen factories and apparently a large population. It is watered by the River Aude and the Canal du Midi, that wonderful work commenced in 1666, which connects, by an artificial course of one hundred and fifty-five miles, the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.—"What! another church" we exclaimed as we stopped at St. Vincent's, a fine old restored structure of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, with a heavy unfinished tower, and an interior peculiarly imposing because consisting only of a nave sixty-six feet wide, the widest, in fact, in France, and a row of beautiful stained-glass rose windows below the roof. The Cathedral of St. Michael is narrower, but very similar, and with the side chapels and the colored decorations, both of these spacious interiors were handsome and imposing. "Did you not weary with the churches and cathedrals?" we are asked. No! never tired of *them* but *tired ourselves* very often, but even then we could not forget that perhaps we might never pass that way again,

and "*did*" them faithfully always. Faithful "Coachee" properly mindful of coming "pour-boire," stopped at a little gateway in a high wall; we wondered what it could be if not a private garden. It proved to be, upon a large and costly scale, a Calvary! The walled enclosure (not level but much diversified) was covered with a lawn, thickly planted with trees and hedges. Set into the walls, some fifteen feet above the street, were at intervals, the twelve Stations of the Cross, bas-reliefs in little porticos. In a retired nook, was the Agony in the Garden, the three Disciples lying asleep beneath some shrubbery, the Saviour, almost hidden, kneeling in prayer a short distance away, while upon a knoll above, among the thick verdure, was an angel with the cup. Gradually the paths led up to a hilltop where were three crosses, with life-sized figures, the thieves being secured by ropes. In addition to this, within the enclosure was a chapel and several grottos with groups of figures. It was painfully realistic, a strange sight to us, but the garden was beautiful and the view from the height towards the horizon hills, lovely. Beyond the town, we drove for a couple of miles beside the Canal du Midi and then ascended a hill. From several points, we had caught glimpses of the mediæval "Cité," the Carcasonne of the poem, and sat spellbound with the beautiful vision. But the picture from this hill crest, was simply indescribable! The atmosphere was hazy and dreamy, the light subdued and tender. Against the horizon rose a line of soft blue and violet hills, and against

the bronze green nearer hills piled in turn against them, rose phantom-like, weird, and spectral, a long irregular line of fortification walls, round and square towers. There was no gleam, or flash, or glitter; all was dun and dull! It was so the color of the soil, it seemed like a growth from the very earth; or a mirage, an apparition, which at any moment might disappear or dissolve. The western sky was watery; the sun, dim or veiled by the soft haze, threw a soft, mellow light upon the whole varied and picturesque pile. It seemed unnatural and *unearthly*, yet it was not *heavenly!* There was no suggestion of an eternal city as there might have been in flashing sunlight. It was too *earthly*, for that. It was so rich and varied in form and outline, so spectacular in effect, that it seemed a scene put upon a stage! there was no *life* in it; no expression of defiant or impregnable strength, for in the soft, golden, hazy atmosphere, it seemed to waver as a mirage, to tremble with indistinctness as in a vision. We looked at it long and well, fearing that on the morrow, in glare of sunshine, it would be matter of fact and prosaic. We have watched cloud banks and seen them apparently by some mysterious force, form into battlements and towers and mighty walls, as of some heavenly fortification; have seen the beautiful and thrilling apparitions tumble apart or dissolve and been awed by the mystical scene. With much the same emotion and feeling we gazed, that early, quiet evening hour, upon this far-away, weird, and picturesque pile of venerable towers and prolonged

battlements, which now fully restored, presents better than any other in France, a picture of a stronghold or a fortress of the Middle Ages.

In approaching it the next morning, we drove almost entirely around the base of the hill upon which the fortifications and city stand, and had a most fine and satisfactory view of the entire circuit. In the glare of the morning sun it lost, of course, much of the dreamy and mystical appearance which was the charm of yesterday, but those rough walls and varied towers could never be otherwise than picturesque and delightful to behold. It all seems cut from the whole cloth of another age, and as one walks through it and has attention drawn in crypt or cathedral to work of the fourth century, and at one point and another to that of each succeeding cycle, in bewilderment he scarcely knows whether he is contemporary with the nineteenth or not. The immediate approach to the Narbonne gate (there are but two) with at one side the sculptured head of Carcas, a "Saracen woman who, according to the legend, alone remained in the city, after a siege of five years, by Charlemagne," was fine and impressive. Let it be understood, Carcasonne is a town of the Middle Ages, enclosed with a double line of fortifications, with some fifty round towers and walls rising fifty and sixty feet above steep cliffs, built and rebuilt upon old Roman foundations previous to the fifth century, with work of the fifth to the thirteenth centuries, all dominated by a citadel. In shape, it is nearly square and about a mile in circumfer-

ence. It has been the scene of fierce conflict, and has withstood the assaults of the Crusaders, and its history, like every European stronghold, is written in blood. For many years it was left to neglect and decay, and the narrow, steep streets, and rickety houses, the towers and fortifications were the abode of the poorest class of people, "squatters," in fact. But in later years (1844), at Government expense, under the magic touch of M. Viollet-le-Duc, it has been restored and the castle is now a barrack. Up beneath archways and through narrow, curving, and crooked streets, with many an abrupt turning, we passed with a clatter of horses' hoofs and cries of coachmen sufficient to have taken a city, until we came to an open place by the cathedral.

We were entirely unprepared for the vista of grace and beauty that stretched before us when we entered the sacred edifice. You may go far and wide, even in this land of churches and cathedrals, and not see anything more chaste, graceful or beautiful. The nave is Roman or Norman with alternate square and round arched openings, and a roof just turning from the round arch of the Roman into the point of the Gothic. The apsidal end is a cluster of tall slender windows, a bouquet of softest and richest colorings. The transepts form three chapels on either side, all a solid line of these attenuated, glorious windows, while columns, arches and ceiling soar away in lines of slender, pointed Gothic. At the end of each transept is a superb wheel window of richest glass,

most of which, we were told, was of the fourteenth century. In the pavement before the high altar is a slab of reddish marble said to mark the original burial-place of Simon of Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who fresh from the Crusades, at the bidding of the Pope, waged a war of extermination upon the Christian Albigenses. The remains have been removed and the original slab, with incised effigy of a knight in armor, is fastened against the transept wall. The old sacristan, who lay asleep upon one of the settles close to the high altar when we entered, after showing us the tomb of a good bishop in the sacristy, said he had much more to show us and lighting a candle led us through a long, narrow subterranean stone passage until we came to a low crypt beneath the high altar. It was bare, but with many columns and two of the rude original altars which, with carving upon one or two capitals was all work of the fourteenth century. Verily, in such a place one feels a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day. In the nave is a queer quaint carving of the Siege of Toulouse which, with a bishop's tomb, a picturesque baptistry, and a fine organ, quite completes the interesting category. Then we walked to the ramparts and visited a fine tower of several stories, seeing the apparatus for lowering iron gates, the narrow well-holes down which were hurled missiles and boiling-oil was poured in time of siege, and the narrow loop-holes for the archers, and from the roof looked down upon the outer and lower walls, with their long promenades and

battlements, and off upon the pretty but not striking environing country, slumberous and quiet in the sultry, hazy air. A smooth walk follows the line of the summit of the walls, but at almost every tower steps must be ascended or descended; we saw the Bishop's Tower, the Old Mill Tower and looked down into its depths;—the Inquisition Tower, with its dungeons and chains, and the Moorish Tower with pretty Alhambraic windows, and several others, The majority are more or less restored, but one is left in shattered condition. The original towers with conical and pointed roofs were covered with slate, so the restored ones are treated in the same way, but it is easy to distinguish them, for the old ones have a glitter that the nineteenth century dull ones do not possess. It is all, however, dull in color. The roofs in the hot sunlight have the cold heartless gleam of steel or metal. It was so intensely hot, the air so oppressive, the reflection of the stone walks and walls so scorching that we gave up the round of remaining towers and walls and turned reluctantly away. It is all so quaint and old! A little terraced garden outside of the Narbonne Gate is the only touch of the nineteenth century, for even the tidy old women, knitting demurely outside of their apartment doors in the "Cité" seem contemporaneous with a time long dead. The view from the towers and battlements upon a clear day take in, we were told, the distant, snow-crested Pyrenees,—but that sultry day the warm, glowing haze seriously limited the view, As we drove

away, I fear our thoughts were more with the mythical old man of the poem who "never saw fair Carcasonne," than with the multitude who impart to it a rich and varied historic interest. Had not the heat been so intense,—had not distant Norway beckoned us to her cape and fjords,—or had we not felt with the poet,

> "Perhaps in autumn I can find
> Two sunny days with gentle wind,
> I then could go to Carcasonne,"—

we would gladly have tarried and seen the picturesque historic pile in still different moods and changing lights; but we were content, for our dream was realized and we, at least, had *looked* upon "fair Carcasonne."

* * * * * *

While I have penned these lines and lived over again in thought and memory this unique experience with the hauntingly beautiful pathos of the poem trembling in every reminiscence, tenderly has it been borne in upon me that in the interval "the church-bell's low and solemn toll" has sounded "for passing soul" of one who was the winsome and gentle central figure of the happy group of those halcyon days,—and while we still wander up and down this beautiful earth, her blessed feet, never wearied in unselfish ministry, have passed triumphantly "through the Gate,—into the City."

## UNTO THE END.

### ARLES—AVIGNON.

ANTIQUE Arles and poetic Avignon,—commonplace Lyons and, as a home base, ever brilliant Paris! So ran the charming itinerary now fast drawing to a close. Between Nimes and Arles lay a journey of an hour, with a wait at Tarascon of a half-hour additional. Just before Tarascon was reached a fine view was obtained of an old Gothic palace of King Rene, with high massive walls, round towers and keys, but now a prison. (With the wont of tourists we speak familiarly of that of which we know literally nothing!) The country all the way from Nimes steadily grew poorer and poorer; the vineyards looked as if life was a struggle, the stunted olives loaded as everything else with white dust, as if it was hardly worth living. Even the rocks had the grayish white look of lime or chalk, and scarce a tree of any size was visible. The day was done when we stopped at the station of Arles. (And we were almost so!) Our drive to a hotel upon the Place du Forum, which name at once suggested the antique atmosphere of the town, seemed interminable, the streets being narrow and crooked and the turns abrupt. There were two hotels

quite close together, each possessing that exasperating peculiarity which made the final selection of one provoke the regret that the other had not been chosen! The traces or evidences of Roman life and rule at Arles are very marked, and are of surpassing interest. The great arena or amphitheatre (459 x 341) is larger and in many respects unlike that at Nimes, but is of the same grayish stone, much discolored and defaced and badly shattered. The view of the interior is extremely picturesque and impressive, the upper tier of arches being perfect and at four different points the remains of square towers added in the eighth century by the Saracens when used as a fortress. The view from the tallest of these was most interesting, for in every direction the country lay as "level as a barn floor," while immediately around were the dull roofs of the duller town. Upon the level, well covered with small trees and green fields, the River Rhone bends and twists in the form of a small boy's very badly shaped capital "S." At a distance, upon a slight elevation, were visible the towers and walls of an ancient monastery surrounded by a small village. The air being hazy, mountains were distinguishable in only one direction. Perhaps there were no more, for it did not look like a country where they could be plentiful. The look down upon the arena, with tier after tier of seats, huge arches and ruined, shattered, but picturesque corridors, obliterated the nineteenth century and carried thought and imagination to a far distant life and age. One naturally

settles into revery,—into dreaming or reminiscence. The ruling characteristics were similar to those at Nimes, but at no point did we secure such a superb view of the exterior. The box for the emperor, as well as the parapet before it, is here unusually perfect. One cannot but notice and admire the wonderful construction whereby immense blocks lie matched and connected as beautifully as if held by cement or mortar, and so well done that, notwithstanding fire and sword, and the decay and changes of centuries, as to present an object lesson to these degenerate days. "Cui bono?" one instinctively asks, and from the far-away past comes the trite "to make a Roman holiday."

It is said Christianity was introduced in Gaul by Trophimus, that Disciple whom Paul "left at Miletum sick." The Cathedral bears his honored name with the usual prefix, "Saint." The interior being very bare, with nine or ten immense tapestries hung upon side walls, almost too high to be seen,—was of little interest; but the dirt-covered, stained and time-injured front portal, elaborately carved, showing in droll prison lock-step, two processions of cherubim, statues of Apostles and in spandril, a Last Judgment, with beautiful columns, was most interesting, being, in fact, a wonderful work. But attached to the church, approached by a staircase and also entered on opposite sides by a door opening upon a street, are the beautiful cloisters so often quoted, which remind by their beauty and expression, of those of St. Paul's at

Rome. A curious feature is, that two sides are finished with the round arches of the twelfth and two in the pointed or Gothic of the thirteenth. Many of the capitals deftly formed of figures grouped in scriptural scenes or characters, and some entirely of foliage, constitute another. A most unusual one, are full length statues against the piers and exquisite classic pilasters towards the court. The scene presented from the corners is most poetical and picturesque, for at right angles one corridor stretches away with rich, simple, barrel-vaulted roof and lovely round arches supported by clustered columns, while the other presents a groined and pointed roof and the narrow pointed arches of the Gothic order. Another pecularity of this is, the well, usually in the enclosed court, stands inside of the cloister against a pier at the angle. While carefully conserved, it lacks the neatly kept turf in court which is such a charming feature of Cloisters in Old England.

Another intensely interesting reminiscence of the Roman Age is that of the Theatre with a semicircle of seats for sixteen thousand spectators, with two beautiful Corinthian columns supporting a bit of entablature, the remains of an old colonnade.

An ancient church is fitted up as a Museum and is filled with sarcophagi, columns, sculptured marbles and statues. We drove beyond the gardens and boulevards to the ancient cemetery of Aliscamps, the immediate approach to which, through a long avenue of tall Lombardy poplars

with, on either side a row of old Roman sarcophagi or tombs, was most weird and curious. At the end was the ruined and deserted church of St. Honorat with an elegant octagonal tower rising like a dome over the centre. The interior was damp and bare, with two beautiful side chapels, one with lovely frieze and capitals carved in stone. A general drive showing the Rhone and the old Palace of Constantine, finished our explorations that broiling hot day. Arles was the only place where we saw anything approaching a provincial or local costume. The women very properly are noted for their beauty. The costume consists in a most quaint and peculiar dressing of the hair with Swiss or white lace and binding of embossed velvet or silk ribbons and the wearing of the neck of dress open with embroidered white kerchief folded voluminously over the bosom. Even the market women had large, white printed bordered handkerchiefs folded daintily in this wise, while a plain but tidily dressed woman who sat upon a doorstep sewing was a most pleasing picture.

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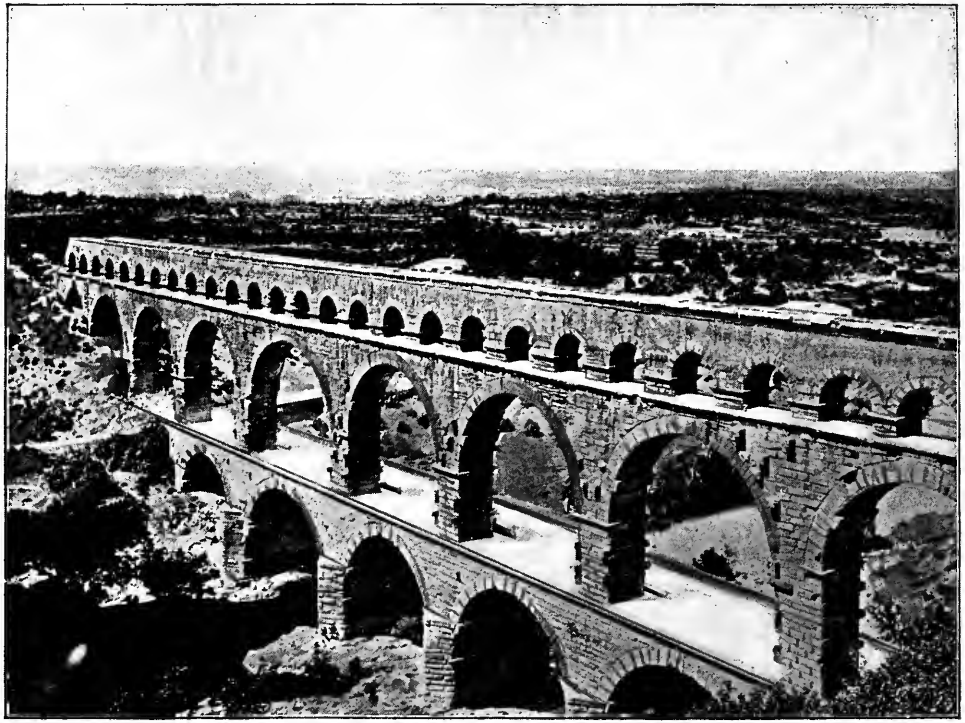
A hot tedious journey of an hour and a quarter, with little to interest along the way, save the novel sight of hundreds of lovely white and pink oleanders in profuse bloom, brought us to Avignon, for over one hundred years the residence of the Popes "in exile" and the scene of the platonic love of Petrarch and Laura. Our ideal was most poetic; the reality most disappointing in spite of battle-



Pont du Gard

mented walls and towers,—the lovely grounds upon edge of the precipice above the river, and the view over the Rhone and the environing country. Had we not been prepared by the sight for several days of sundry photographs, the great ancient Palace of the Popes would have been an utter disappointment, for while we knew it was more fortress than palace we had supposed it more ornate. Like every colossal structure, it is imposing. The great massive walls, sixteen and eighteen feet in thickness, rise up bare and plain, save the Gothic recesses sunk in their face, to four and five stories in height. Built in the thirteenth century it looks as if it would stand to the end of time. The balcony from which the Papal Benediction was pronounced has disappeared from the front façade and only a long line in the second story and the original supports over the chief entrance suggest it. It is difficult to conceive that it has ever been the scene of luxurious and profligate living, until the interior is visited, but even that has been so divided and subdivided to adjust it to its present use as a barrack, as to suggest little of its original grandeur. The stately Gothic hall of the Consistory which was originally a lofty and regal apartment with rich groined roof, is now divided by a floor into two stories and one side has been cut off to form a passage, so that in lower rooms are seen the columns and in upper the groined roof. The structure encloses an immense court with nothing but massive dingy walls, four and five stories in height, entirely bare of any architectural ornament or beauty. There

was really very little to see. In the third story a pretty narrow passage with groined ceiling, and the cells of the cardinals were shown. Descending, we crossed the great court diagonally, ascended a filthy staircase, passed through a room with old frescoes and went out upon a little balcony which led up to the Tower of St. John into the Chapel of the Inquisition, with walls covered with ancient but badly defaced frescoes, the Chamber of Torture and the Tower in which the brave Rienzi was confined as a prisoner until released through the entreaty of Petrarch who was here a guest, were not shown. From the outside at various points we caught glimpses of the different towers, but while massive, extensive and fortress-like it was a disappointment. The term "Gothic" conveys the thought of arches, turrets and foliated ornamentation. We had pictured it yellow in tint, Gothic in character and perched upon cliffs overlooking the Rhone—while to-day it shows merely a pile, which in its immensity and massiveness possesses only a certain grandeur. Immediately adjoining the palace, but upon higher ground, as the rocks rise rapidly and steadily, is the Cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms, built in the eleventh century, of no external beauty, but with an entrance porch exquisite and unlike in character, supposed to have been originally a Pagan Temple. It is square in shape, and classic in style, with elegant Corinthian columns and sculptured ornamentation. Coming from the glaring sunlight the interior at first seems dark and gloomy, but as

the eye becomes accustomed to it, like magic, features beautiful and suggestive appear. Following the lines of the nave is a narrow, richly carved and decorated renaissance balustraded gallery, which as it passes the piers, bulges out and is supported by solid exquisitely carved brackets, all of which is probably a modern addition. The east end is octagonal and forms a choir back of high altar, above which is a singular octagonal dome. Perhaps the most interesting item is the archbishop's chair, the throne of the Popes for nearly a century, a small white marble seat with beneath one arm, a large rude bas-relief of the winged Ox of St. Luke, and under the other the Lion of St. Mark. Directly in front of it, a slab in the floor marks the grave of "the brave Crillon," a bronze statue of whom graces the open place below the front of the cathedral. The effect of the interior is curious but pretty, but a little mixed, antique marble columns being set up on either side of chapel entrances, exactly as if they had them on hand. In the sacristy is one of those elaborate architectural trophies sometimes met, which fairly startle and overwhelm with opulence of conceit, exquisiteness of design and perfection of execution, —the remains of the tomb of Pope John XXII. (1334) which originally stood in the nave of the cathedral. The effigy of the pope lies at full length beneath a magnificent, tall, elaborately wrought Gothic canopy, the turrets and pinnacles, arches and floriated ornaments of which form a pile twenty-five or thirty feet in height, of exquisite

grace, quite suggesting in its shattered state a mass of icicles or stalactites. It quite reminds one also of the exquisite chantries seen in English eathedrals. Originally sixty statues under exquisite canopies and upon delicately chiseled brackets graced the structure, but the orgies of the Revolution made sad havoc with them.

Beyond the cathedral, covering the summit of the great rock which rises precipitately some three hundred feet from the river is the "Promenade des Doms," beautifully laid out with winding paths, hedgerows, flower-borders and fountains. The view from the extreme edge is superb. Immediately below is the rapid-flowing Rhone, forming by its junction with the Durance a long beautiful island covered with orchards and golden grainfields. Beyond the river, upon other shore of the island is the fortress of St. Andrew with lofty and massive walls, ponderous gate towers, and heavy square tower. The houses of the village of Villeneuve, hard by, are so nearly the color of the tawney yellow brown of the soil as to seem a part or parcel of it. All along the distant hillsides appear the gleams of country villas, while looking in opposite directions the valley spreads out level and fertile till lost in the distant horizon line, quite reminding of the Connecticut Valley at Springfield.

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While at Nimes we wished to drive to the Pont du Gard, the finest and grandest of all the Roman

remains in Southern France. The intense heat and the white dust made it unadvisable, but find-we could reach it by train from the Pont du Avignon, a station upon the opposite side of the Rhone, we drove across a suspension bridge, having in our progress a fine view of the machicolated and battlemented walls and several of the thirty-eight watch towers, and in about a half of an hour reached Remoulins. The only conveyance to be had was a small "ramshackle" bus and a very decrepit old horse that it seemed a sin to hurry. The heavy old driver assured us he could take us to our desired haven in twenty minutes, and strange to say he did, although it seemed in its discomfort, like forty! As the magnificent structure rose before us in a scene of utter solitude, without suggestion of man or habitation of man, we felt how utterly impossible to convey any idea of the grandeur, sublimity and magnitude of this work of the age of Agrippi, son-in-law of Augustus, nineteen years before Christ, blazing almost unharmed in the sunlight of this nineteenth century summer day. Built originally as a portion of an aqueduct to carry the water of two springs some twenty-five miles away, to Nimes, it gives to-day, perhaps the most impressive picture extant, of the lavishness and luxuriousness of that Roman Age. Just where the River Gard bends most picturesquely through wooded heights and passes out of sight, it springs from one steep bank of the valley to the other like a colossal bridge eight hundred and eighty feet in length, consisting of

three tiers of arches with in all a height of one hundred and sixty feet. The first or foundation tier, has six massive arches, the second supported by it has eleven, while the third which carries and upholds the aqueduct has thirty-five. The whole structure is formed by immense blocks of tawny yellow stone, laid with the marvellous precision and nicety of Roman work, without mortar, or cement save in the aqueduct on top, which consists of an enclosed canal some four feet by three inside. Save a carriage-road built out upon the first tier in seventeen hundred and forty-five and in use at the present day, the entire pile is useless. But as a spectacle it is grand and awe-inspiring, overwhelming in its magnitude and boldness. The solitude and quiet invests it with a strange and mystical air as it soars away some one hundred and sixty feet in the air. It is finer and grander than the aqueducts on the Roman Campagna or any of the ruins of the Ancient City, save the peerless Colosseum. As we stood some distance from it, the sun broke through the clouds, the yellow stone glowed with life and arch after arch, sharp and well defined, framed in a portion of the country beyond with startling and exquisite effect.

As we turned regretfully away, in our confused thought and bewildering revery was mingled the impressive consciousness that, as it stands to-day, so it rose in all its pristine grandeur and pride, ere the blessed Master walked the Judean fields or climbed the far-away slopes of the Galilean hills.

Pagan Rome, with its pomp and glory has passed utterly away ; the Judean hills and the shores of Galilee are denuded and deserted : but the Kingdom of the Nazarene marches steadily on, even to the triumphant end.

# THE COUNTRY
## OF THE
# DOLOMITES.

# THE COUNTRY OF THE DOLOMITES.

## BY A WAY WE KNEW NOT.

MISS EDWARDS, in her "Untrodden Peaks," published more than twenty years ago, says of the ignorance of the English-speaking world in regard to the so-called Dolomite region, "that it is by no means uncommon to find educated persons who have never heard of the Dolomites at all, or who take them for a religious sect like the Mormons or Druses." But "Dolomite" is a much varied and elastic term. To *ordinary folk*, it designates a certain but comparatively small portion of South-eastern Austria and Northern Italian Tyrol, where within an area of thirty-five by fifty miles are found strange isolated mountain peaks, pinnacles and buttresses, which in the most unexpected and unaccountable localities, tower in weird, defiant, awe-inspiring and violent forms, often far above the elevation of ordinary Alpine heights. To the *geologist* and *scientist*, it tells of a peculiar rock formation of carbonate of lime and magnesia, chalk in fact, (in which five thousand feet above the sea level are found remains of fossil fishes and marine deposits,) resting upon granite and other foundations of entirely different character, to which atten-

tion was first drawn by Monsieur Dolomieux, a French savant, who in 1789–90 travelled, explored and studied much in the district, and whose name is easily recognized and embalmed in the coined word, "Dolomite." It is an interesting fact that the mountains are not entirely of this peculiar formation, the tallest of all being only so at the top. To the *artist* it means a wilderness of striking effects and a wealth of fabulous color, compared with which even Switzerland is tame. To the Alpine climber it offers a comparatively new field with sufficient of the fascinating element of danger and an abundant prospect of easily broken neck or bones,—while to the *common tourist* who looks only from the standpoint of the picturesque, it unrolls a panorama so novel, so unlike all else in Europe, as to seem of another continent or world. Ignorance, however, even at this late day, of routes, modes of travel and accommodations, is quite pardonable, especially if one finds himself unexpectedly in Italy and wishing to reach Innsbruck, desires to take the Dolomite country on the way, for the literature upon the subject, in English at least, such as guide-books, simple maps, etc., is very meagre, and reliable and serviceable information exasperatingly difficult to obtain. Baedeker's "Eastern Alps" is most unsatisfactory. Meurer's Guide, in German, is admirably illustrated, the plates giving, in fact, an epitome of all that is grand and striking in the scenery of this enchanting district. We were told at Cook's office in Rome that at their agency in Venice we

could procure all the information, maps and tickets we desired or would require. Serene in this assurance, we neglected to improve some opportunities for acquiring information from passing friends and tourists, and finally when in Venice we walked up "to the Captain's office to settle," were told they "knew nothing about the country and had never had a map or ticket." Yet upon a clear day, from the beautiful city of the lagoons, far away may be seen glowing and gleaming against the horizon blue, the mountains of the *unknown* district! Perhaps if one speaks German, French and Italian fluently, the difficulty would not be so serious, for a shred of information could be acquired here and a bit picked up there, but unfortunately it is not every tourist who has so many strings to his linguistic bow. Possibly, too, in London some useful literature could be found. From an old aequaintance, Rev. Alexander Robertson, D. D., some time a resident and a most efficient philanthropic and religious worker in Venice, we finally procured sufficient information to start us upon our way rejoicing. Several weeks later Dr. Robertson commenced the publication in the Paris, N. Y. Herald of a series of articles, which is now offered in book form, under the title of "Through the Dolomites," quite the most convenient, compact and instructive companion available. But he touches lightly,—almost ignores, in fact,—Panaveggio, San Martino and Primiero, which to us (especially San Martino) were the most delightful of all. If one is in

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Venice and wishes to go north as rapidly and with as little delay as possible, he can travel by train in about five hours to Belluno, and then by carriage ending at Toblach, make a most satisfactory trip, but thereby he will lose this most charming portion of the country. From Venice to Botzen on the Brenner Pass railway, may seem a roundabout course, but it will abundantly compensate for the few additional hours consumed, while if time is not limited, it can be most pleasantly and profitably varied by a stop at Verona. If, however, one is in the north, Botzen is a most convenient starting place, being in close and direct communication by rail with Innsbruck. Let it be understood at the beginning that these papers are not intended for Alpine climbers or hardy pedestrians, but rather for the goodly number of common folk who must needs keep to the high-road and be comfortable in mind and estate: for those, who otherwise might be deterred by needless fear of undue fatigue and hardship, and that they aim only to be a record of a most delightful personal experience during an easy and feasible tour, when considerably worn and wearied by travel in the Orient,—through a not generally familiar country.

The consciousness that for two or three weeks at least, there was to be no more compulsory sight-seeing, no churches, no palaces and no picture-galleries, which in "duty bound" one must see because "you may never come this way again," alone reconciled us to turning our faces, upon a peerless June morning, away from brilliant, fas-

cinating Venice, all glowing and basking in a flood of golden sunshine. What a poetic, idyllic way of reaching a prosaic railway station it is to sit under a pretty awning, upon a warm summer day, in a quaint, solemn gondola and glide noiselessly past marble palaces rising like apparitions from the glistening waters, or to thread one's way through narrow, shadowy side canals, often wondering how he can pass the various craft without collision or harm! Being strongly advised, we decided to go by rail to Belluno and thence by carriage the remainder of the route. It was a mistake, for when we reached Toblach at the termination, we were so unsatisfied,—so unwilling to turn away, perhaps forever, without seeing San Martino di Castrozza, that we took a train to Botzen and made the entire tour, which involved of course a repetition of that from Belluno to Toblach. One could take it, though, a dozen times without loss of freshness or novelty, so varied and changing are the colors and moods of those weird, cloud-like forms. Leaving Venice our way crossed the shallow lagoons, coursed along mile after mile over a level country every rod of which apparently had been "tickled with a hoe" and upon which the earth was fast bringing forth her increase. Such a stretch of soft delicious verdure!—fields of grain, trees with the ever-graceful festoons of thousands of grape-vines, pretty villas half hidden by a screen of trees, and picturesque villages fairly glowing with sunshine! One hour of this, with the glad, exultant consciousness that we were *in the country* and that every mile

and every fleeting hour were bringing us nearer to the mountains which, dim and spectral, were so enshrouded and enveloped in the soft haze and white floating clouds as to seem at times almost as temporary and evanescent, brought us to Treviso, where a change of trains was made. For a while there was little to note, for it was only a cool delicious sweep of greenness with a multitude of flowering shrubs, and around every villa, or hanging over trellis and wall, great masses of pink and blush roses. It seemed as if all the world was level, save the horizon line of shadowy and snow-tipped mountains, but it was so restful and quieting we sat and looked and looked without thought of anything but present bliss. Some three and a half hours later, after waiting fifteen minutes at a way station while the engine and freight car went down the track and were switched off to a side building where a huge cask was rolled on (a most droll performance), we entered almost immediately a narrow mountain valley or pass, and were in the blessed, enfolding shadows of the eternal hills at last! Between Venice and Belluno, our destination and the terminus of the road, an ascent of twelve hundred feet is gradually made. The road overhung the rapid shallow river Piave, with plenty of lee room for the torrent it must become at certain times of the year, and looked across upon a mountain range, verdant to the summit save patches of bare brown rock and a carriage road cut from its face, bordered by a stone parapet,—a thread of gray in tremulous line through the

mantle of green. The mountains bounding up at once without the hesitation and dwarfing of "foot hills" gave perhaps from the car window an impression of height greater than they possessed. The sky darkened and a shower came, and that which a few moments before had seemed so glad and exultant in the glowing sunshine and dreamy haze now became grim and sombre. It was a lovely rapidly bending and curveting valley. One moment we would look through a beautiful vista of mountains, piled one above, opposite and along side of one another; again, against a massive wall of green, and sweeping around a curve, would look backward and forward upon the battlemented hills which, green to their summits, enclosed us. It seemed as if at base and far up the sides every rod that could be filched from nature in her wildest mood had been patiently cultivated. All the way we wondered why Italians go to our far-away land and work on railroads when all this cultivation and pastoral life lies at their feet. Ere long, upon one side, high up in the rain clouds, peering above the banks of vapor or standing out against the sombre sky, appeared strange, weird shapes, "aiguilles," great pointed peaks; long, ragged serrated ridges, and we exclaimed,—"The Dolomites," although we knew the time of the Dolomites in all their glory, was not yet. They were the evangels, the forerunners, that gave us a most thrilling and exciting suggestion of the treasures of the land. As in every mountain region, the rapidly moving train showed us a succession of

enchanting pictures, in the wayside houses, the little clustered villages, half buried in verdure beneath the shadows of the hills; here a bridge, there a rippling cascade and always something to make one wish he could stop a few moments. Ere the valley widened, we passed a lofty, projecting rocky cliff, crowned upon its very edge by the extensive convent of "Madonna della Rocca," with church and tall campanile. Like many another Italian conventual building or walled town, it was so close to the edge of the precipice that it would seem as if only a slight *seismic* disturbance would send it rapidly to the depths below. The valley broadened; the mountains were all around; we were in the *heart* of them! Soon we saw Feltre, like all Italian towns, a most picturesque huddle of houses, tiled roofs and square campaniles. The rain had ceased, although the clouds were evidently gathering to put in some good night work. The widening valley afforded still more sweeping views of the surrounding mountains. Oh! the glory, the strange impressiveness of the sharp pointed Dolomitic peaks that occasionally rose against the sky with touch of snowy white! Along a broad fertile valley,—past villages,—past white campaniles rising from green copses, we sped for an hour, always with grand, lofty and beautiful mountain forms bounding the outline of our vision on every side, and then we came to Belluno, just as the clouds were closing in and a generous sprinkle told of the coming rain.

## A GRACIOUS OPENING.

Belluno, beautiful for situation, upon a level plain lifted high and abruptly above the junction of the swift-flowing Piave and Arno, with a superb surrounding of lofty mountains, proved a most interesting and pleasant old town, while the more than comfortable and attractive Hôtel des Alpes, where for a portion of the time we were the only guests, made our sojourn most restful and enjoyable. The rain fell fitfully and heavily all that first evening, but in the intervals we had a most bewitching vision of the great, white, ghost-like clouds stalking stealthily along the deep blue mountain sides, with strange majestic motion not soon to be forgotten. We awoke to a perfect Sabbath day, "so sweet, so calm," with blue sky, white lazily floating clouds and warmth and sunshine everywhere. In the early hours we strolled away from the little town along a smooth country road, bordered where there were villas or gardens, with high walls and elsewhere with tangled hedges of hawthorns, privet, clematis and elm, with views over long, sloping hillsides anddeep verdant valleys, and upon great solemn mountain peaks that were a perpetual surprise and delight. Away off upon a hillside, rising from clustered trees, gleamed a

white campanile,—here and there a villa, and once in a while a hamlet, to which probably, distance lent enchantment, while upon the still air sounded the striking of far-away bells, not always exactly musical, but in strange harmony with the Sabbath scene. Frequently upon the road would appear groups of peasants, attired in their best, wending their way toward the town, making many a pretty and picturesque effect. The wild flowers dotted the meadows and along the tangled hedges gleamed many a mass of pink and white single wild roses or sweet-brier. A walk in the opposite direction led us through the town, which is very quaint and pretty and amazing in its cleanliness. A large open plaza, faced by a curve of fine buildings, a church and orphanage, with arcades and pretty shops, gives it an important air. It was as quiet a Sunday as would be found in a New England hamlet,—the little shops being closed,—every one attired in his best and apparently at leisure,—the Duomo well filled and nothing to mar or break the Sabbath stillness and expression, save the sounds of a few peripatetic vendors of fruits and sweets, and upon the plaza, several double swinging-boats, filled with rustics, and surrounded by an admiring crowd. The duomo, like many another Italian ecclesiastical building, is constructed of rough brick, which, until covered with a veneer or jacket of marble, presents a mean and poverty-stricken exterior. Many never have their nakedness covered. This poor duomo has waited long,—is waiting still and is likely to wait for its outward

glory of choice marble and precious stones. Close to it rises a superb campanile with an odd slanting base. There is a peculiar charm and dignity about these tall Italian towers, crowned with lantern or loggia more or less ornate. True, they lack the florid beauty of elaborately ornamented Gothic towers and spires, but for simple dignity and unpretentious beauty, these tall towers springing up so high in straight lines, and then budding into cupola or peak, are incomparable. They harmonize, too, so exquisitely with both the level plains and the lofty, towering mountains above. The summit of this is surmounted by a bronze figure of its patron saint. The prefattura or municipal building is architecturally very fine, with arcade, clock tower, Venetian clustered windows, and niches with bronze busts of Victor Emmanuel II. and Garibaldi, and palms and marble slabs with the names of the Bellunose who were slain in the struggle for Italian independence, and a record of the result of the plebescite which constituted Victor Emmanuel King of United Italy. How unlike our cold northern race they are! They fairly effervesce and manifest their emotion in many a tablet, bust, or statue, in less time than it takes our people to raise money for a single one. In the older part of the town is the ancient church of San Stefano, of much interest, and beside its door, an antique Roman sarcophagus with sculpturings and inscriptions. But, weary with sight-seeing, our chief joy was in strolling or driving in the vicinity of the town, looking into the depths

of the verdant valleys and off upon the mountain heights which are in such marked contrast, being at one side just grand, sloping, towering ranges ; to the other, sharp pinnacles and peaks,—the fantastic shapes of the Dolomite country. One day was devoted to a carriage excursion to Agordo, which lies some eighteen or twenty miles up in the Cordevole Valley. Our course commenced at once a gradual ascent, by a smooth, hedge-bounded white highway. The air was warm and delicious, and over the mountains toward and between which we were to drive, thin, white, fleecy masses of luminous vapor like a bridal veil, wreathed and floated away and passed their sun-tipped summits, while down the sides lay white, cotton-like clouds, with often, peering above, the strange needle-like peaks. For a way the lovely country road was along a wide, deep, verdant valley, overlooking a finished landscape, and then with new beauty it curved and wound through cool, green woods, with often, at end of the vista, a far-away, cloud-tipped "monarch of the glen." Along the way, the banks and meadows were as full of a great variety of brilliant wild flowers as the slopes and plains of far-away Palestine. As we neared the mountains, the road fairly hugged their bases and overhung the rapid Cordevole. Before us, silent, solemn and grand, rose great shattered peaks with summits lost in summer clouds. We entered the valley along whose solitary and enchanting course and depth we were to pass for the coming two and one-half hours, seeing in the middle distance a most exten-

sive certosa or monastery, a group of fine large and small buildings with an attendant campanile. Soon we were swallowed up in a narrow, winding, abruptly curving valley with jagged peaks high above us, and, owing to the circuitous road, a constantly changing panorama of Alpine-like heights. Occasionally a narrow rent in these great encompassing walls, revealed a lateral gorge, dark with shadows or with gray grass-covered ledges tipped fascinatingly with glints of sunshine, while in the blue loaded atmosphere rose breathlessly, slender peaks, and upon opposite range lay great shadows of passing clouds. Like the apsidal end of some grand cathedral choir rose before us, high in the crystal air, the gray bastion-like walls and slender turrets of Monte Colei. We stopped at a small rude wayside Albergo at Stanga for a half hour, and while the horses were resting walked back the narrow cleft to a little lateral gorge with a rapid stream and cool, shadowy, fern-filled depths, and were even more impressed with the wild rugged grandeur of the lonely cañon. The nearer mountains soon after grew more white, bare and precipitous. As we passed a waterfall, a long plume of white foam hanging against the rocky mountain face, we were even the more reminded of Norway. In fact, all the morning the scenery was more Scandinavian than Alpine, because upon a smaller scale, although without any sacrifice of beauty or enjoyment. Rapidly the valley narrowed to a gorge, with great, white, frowning, precipitous and pitiless walls. Midway from one lofty barrier spouted

a small stream which fell in a slender thread to the river below,—literally water coming from the rock,—the more striking and curious as there was no snow deposit visible to melt and feed it, and for hundreds of feet above the aperture not a ledge or break could be detected in the well-nigh smooth face of the rock. Crossing the gorge we came, some three hours after leaving, to a fine stone bridge, "Ponte Alto," in the narrowest part of the pass, defended by fortifications of stone pierced with port-holes commanding every possible approach,—which in 1848 was the scene of a fearful struggle. The pass at this point is scarcely more than a defile, and is peculiarly wild and defiant with the great white limestone precipices frowning upon either side. The bridge bounding across the chasm adds to the picturesqueness and gives also a superb view in either direction. The road crosses from one side to the other some four or five times in the course of the drive. Farther on, the road bends and doubles and makes a rapid ascent. As we crossed the gorge, above and beyond, we looked upon another bridge spanning the ravine close by, framing in with its rude lofty trestlework and arch an exquisite picture of rapid green river, precipitous rocky sides, a lovely valley and distant hills. A sudden turn revealed, some way ahead, numerous rude structures and "works" connected with the government copper mines, at the entrance of which they are situated. A most peculiar effect is produced by the chrysoprase waters below, breaking over numberless

boulders and stones, stained along the water's edge a brilliant flame or orange tint. The valley broadened and lost much of its wildness, and at high noon we drove into Agordo which, like all of these closely built Italian towns, is most picturesque in approach. We clattered along the crooked and narrow streets, brilliant with carnations and roses in window boxes or upon ledges, until we came into a large open plaza, "fit for a king," to the Albergo dell Miniere. We had read the day before Miss Edward's experience at this inn and had many misgivings; but they gave us a delicious and well-cooked déjeuner, beginning with a most palatable potage and ending with a great abundance of mountain strawberries. The great plaza is a green, faced by the hotel; opposite is a fine large municipal building, and, upon two other sides, dwellings and a fine large mansion with pretty balconies, a corner garden with tall iron fence and sixteen stone posts supporting as many statues; all, however, rapidly falling into decay. The town is said to have a population of three thousand, but a very small proportion of that number was visible that day. It looks and probably is poor, but like the Black Forest and Switzerland, the numerous houses with fancy balconies and projecting roofs, make many a most effective tableau. After lunch we walked a long way toward Caprile, some twelve miles distant, the road to which passes finally through a still more wild and narrow valley than the one by which we came, As in Switzerland, the extent of cultivated land is astonishing, for even way up on

the mountain sides are seen numerous fields apparently well tended. The fields around Agordo were merry with haymakers. The people impress one as an industrious, hard-working class, with little of the "happy-go-lucky" air of the more southern provinces. But the air is stronger, the climate more bracing, and as a sequence, the people are sturdier. The surrounding view is very fine, for imposing and towering mountain peaks in groups rise on every side, around which the clouds gather most fascinatingly and enchantingly. We watched the storm clouds roll along and dash against the towering peaks and tumble as it were upon us in the valley in rain. At four o'clock we started upon our return drive. We had seen the mountain barriers in the morning against a sky of blue and bathed in sunshine. Now for a while we were to look upon them cool, dark and sombre, with clouds around and above them, and here and there a patch of blue. Although we lost some of the outlines and occasionally a peak, we thought it even more enjoyable and impressive than in the earlier hours. We passed the "rain centre," and in a provokingly brief time came again into the valley overlooked by sunlit mountain summits. The hush of evening was upon the country as we came into the "open" and for an hour drove quietly along, overlooking the wide, highly cultivated valley, and a few minutes of seven reached "des Alpes," happy with the memory of another glorious day close within Nature's heart of hearts.

## IN THE HEART OF THEM.

One whose time is limited will lose little of the peculiar characteristics of the Dolomite region by scarcely stopping at Belluno, for, although pleasing and attractive, the startling and weird effects in all their profusion and grandeur are only met with farther along the way. Extreme weariness of the flesh and a decided unwillingness to take any portion of so short a driving tour in unfavorable weather, or with the wonderful peaks enveloped or half hidden by the clouds, kept us there for some days, every hour of which, however, was enjoyable. The morning of our departure, after a night of rain, dawned unusually fair and glorious, and almost every peak and outline of surrounding mountains stood out clear-cut against the warm blue or an occasional white floating cloud. About eight o'clock we were seated in a landau, waving our good-bye to pretty Belluno with the parting assurance that, owing to the downpour of the night, the road would be so heavy that we would be six hours instead of four, going to Tai, our next resting place. Crossing the Piave and the deep ravine through which it flows, after clattering through the marketplace and town, we looked back from the opposite hillside upon Belluno, upon its elevated plateau against the background of distant

heights. The tall campanile of San Stephano stood directly before us, beyond which, in the sunshine, appeared the onion-like terminal of the Duomo tower with its winged saint of bronze, and then we saw no more of Belluno, until, an hour later, we looked back from a turn in the road and saw it enthroned and brilliant with sunshine. The road lay along the valley, pointing to a pass, and, between the unusually fine view of the mountains, the rushing stream in the valley-depths, the little hamlets and the rustic haymakers, was most enjoyable. For awhile the valley narrowed and the road hugged close or was cut from the rock-face, while ahead the hills closed in and the valley apparently terminated with several jagged teeth-like peaks, then broadened, and we looked upon a river bed so wide and sandy as to suggest the bed of a former lake. Upon a plateau on opposite bank was perched a pretty village, beyond, a lateral gorge revealed a multitude of tossed and tumbled heights, —through a ravine appeared a regular spelling class of sharp pinnacles, each apparently determined to be "up head." A slight haze imparted a dreamy mystical appearance to even the most austere heights. Again the valley widened, and way ahead loomed mountains above mountains with three or four great Dolomitic peaks with heads lost in the clouds. The river *makes* the industry of this Ampezzo valley, which shows itself in the numerous saw-mills, piles of lumber and rafts and countless logs which farther on become most interesting. In two hours we reached Longarone, where

the horses rested for an hour and we visited the tiny church of San Liberals, called the smallest in Italy. It was of little interest apart from its size, that of a good-sized room.

Directly after leaving Longarone the valley closed in, the road passed down a steep incline, the air became heavy with odor of elderberry blossoms and the views became superb. Far below, level with the river, was a large tract, beautifully laid out with winding paths, shrubbery and trees close to a large mansion which we were not surprised to learn belonged to a Scotchman, for wherever the English or Scotch go, the flower garden in all its glory is sure to go also! For awhile the scene in both directions was breathlessly fine and decidedly Alpine. In the retrospect we saw Longarone, and towering solitary and alone on the opposite side of the valley, a great columnar height called the "Hen's Beak," while in the vista before us appeared the village of Castel Lavazzo. A mile or so beyond, the valley narrows and bends and there is seen through the one long street of Termine, rising upon the opposite side, a great, lofty, tawny yellow crag with sides garlanded with clouds and summit hidden by them. A little waterfall drops from an opposing rock like a slender plume, and withal this was the finest point in the valley. The grandeur and impressiveness of this dark and narrow gorge with the sharp towering Dolomitic heights, are quite indescribable. One is bewildered and confused by the varied, spectacular and breathless effects, and ere the mind

is composed and the scenes fixed in the memory, lo ! the rapidly-moving carriage brings one face to face with new combinations and wonders. One feels so little, so minute, in the presence of such grand and lofty heights, that words to express the confused emotions that crowd mind and heart fail to come at command. Gradually the road which hugged the face of the rocky precipices, buttressed with walls and supports, bent and turned with every variation of its rugged outline and overlooking the rapid Piave, upon which were frequently seen huge rafts of timber, descended and passed through hamlets and forlorn villages to the bed of the valley, where at last we came into a great open space formed by the intersection of two valleys and the confluence of the Boite and Piave and in full sight of Perarola. Glimpses of the highest peaks (8474 ft.) of the Premaggiore range came in view and just before we reached the "Corrono d'Oro," for a moment all tipped with clouds, we saw Antelao, one of the greatest of the giant Dolomites. Here we rested for two hours and were provided with a most delicious lunch. The situation is most picturesque,—the outlook charming. To one side lay the village below, upon opposite hillslope a hamlet with many a Swiss balcony, between the river dashing impetuously along, bearing countless logs, and all around grand old mountain monarchs. But the clouds gathered and the customary shower descended. When it had quite cleared we began, by a fine road, to ascend the very face and side of

formidable Mount Zucco, which was carried in long zigzags cut from the rock, guarded by a parapet of stone, and which commanded magnificent views over the adjacent valleys. The weather is a fickle thing the world over. In less than a half-hour the clouds gathered and the rain fell heavily and steadily and the carriage-top had to be closed, much to our regret, for the road followed around the heights, overlooking always between evergreen woods, the deepening valley and looking off upon a range of superb mountains. A little after four we reached the Albergo Venezia, beautifully located upon the hillside, five minutes above the village of Tai, which we had watched for a long way from the road below. A second story veranda faced the great Pre-maggiore range,—a mighty procession of solemn peaks, while to the west and south rose several peaks with snow-crested mountains beyond. Gazing quietly from our windows, in the very early hours of the following day, was like looking into some solemn sanctuary,—some high and holy place. Towards the southwest, bounded lofty heights, wooded and green a long way up. In a dip in the outline, appeared far away a range of snowy peaks. In the foreground lay the little village, the middle distance being a sea of green, and over it all, in long slants and bars, the light of the coming day, and a hush and stillness that might be felt,—an atmosphere of solemn, spiritual, and poetical suggestiveness. With singular vividness came the remembrance of Guido's peerless Aurora, with the God of Day in

just such a flood of golden light, surrounded by the glad, earnest hours, as we had seen it upon palace walls in far-away Rome. About a mile east from the Albergo, perched as upon a saddle of the hills, and overlooked by a castellated or fortified height, is the village of Pieve de Cadore, especially interesting as the birthplace of Titian. The quaint irregular house, *the* sight of the place, is most effectively located, facing an open space, ornamented with a fountain, just out of the great central plaza of the village, and has slanting roofs and picturesque chimneys, and a variety of uninteresting occupants. A small room with one window is shown as that in which the Old Master first saw the light in 1477. It did not seem calculated to give to a new-comer a very cheerful impression of this world and life, to say the least. In the large, almost triangular plaza, around which huddles the various places of interest, is a fine bronze statue of the great painter. It boasts a municipal building in which are some richly carved wood ceilings and a tower at the base of which is a pyramidal memorial to Calvi and other patriots who laid down life in the troublous times of 1848–55. Near by stands the Palazzo Zampieri, said to have been the residence of Titian's grandfather, a most interesting building in which we passed through a damp, dingy hall, up a stone staircase to an upper hall with queer antique chairs, and into the "salon," where, upon the wall, but enclosed by a frame or guard, is a fresco said to have been executed by Titian in his thirteenth year! Be this as it may,

there is something in the child figure, kneeling before the Madonna, which suggests vividly the lovely one of the Virgin in the matchless "Presentation," at Venice. This seems a marked peculiarity of Titian, for many figures and faces in his earlier works are recognizable, developed and perfected in his later ones. In the duomo, a few hundred feet away, is one figure strikingly similar to one in "Sacred and Divine Love" so long in the Borghese Palace in Rome. In a side chapel is a Madonna and child, with two officials in adoration and Titian himself in the background, all the faces being family portraits. Over the high altar is a beautifully grouped "Last Supper," by a brother of Titian. In a small museum, a charming clerical brother showed us with genuine enthusiasm a most interesting collection of engravings of his works, also his "Patent of Nobility," beautifully engrossed and illuminated upon parchment. We also visited the Solero Palace, with fine old carved settles and chairs,—hall and library; but the proprietor, being absent, we were obliged to pass much we would liked to have examined. Perhaps midway between Pieve and Tai is the wayside church known as the "Santissimo Crocifisso," so named because it contains a most remarkable crucifix, found in 1540, buried in an adjacent field, by a husbandman while ploughing. The incident is pictured upon the tympanum of the classic front portico. It is a hideous-looking object, dark in color, with natural hair, and the blood pouring from the wounds, and is placed in

a glass case above the high altar. The supposition is it was buried where found by some one of the retreating armies of the troublous time of long ago.

Some delightful excursions can be most conveniently and comfortably made from Tai, even by those who are limited to carriage drives. One glorious day must ever live in our memory, that upon which we drove to Auronzo and San Stefano. The day was peerless, and at an early hour we were off in an open carriage, wishing that every one could look upon the beautiful, unfolding scene, for it was a vision of all that is beautiful and grand and our way the livelong day a royal progress. We passed through "Pieve di Cadore," and then, what a surprise, what a revelation of beauty, in a prolonged decline, overlooking a great open valley, surrounded by the breathlessly lofty mountains! Wide valley does not express it. It is rather a great undulating, wave-tossed sea of green, dotted with villages, in the encircling embrace of everlasting hills. Looking backward, the view was superb,—a magnificent sweep,—bold single mountain spurs,—Pieve di Cadore glistening upon its ridge, and always the weird, strange horizon mountains. The road turned into coves and suddenly, against the sky above, a deep dip in the outline of the nearer mountains, rose the great snow-touched mass of "Marmarola," a group of sharp gray peaks lined with yellow and seamed with white. It was a breathless and dazzling vision on that glorious sunny day! It seemed as if every moment revealed some new and

beautiful effect. Following the banks or walls of a deep ravine we descended rapidly to a picturesque bridge, beside which, upon a support or foundation of great water-worn, columnar rocks, stood a tiny church, with steep, pitched roof and a little campanile. The early morning, the uniform verdancy, the great variety of surface and the wonderful mountain forms made it perfect. Sometimes great masses of evergreens, again, in break of horizon hills, great jagged, teeth-like crags and peaks, and something to call forth an ejaculation of delight at every rod. At the end of an hour the valley narrowed, and ere long we came to the confluence of the Piave and the Ansici, where is a most singular and picturesque stone bridge, the "Tre Ponte," consisting of three arches spanning the two streams and a ravine, all uniting and resting upon a central pier, above which three roads met. We were told that it was the scene of a fearful and final struggle in 1866 in the war with Austria. Leaving the Piave, which we had literally in sight all the way from Belluno, we turned into a wild, narrowing valley, through whose cool, shady depths flowed the Ansici. It was the "Val di Auronzo," with lofty hillsides dark and lustrous with evergreens and every rod a combination of beautiful groupings and effects. Within a half hour we came to a great curving bend, when, like a pictured canvas, lay before us a broad valley with a rambling, straggling village and a huge white-domed church which, had we been in the East, we would have

said was a mosque. All around were the wonderful encircling mountains, and towering above all else in the extreme distance the three mountain obelisks of the "Drei-Zinnen," which we knew from photographs. It was a marvellous outlook, this extensive, verdant valley with its rapid foaming river, its forests of laurel and firs, and the great encircling silent heights, all in a blaze of morning sunlight! We drove through the long straggling rows of houses and Albergos, ere we came to the one where we were to rest the horses, and lunch, and then we walked on to the end of the village. Many of the houses are Swiss in style, in that they have fanciful outside balconies and wide projecting eaves. As many of them have no chimneys, but only holes along the ceiling to allow the smoke to escape, they are stained almost black, and look horribly unhealthy and unattractive. As we have passed through the country we have been much interested in, and amused by, the kitchen fires. At the Albergo Venezio at Tai, as well as the one at which we here lunched, the fire was made upon a stone hearth or platform a foot or more in height. Above this is suspended a hood which gathers the smoke and carries it to the chimney. Here, a bench or settle was built against the wall around three sides of the hearth, so that the inmates could sit and toast their feet, while the other side was left unobstructed for the cook. Very frequently is seen, upon the side of the house, that which suggests a square bay window. From the centre of the

junction of its roof and the main building the chimney is carried up, thus making the square space possible in the room below. In the better class hotels we have seen upon the hearth, most elaborate fire-dogs of iron and brass with small cranes and chains and a variety of shovels, tongs and picks, which are really very ornamental, and which need only to be seen by our peripatetic countrymen to be transferred to artistic homes across the sea.

Returning by the same road to beyond the Tre Ponte, we turned abruptly away, to drive to San Stefano. How little we dreamed of what awaited us! How difficult to convey any vivid, truthful idea of it! For soon we turned into a valley so contracted and narrow between lofty mountain ranges as to be scarcely more than a fissure or gorge, with the road cut from and walled up against the steep sloping mountain sides. At times we fairly hung over the depths, through which dashed and roared our old companion, the Piave. Upon either side, towering up and up, dense green of foliage and the gray of bare mountain walls;—above, the great black clouds which had come up rapidly; way below, the beautiful innumerable rapids of the river breaking over the rocky bed,—while always before us, in and out, around projections and, in one place, through a tunnel, was the beautiful, white, stone parapeted road. For awhile this was all, and then a wide curve or bend and a slow gradual descent,—and then towering walls of glittering, glistening, bare,

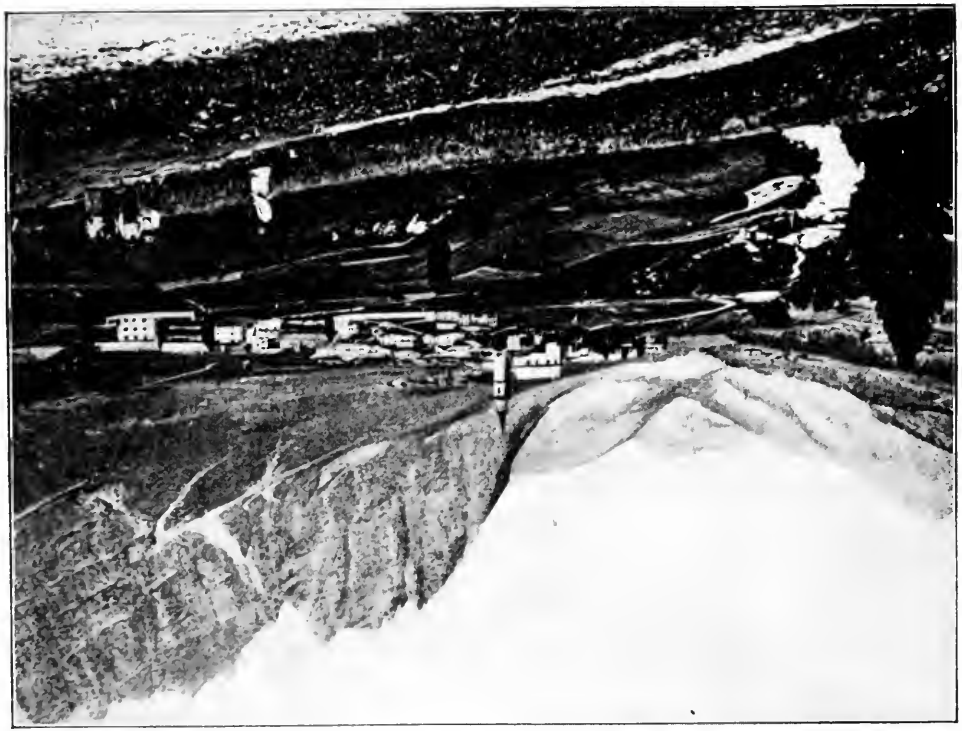
gray rocky heights. In some places, the snow and ice, glacier-like, flowed down the rifted mountains to the river's brink. It was a wonderful drive of an hour or more through a constantly changing scene of rocky walls with, through great rifts, glimpses of tremendous peaks and crags. One huge mass of glistening gray, in its outline and surface it seemed like a gigantic draped but headless figure. One moment we would be in shadow of passing cloud or patter of rain,—the next looking up through some gigantic rift at distant peaks ablaze with sunlight. We came finally into an open verdant valley, brilliant with wild flowers,—huge clusters of maroon columbine and along the wayside, places blue with forget-me-nots. The little village of San Stefano was of no interest. A rest of two hours and then we returned by the same wonderful cañon and the road we passed over in the early morning. Relieved of the necessity of being constantly on the "qui vive," or alert, we sat quietly and watched the changing effects of the subdued light and lengthening shadows over the enchanting scene, until, much to our regret, at six o'clock, we reached again the Albergo Venezia at Tai.

## A ROYAL PROGRESS.

From Tai to Cortina, the best known place in the region, the distance is not more than eighteen miles, but the character of the country is so entirely different, the valleys being much broader, the mountains, seen at better perspective, being more weird, bold and overwhelming, and every feature, in fact, being upon so much larger a scale, that one is silenced, and gazes in a helpless awe and wonder that leaves a most confused and bewildering remembrance. We passed down the valley road through Tai and plunged at once in scenery beautiful and fine. The way was circuitous for a while, for it followed the course of a deep valley, in great loops, looking down into cool depths and upon densely wooded heights; passed through Valle, an important village, and through numerous hamlets, and continually ascended (Cortina being some twelve hundred feet above Tai), and soon gave us our first unclouded view of Antelao, a sight for a lifetime. At one time quite shut in by Mt. Pelmo, but for a long way looking along the great trough-like valley, with the strange mountain forms, one is fairly dazed by the grandeur and oppressiveness of the scene. It is quite impossible to express the impression this grand, broad valley, with all its turnings,

makes; its revelation of one after another of the great peaks of the Dolomites, beginning with Pelmo and Rocchetta, and continuing so long with majestic Antelao, as to make it seem, in its curving and bending, like a single peak, and then a long range of them, with strange cross lines of snow,—and nearing Cortina, the two wonder-inspiring heights of Tofano and Cristallo! At one place was passed a tremendous landslide (1814), a great torrent of glaciers, of fine white dolomite, from the slopes of Antelao, which, even after the lapse of many years, is still a terrible sight. Two or three villages were swept entirely out of existence, leaving nothing but this white bed of pulverized stone to tell the tale. Again, in 1868, a similar disastrous slide occurred. Some three or four miles from Cortina a red, white and green pole half uplifted above the road, several uniformed revenue officers and a customs station, and a few moments later a similar separating bar of yellow and black, and officials in different attire, told us that we had passed the magic line that separates sunny Italy from sturdy Austria. Fortunately the Austrians were good-natured and content to open only one piece of luggage, for the black clouds were gathering rapidly, and before we were fairly off the rain was falling heavily. So we lost the immediate approach to pretty Cortina, although, when within ten minutes of it, we were able to throw the carriage open again, and have the whole marvellous scene displayed at a glance. Cortina lies in an amphitheatre, or basin, in the heart of an undulating valley,

Cortina



which, in great waves of living green meadow-land, bounds up to the base of densely wooded hills, above which rise the strange, weird, single and clustered peaks which give to this wild, solitary country the name of "The Dolomites." Like a handful of brown and white pebbles, it lies in the centre of a valley, unique, majestic and grand, some four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Ordinary mountain forms bound and rock on every side in long, graceful, billowy outlines, while here and there, tossed high, and as if arrested in mid-air, like mighty waves of boundless sea, are seen these strange pinnacles, turrets, castle-like battlements, so unlike any other form save perhaps the "Aiguilles" of the Alps, and the fretted points which are mirrored so bewitchingly in the calm waters of the bay of Uri. No words can describe the stately grandeur, the sublime dignity or the oppressive loneliness of these tumultuous masses of silver gray, which encircle Cortina like an immense cyclorama. Seen against a blue sky, uplifted above our common air, they possess the impressive serenity born of dwelling at a holy height and within a purified atmosphere. The little town bubbles all over with small hotels and lodgings and has many pretty shops where the metal and wood mosaic, the carvings, "hot poker work," and filigree silver and gold articles made at the shops of the government schools, are displayed. We had engaged rooms at the Stella d'Oro in the centre of the town, not knowing of the Falorio which is perched high upon the hillside, commanding a sweep-

ing and magnificent view of the cradle-like valley and all the gigantic peaks which peep and rise above the nearer mountain ranges. Sorelle Barbari, the landlady, unable to speak a word of English, received us with outstretched arms and fervent welcome. She led us triumphantly upstairs and down, showing the forlorn little "salon" with as much gusto as if a drawing-room, and then, taking us by a Swiss outside balcony to an adjoining house, led us to our apartments which, because of crucifixions, several Madonnas and a doll dressed and crowned "Our Lady," seemed decidedly religious in tone. Our windows looked upon the Plaza, and here and there through the tree branches were had glimpses of the surrounding heights. In the plaza was a fountain, evidently the village water supply, with four spouts and an immense bowl, and the amount of gossiping and laundering done around it by the simple dames was apparently endless. Two churches minister to the spiritual needs of the simple folk, one with stately campanile of cut stone, fit for a great city. In many respects Cortina is the most popular and interesting point in a region singularly crowded with marvellous and startling combinations. The excursions, both driving and pedestrian, are numerous and satisfying. As the clouds seemed indissolubly joined to the mountain tops, the first but otherwise fine day of our stay we were content to stroll along the high-road and up through meadows "knee-deep with exquisite wild flowers." In variety, color, and choiceness the display far ex-

ceeded the flower-starred fields of Holy Land. No need is there for plucking a *common* blossom, or what we would call a weed, for there are myriads worthy of a choice parterre. One day you may return with a symphony in yellow from palest canary to deepest russet; another, with one in lilac, running the whole gamut from white to heaviest purple, and again with that of fairest and most delicate blush to rich and ruddy rose. Small pansies by the thousands; blue forget-me-nots so thick that the field in sections will be blue with them and a myriad of the dearest and sweetest little pink and white flowers innumerable greet your every footstep. You stoop instinctively and pluck them, wondering what you can do with them, with wash-bowl, pitcher and tumbler in your room already full, yet unable to withstand the impulse. Our second was a day of days! The first absolutely and continuously clear day from morn till dewy eve we had had since our departure from Venice, with a cool, refreshing and life-giving breeze and everything to make an excursion to the Tre Sassi Pass a success. In a light, comfortable carriage with a pair of good sturdy horses that were not likely to be a steady drain upon our sympathies the livelong day, we started about nine o'clock, and crossing the little river Boite, drove directly up the opposite hill with fields and meadows beautiful with blush of pink, sheen of yellow, glow of purple and the lovely blue of forget-me-nots. We could have employed a half-dozen sets of eyes, for Antelao arose finer than ever before, unobscured by

cloud or vapor, from first springing from the valley depths to the topmost pinnacles;—with breathless beauty appeared long slanting mountain sides, dazzling ridges like roofs covered with snow, and beyond, the fretted troubled outlines of shattered heights;—and Tofano rose in awe-inspiring shafts against the sky and one solemn height and another filled our minds with wonder and amazement! It is so sensational! Everywhere is a horizon line of staid well-behaved mountains, but at intervals, upspring without any "ifs or ands," the most fantastic, often grotesque and always startling shapes and forms! For a while the gradually ascending road followed the base of a precipitous mountain with brown and yellow face, against which, with exquisite effect, rose slender, graceful larches. As we climbed in the shadow of this great rock, away across the pasturage, gaunt, abrupt, and with a wild, turbulent and savage grandeur, loomed Mt. Tofano, to a height of over eleven thousand feet, like titantic slanting roofs and sombre towers. In an open space or "Alp," literally "set in a high place," we found the Albergo Tofano, a small hotel, with a superb view way off to the left, over soft fringe of evergreens, of towering Sorapis (also 11,000ft.) and mighty Antelao and a breathless panorama of all the greater heights, seamed with snow and tossed in air and fretted in strange likeness unto cathedral towers, buttresses, pinnacles and Gothic roofs. As we mounted higher through pasture-land and woods of evergreen, Sorapis and Antelao grew stupendous

and presented the most glorious and overwhelming scene we had yet witnessed. One *loves* the Swiss mountains with their long, bold, but peaceful lines and suggestions, but these

> ——"rear their forms so high,
> Against Heaven's blue dome,"

in such violent and restless shapes, that one gazes at them in a helpless awe that is almost akin to fear. By a serpentine road, our way winds through thickets of larch and across open pasturages, strikingly resembling private grounds, with the strange apparition through the trees at times, of great mountain-peaks bounding high in the crystalline atmosphere, and at our feet often the stunted heather rapidly growing pink and rosy with the fast developing blossoms. It was a marvellous drive, first in the sunshine, then beneath the feathery larches and over shadow-flecked green;—now above the evergreens, a cathedral spire, turrets and pinnacles,—anon, the battlemented walls of mountain fastnesses and coming into an open space face to face with the great yellow and gray mass of Tofano against the brilliant blue sky,—all in quick succession. Over a hillside covered with dense growth of evergreens, peered one mountain, like a great solitary *square* tower. These masses of strange form, and these wild, rocky heights, violate all accepted ideas of what mountains should be, and compared with the dignified Alps appear like freaks or antics. We turned into a narrow pass,—the yellow road wriggled on be-

tween gray boulders and tall evergreens, and beside a brawling stream, until at 12 M. we reached the Ospizio Falzarego (6,535 ft.) at the beginning of the Falzarego Pass, a breezy upland closer than ever to the great peaks which, as if affronted by our temerity, suddenly assumed a strange, unapproachable air. Fifteen minutes later above the hill ridge before us stood a rustic cross and against the warm blue beyond, the crest of a snow-covered mountain. The coachman waved his hand, but ere he could call out, we exclaimed, "Marmolata!" It was evident we were to see more than Miss Edwards did, for the skies were clear. Fifteen minutes later we came to the terminus of our drive,—the Pass of Tre Sassi, a wild rugged place, a great billow, as full of huge boulders as the bed of a brook with pebbles. The towering, awe-inspiring heights were very close,—we seemed, in fact, at their very base. The outline against the perfectly blue sky was unspeakably grand and sublime and the variety of form and frequent fringe or cord of snow surpassingly beautiful. From among the boulders our eyes swept over a scene breathlessly magnificent. Down and down sank the valley! Across it a long, sloping, undulating mountain, bronze green with scanty turf at summit, but spiked at base with darkest evergreens, and beyond this barrier against the warm blue "Marmolata," not in jagged peaks but in long wedge-like ridge, with the almost unbroken snow-fields covering fully one half of the sloping side, the other showing bare rock with snow in

pockets. It was disappointing in so far as we expected to see it *alone* as we had seen Antelao, but the nearer hill so obscures its lower slope that *comparatively* little is seen, but that *little* is so unearthly, so unspeakably grand, one wants to see it *all the time!* But bearing away to the left was a regal procession of mountains tossed in easy, graceful shapes, like the waves of the sea, crested with white. Lying upon an apparently level upland was an immense stretch of unbroken snow, like an ermine robe shrouding the form of a king, which recalled vividly the effigy upon the royal tomb of Kaiser William at Charlottenberg with the rich ermine-lined mantle lying in heavy, massive folds over the prostrate form and hanging like snow in drifts over the base. We sat there for a couple of hours seeing soft white cloud-banks arise beyond so like them as to seem a continuation of a procession of courtiers coming to look upon the face of the royal dead. Here and there beyond, triangular peaks became as blue as sapphire! It was so *still!* It seemed a Holy of holies; a glimpse of a spiritual kingdom from a far-away Pisgah height! Oh! day of days! we said, surely you are not for a day only but for all time, for such visions may fade but cannot entirely perish from the earth.

Such an unclouded view is very rare, and as usual, we turned away reluctantly.

On our way down, just before we came to the precipice at whose base the road lay almost at beginning of ascent, we turned into a lovely wood

road in the cool shadows of a larch forest and came out finally at the Belvedere of Monte Crepa where, upon the edge of a bluff a thousand feet above Cortina, was a summer-house and a restaurant. The view from it lengthwise of the Ampezzo valley was wonderful, for flooded with sunshine it lay like a great deep billow, the mountains on either side with their fantastic and snowy crests corresponding with the wind-tossed waves and spray. The view of Sorapis and Antelao was like that of another world. As we sat there noting, over a cup of afternoon tea, the lines of beauty and the wonderful gradations of color, one beside me said, "Do you see that face in the snow upon Antelao?" I looked and in the outline of the snow-sloping side, requiring no imagination to decipher, lay a great, solemn, peaceful profile and face. The forehead, closed eyes, nose, moustache and chin were perfect. It was as mysterious as the colossal, immovable faces seen in Egyptian illustrations. An expression of ineffable peace played around the lips,—a purity, as if made whiter than snow, rested upon every feature. I have seen many fanciful suggestions in nature, but this, save the Profile in the White Mountains, surpassed them all. We watched it as the summer clouds passed over it, and left it placid, peaceful and undisturbed, wondering in our hearts if it were possible so to live that the clouds and sorrows of life could leave no trace,

> "And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across the peaceful breast!"

So the glorious day found upon the level summit of that abrupt precipitous height a strange and tranquillizing closing, in the long sweeping view of the quiet valley, the solemn company of uplifted peaks and this vivid suggestion of absolute and "perfect peace."

## OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

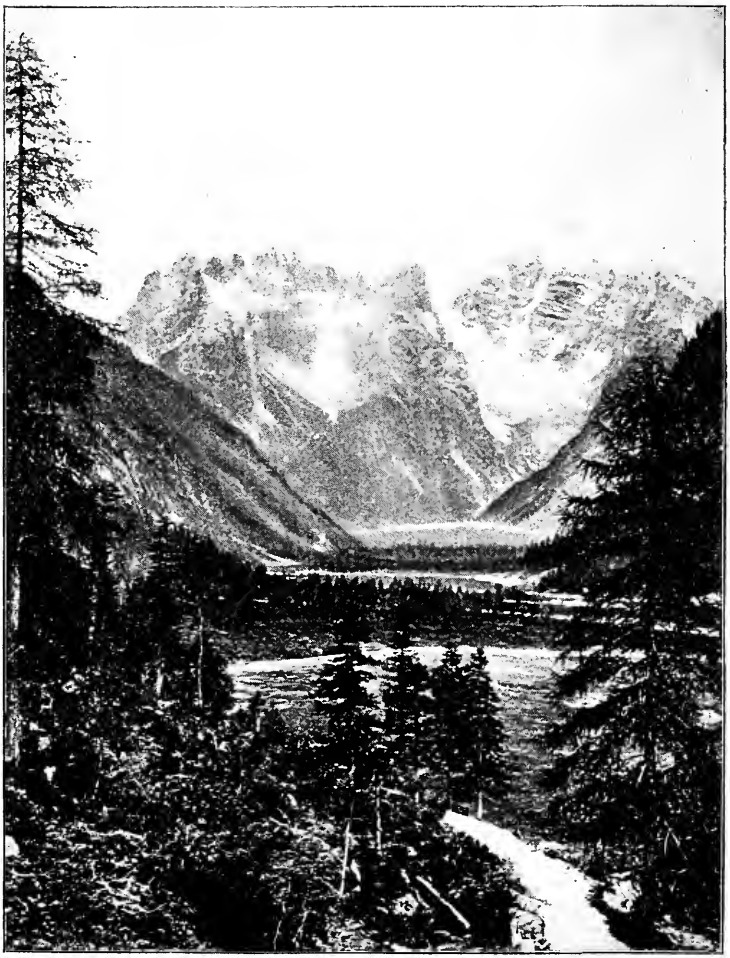
THE pedestrian is to be envied at Cortina, in fact all through the Dolomite country, for there are so many points only to be, or better, reached on foot, and even when driving one wants continually to pause and so look at the wonderful and novel combinations of mountains and hills, as to carry away a lasting remembrance. Yet there is much that can be satisfactorily seen from the carriage, more in fact than one can carry away in a single summer. The weather had been so fickle that when, to our surprise and delight, another perfect day dawned, we arranged at once to drive to Tre Croce, Lake Misurina and Schluderbach, which we had been assured was the most charming excursion of all, although better taken in the reverse order. All along we met parties taking the greater portion of the route on foot, than which, owing to the many beautiful views, nothing could be more charming. At nine o'clock, in a very small one-seated carriage, with two strong horses, we started, having the same gentle, cool breeze as yesterday, which seem to come from the snowy uplifted ledges to temper the heat of the sun. A few rods beyond the Stella d'Oro, we turned from the main street of Cortina and commenced at once a sharp ascent. Slowly, after getting a permit

to cross into Italian territory, which we would do at Tre Croce, we climbed up the extended slope with a charming retrospect of the verdant valley,—little Cortina glittering in the sun, and the cool and green opposing slopes. Ere long, save upon a distant hillslope a hut peeping out here and there, we were without sign or hint of human life, literally lost in the fresh, beautiful uplands,—*alone* with the works and the thoughts of the Infinite. It was so still, so solitary, yet too spring-like in freshness, too exultant in expression to seem lonely. Again we came upon the park-like beauty we so revelled in only yesterday, of sloping greensward upon either side, with countless tapering larches through which the sunlight filtered in golden glints with bewitching shadows upon the turf beneath. Looking through the delicate feathery branches, against the wondrous blue, here loomed up a great cluster of peaks,—there a mass of snow-covered heights, while on opposite side of a little ravine, parallel with our road, lay a long, abrupt ridge with fearfully precipitous face. The cattle, as in Switzerland and Norway, are taken into the high mountain pastures for the summer, and as we passed farther along we caught occasional glimpses of mountain hut or dairy. Once when we were passing where there was no suggestion of human life and were looking back over the beautiful, undulating, lawn-like expanse and the far-away tremendous barrier of mountain and snow, from behind a distant projecting cliff or spur, appeared, sharp-cut against

the sky, a most picturesque procession of ten peasant women with bright-colored skirts tucked up, carrying upon their heads great trays of cheese and butter,—as pretty and spectacular a sight as if a part of the scenery of a play. In the freshness of early morning, all was as jubilant and joyous as if Nature was sounding a pæan of triumph,—a psalm of adoration upon the still air of these expectant uplands. At the end of an hour and a half, apparently at the end of the roadway, appeared a little knoll with three rude crosses, and we knew the summit of the pass was near at hand. A few moments later we alighted for a half hour rest of our steeds at a pretty little hotel, "Albergo Tre Croce," most attractively located. The rooms were tidy and prettily furnished and every window commanded a view that satisfied the very soul. To one side the outlook was over a beautiful undulating hillside of lawn-like verdancy and beauty. In the distance was a fringe of feathery larch as effectively disposed as if a study in landscape gardening, while beyond were the blue, *blue* cavernous depths of the Val Buono,—directly above which was the long, massive, range-like pile of "Marmarola," over ten thousand feet in height, with dazzling but sadly torn and rent mantle of snow. To our right toward the overwhelming peaks, pinnacles and walls of Sorapis, seamed with long lines of white. Beneath the undimmed and unclouded sun, the snow gleaming and flashing, made these heights seem like the walls of an Eternal City. A brief half hour in such

environment scarcely more than dazes and overwhelms and fairly blinds the sight and hopelessly confuses mind and heart. It is simply intoxicating! In opposite direction trembled in crystalline air, Malcora and Tofano, the giant crags beyond Cortina. In a deep dip of the outline of Malcora shone the tip of a peak beyond, white with the driven snow,—the summit of distant Marmolada, with which we stood face to face twenty-four hours before. Far away beyond the blue darkling depths of immediate ravines, against the sky, bounded and fairly leaped for joy this gladsome sunny day, a range of varied and mighty mountains sapphire and opaline in touch and tint. Back of the house bounded immediately upward, O so high! two clustered groups of sharp, needle-like peaks. In every direction it was a scene fair and beautiful to behold,—a play of exquisite color, a riot of graceful forms and lines. Yet lovely as the situation was, we knew it was only one of a great multitude tucked away in the Tyrolean and Higher Alps. As we had reached the summit of the pass, our road upon leaving passed rapidly down the mountain side. Deeper and deeper lay beneath us the wondrous sapphire depths of the Val Buona, so glorious and fascinating in color we fain would have followed its azure course to Auronzo. But at a junction, our road turned away and soon began to ascend. Again the fascinating park-like effect of smooth turf, pretty knolls and tapering larches without number. Upon every sunny sloping bank the exquisite wild flowers were having a

garden party, a lovely sweep of color. In wonder and adoration we gazed at the weird, almost funereal effect, of the tall green spikes of larch and spruce, with their sombre shadows, and through and above them, heights of snow-crested and snow-draped adamant so hushed and still! All nature seemed at worship and we felt the awe and hush that fills mind and heart when one comes into a place where prayer is ascending. We climbed slowly. For a while there was only an interesting hill-slope before us; but behind us, way off beyond the valley depths, like a continuous range all dashed and dotted and seamed and draped with snow, wherever it was possible to lodge, were Sorapis, the wondrous Marmarola and the white peak of Antelao, not unlike a mighty army with banners flashing in the sunlight, seen through the unearthly blue and opaline atmosphere inseparable from these larch and evergreen-wooded hills and dark, ravine-like valleys. Before us, over the the rounded hill-top, arose the strange clustered peaks, the "Drei Zinnen," which here looked like the twin gables of two gigantic cathedral naves. About noon we came in sight of a small sheet of water about one half a mile long and one quarter of a mile broad, which in our country would be called a pond, but which here basks beneath the summer sun under the musical name of Lake Misurina. A small hotel and restaurant faces it and in its mirror-like surface are reflected the distant peaks. Almost immediately after leaving we came upon a strange picture, a great open



Durren-see—Mt. Cristallo

space like a lake of green with a billowy opposite bank, dark evergreens and alone up and up in the sunny glowing atmosphere the weird peaks of "Drei Zinnen," like some mighty ruin. Then through sunlight and shadows we passed again into a silent land, for the way led down the Val Popena by a toboggan-like road and zigzag route, giving a succession of overwhelming visions of tremendous opposing slopes as of mountain sides and débris flowing like lava or a glacier towards the depths; of the red, yellow and gray mass of distant Rossa and glimpses between deep dips of the shadowed ranges, of square towers as of some ancient stronghold flashing in the sunlight. In the bed of the valley, with lovely pink daphne making the turf as brilliant as choicest parterre, we looked up at Mt. Cristallo rising like a wall then breaking into towers and pinnacles of light glowing yellow, pale gray and snowy white. About half-past two we came to the end of the Popena Valley and, through the shady woods, saw in an open amphitheatre, surrounded by great mountain monarchs, two handsome buildings quite similar to a summer hotel in our own land, which, with a tiny ancient chapel and outbuildings, constitute the station upon the great Ampezzo Valley post-road,—of Schluderbach. We fell in love with it at once and resolved we would quickly return and have some needed restful days in its quiet enclosure. As a matter of fact we returned and tarried several days, not only once, but a second time: and remember it as a delightful resort only second to San

Martino in the whole district. The location may be described as a bit of widened valley between two sudden turns of the mountain range,—a sea of green, level and verdant, hemmed in on every side by rocky barriers, well covered a long way up with wooded or stunted growth. The great rounded forms dip low ere bounding up into a group of jagged heights, revealing in the gaps, tall, bare, gray, snow-flecked pinnacles of Dolomite beyond. Other green-sided mountains take up the story and carry it along as they bound away in sharp outlines and lines of snow. Others rise abruptly in a sheer precipice, and everywhere the peculiar whitish gray and the dull yellow of the rock faces gleam and glisten like scorched and stained mother-of-pearl. But the noblest of all, one of the most striking and strange sights of the whole country, is "Croda Rossa," the red mountain, a tall pyramidal mass of jagged peaks, with sides profusely splashed and spotted with touches of the deep red of brilliant iron rust, with exquisite shadings of bright orange and pale yellow upon a groundwork of softest gray and white. To sit, even for one short hour, and watch this wondrous pile and note the marvellous chameleon-like changing of tint and color as the sun blazes upon it, or shadow of passing cloud rests over it, and as the sky beyond may become gray and leaden, throwing out every hue and shade with emphasis, is alone worth the journey thitherward. One morning the rain fell in torrents, but at an early hour the clouds rolled away, the sun flooded the scene, the

sky became a most peculiar blue, and in the clear atmosphere the colors upon this rocky height were so intensified that it seemed in flames! Oh! how startlingly beautiful the soft grays, the mellow buffs and yellows and the intensified reds were, for several hours! An English writer, because of the great blood-red splashes and spots, calls it the "Mount of Sacrifice." The grandeur and sublimity of the encircling mountains are overpowering. One seems in this level, solitary valley depth as in the presence of just men made perfect. The hostelry group and tiny chapel alone suggest the work and need of man;—all else is of the heavenly and spiritual. Standing in this open space was like waiting in the centre of some mighty arena surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. It was not, however, an atmosphere of conflict or strife but of perfect, heaven-born peace. The hotel, which was a fine one, seemed filled with Germans, and boasts as former patrons the Crown Prince Frederick William, and the present Empress Frederick.

In the late afternoon of the day we visited Tre Croce and Lake Misurina, we returned to Cortina by the Ampezzo road, a drive of two hours. Like that from Tai to Cortina, of which it is a continuation, it is through a broad valley which grows perceptibly narrower as it proceeds northward, with always the great mountain walls upon either side and frequently some gigantic peak peering above his fellows. The superb roadway, smooth and white, following the outline of projecting slopes and

spurs, often lay before us in a succession of curves and bends, handsomely walled upon the inside and protected by stone parapets upon the other. The vistas through the evergreens;—the look down into the shadowy valley with the beautifully tinted waters;—the deep-shadowed mountains upon one side and those upon the other in full blaze of the sun, and the constant revelation of sun-kissed mountain peaks high above us in the most unexpected places, crowded every moment with delight. In one place the road, in order to descend and cross to the opposite lower side of the valley, was carried in a long loop or doubling, giving the most spectacular view upon the route. A night at Cortina and we passed this way again, but as it was uphill a greater part of the way and we looked along the vistas and over the hill country towards which our backs were turned before, it had the charm of an entirely unknown route. A little way from Cortina we seemed to face and go steadily towards the very heart of the majestic monarchs, looking for awhile at the junction of the grandest and loftiest ranges where lay a curious mound with red and yellow bands, while beyond and above rose a height of softest gray and white with copious dashes of red and yellow. The half has not been told of the strange and wonderful colorings in these Dolomite regions. Pictures succeed one another most rapidly, for a road cannot follow the line of deep coves and cling to the edge of projecting mountain spurs without giving a variety of unique views. Sometimes we

passed upon level plateaus and looked down upon thousands of tapering larches and above them on the opposite slope upon a single, gigantic, majestic peak. Often the road is cut from the mountain-side and is supported by masonry. The turn of the valley where the road is carried across in a great swinging loop, slowly ascending, is very fine. Suddenly, as we were ascending, a slender deer bounded across the road and in a moment was out of sight. Pink daphne, the sweetest and loveliest of the wild flowers dotted the banks and slopes with all the finished beauty of a carefully studied garden. There is a most peculiar finish in this entire drive, with its superb road bed—lovely larch vistas, park-like stretches and the overpowering grandeur and majesty of the detached heights. As we neared Schluderbach, it seemed as if brilliant sunlight, blue crystalline air, and glittering mountains combined, for one last grand "coup d'œil," for to our left, way up and up, above the nearer gigantic mountain range, rose one awe-inspiring cluster of peaks like some superb architectural triumph of ancient days, shattered and torn, but showing still its Gothic form and outlines, all dashed and glowing with red and yellow. It was the mighty tower of Croda Rossa, so grand, so sublime, that instinctively we thought and sang,—

"Glorious things of thee are spoken."—

Beyond Schluderbach the valley turns abruptly, narrows suddenly almost to a gorge. The great mountains compact and rounded, yellow, brown

and gray, rise with impressive effect upon either side. Dark forests and bare mountain crags, make it peculiarily sombre in the afternoon when shadows close in. Very soon is passed the the Durrensee, a beautiful sheet of green with above it, through a gap in the almost solid wall, an exquisite view of the distant "Drei Zinnen" peaks, wonderfully like the two towers and spires of some grand cathedral, glistening in the sun. Farther on is Landro, with a backward view singularly striking and impressive, of the group of Cristallo with its jagged peaks, its fields of snow and its glacier, with Popeno and Cristallino beyond, all over ten thousand feet in height. As we stood in the shadows of the valley and the sun flooded it, it presented the most brilliant, startling and dazzling effect we had ever beheld. While the narrowing valley was not startling with strange shapes, it was fine because of its almost uniform, precipitous lichen-covered mountain walls. Beyond Landro is quite an extensive fortification commanding the valley. The mountains become bolder and the gorge narrower,—the little green Toblach-see was passed and then we swept through the gateway of the valley, guarded upon either side by gigantic heights, which bounded abruptly into the air to a height of 7,750 feet. Afterwards the valley widened, the road descended rapidly through thickets of larch, curving and turning in most picturesque fashion. In the distance spread before us the open country, —the "Pusterthal," green and beautiful, but very tame compared with the rocky fastnesses we had

Drei Zinnen

left so regretfully behind. We came into the broad valley in due time and found at Toblach a very handsome spick and span modern hotel, facing a railway,—the end of the drive through the Dolomite country, but, unsatisfied because we had not seen San Martino, of which we had heard so much, we took the railway to Botzen, a beautiful jaunt of some three hours, to make, in fact, our journey over again.

## IN THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK.

Botzen is beautiful for situation, with one peerless view sufficiently grand to make it famous. Our windows at the Victoria commanded it,—a break or deep dip in the far-away mountain ranges showing apparently still more distant, in most spectacular and dramatic manner, the wild, grim, rugged Rosengarten and the sharp sabre-like peak of Schlern, one of the greatest Dolomites. At sunset, with almost an Alpine glow upon it, it was superb. Our journey of an hour by rail brought us, about nine o'clock in the morning, to Neumarkt Station. Having telegraphed the evening before to the "Messaggeria Postale," a carriage and pair awaited us, and without delay, across a dusty valley, with a fine view of a great amphitheatre walled with goodly mountains, and an effective closing in at end, we drove directly to the village, and clattered past its arcades and oriel windows and over its one stony street and began at once the gradual ascent of the abrupt mountain range at whose base it lies. It was charming, for the road was carried in sharp zigzags or followed the course of deep coves, and, frequently high above us and apparently flat against the rocky, precipitous sides, could be seen the parapet of the continuation of the way. In the depths of one cove we looked up at a quaint

and picturesque old château with battlemented walls, steep roofs, odd turrets and towers, and later, upon turning a zigzag, came quite abreast of it. These old castles and half-ruined châteaux, the outcome or growth of an age that is past, perched in the most picturesque and well-nigh inaccessible points, never lose their charm with our countrymen, for the reason that they constitute the one feature in the landscape which can never become a familiar one in our land. The road often is cut from the very face of the tall precipitous mountain, and from such high vantage-ground one looks down into, and far and wide through, the great valley below. Steadily the road led upward, passing in the level stretches many a group of haymakers (the men wearing aprons), through thickets of walnuts and woods of evergreens until at noon we reached and halted for a half hour at the Fontana Fredda, a large brewery and inn at an elevation of 3,115 feet. For a long way after we seemed upon a level elevated valley with evergreen-covered hillsides, and at end of vista some distant snow-streaked mountains. It was pretty and charming, but at no time remarkable. The road wound around the hillside through lovely evergreen woods, like great dim cathedral aisles and following the hill ranges, bounded first one way and then another, always with a lovely view down in the valley depths. At last it turned a spur of the hills and we looked the length of a long, broad valley with several villages and churches most picturesquely situated, and at the end, high above the

ranges of mountains, the "Fiem-me," with summit wreathed with passing clouds. Later we came to Calvalese, where horses were changed and a simple luncheon procured. The road, as we gradually descended to the Fiem-me Valley, was fearfully dusty, which, however, was better than pouring rain and pasty road-bed. The valley is modest in width, with the Avisio watering its course. At three o'clock, well-nigh smothered with yellow dust, we drove up to the Albergo Rosa, at Predazzo, where we were to spend the night. (It would have been better to have pressed on to Panaveggio, four hours' distant, for the accommodations were better.) The cavernous depths of the entrance passage revealed the stable and suggested the pigsty, and was far from attractive. Three men, a nice elderly woman and two blooming damsels quickly appeared and escorted us to our rooms. As in the spiritual world, the higher we mounted the purer and sweeter it became, until at the third floor we were ushered into clean and tidy rooms, with marvellously frescoed ceilings, lace curtains, Bohemian glass toilet service and sundry engravings Between them was a wide enclosed landing, such as Miss Edwards so frequently alludes to, where our meals were acceptably served. We really had nothing to complain of, but it was very novel and exquisitely droll in every detail. We were not much impressed with the beauty of Predazzo's location as we drove in, dusty and tired, but a stroll in the meadows revealed, through the pass of the Trovignolo Valley to San Martino, one of the

grandest pictures we had seen—the distant Cimon della Pala group of sharp, characteristic peaks, flashing in the sunlight already hidden from the little town by the western heights. A handsome church faces the plaza of the town, numberless balconies adorn the houses, a stream of water flows through the streets in a sunken trough, and at eventide can be seen the milking of the goats, and many aged men sitting on settles, gossiping as old women are said to do. We retired early, but at nine o'clock the clocks of the two churches struck; the bell of one rang and clanged; the sound of chorus-singing in the cathedral was heard, followed quickly by the clatter of the feet of the people returning from service, and, when all possibility of sleep had departed, a bugler beneath our window gave repeated but musical calls. The extreme heat led us to make, the following day, the early start of half-past six o'clock. Our little vehicle rattled over the stones and bore us at once to the Travignolo Valley, beside a little noisy river, the ascent beginning at once and in one way or another continuing until noon. The fine road was carried over grassy hills by a succession of zigzags, slow to climb, passing a jungle of wild flowers, thousands of evergreens and many a charming view. We came into an elevated and quite level valley,—an Alp, with the snow-streaked mountains on opposite side, apparently very near. As usual the road followed curve and projection, dipping deep in ravines with imposing boulders and foaming waters, crossing bridges and follow-

ing banks overlooking somber depths. In two hours we came face to face and in fine sight of the great distant Dolomite peaks of Cimon della Pala and Cima Vezzana, piercing the clouds at a height of 10,450 feet and more, as they rise above San Martino. We wondered where we were, when we came upon a temporary elevated railway, used in the construction of extensive fortifications upon the summit of a mountain commanding the length in either direction of the quiet valley. Then the road along the mountain-side which looked down and down into dark and sombre depths as it passed through evergreen woods, became very beautiful, quite unlike any we had seen in its intense solitude, the peculiar atmosphere and the weird, almost ghostly effect of the great company of slender larch and evergreens. In less than three hours, we reached Panevaggio, a church, hotel, and dependance, and three or four other buildings in a position which commanded a view of surpassing loveliness. Over the opposite mountain side, covered with firs like a mighty army, against the sky, stood alone, a towering wedge-like peak which, although unlike, recalled vividly our first startling view of the Matterhorn from Zermatt. Two other masses show, but they are rounded in form and less fantastic and *sensational!* As soft, white summer clouds broke against and half enveloped the principal peak, there was a mystery, a grandeur and sublimity about it which fascinated and enthralled. The view down the valley, taking in hills covered with lance-like evergreens; one or

two minor snow-crested heights, ending with the mountain spur upon which the extensive fortifications, with an air of solitude which can be felt brooding over it, is very charming. After leaving, our way for an hour and a half was by successive zigzags up the mountain-side, through a forest of carefully tended magnificent evergreens. This part of the country furnishes the masts for the Austrian navy, and like all these wooded heights, is the property of the State and cared for as tenderly as if a pleasure ground, by foresters and a corps of workmen. Every year tiny trees raised from seed are planted in great numbers and protected by a tripod of staves until too large to be injured by cattle. In eighty years, these little twigs may be tall, stately trees fit "for the master's use." So carefully is the law of supply observed, that it is said, *somewhere,* trees can be felled every year. The beauty of this drive through the cool forest depths, with tingling sunlight and bewitching shadow through the quiet aisles,—frequent glimpses of far-away heights or seemingly unfathomable depths, is beyond description. The wild flowers nodded upon the banks, a single red squirrel sprang from bough to bough and through the columnar vistas could be seen the white, ribbon-like road below, over and over again. There was little to tell of and yet, *so much!* so much of color, so much of detail, and oh! so much of wondrous combination of far and near, in the cool, quiet, exquisite beauty of those weird, solemn Gothic-like columns, and in the dreamy, mystical per-

spectives in which air, mountain and sombre forest-crowned hills, blended and faded away. We knew we were missing much in keeping our carriage seat, yet were physically unable to walk. Sometimes it seemed as if we would never reach the summit,—the end of the zigzags,—and we scarcely *cared if we did not!* At length looking upward, we saw against the sky, the last line of road with a tombstone appearing guard. Reaching it, we came upon a knoll and, delight of delights! it was fairly covered with clumps of the lovely Alpenrose, which heretofore we had only seen in tiny plants. It spread out, growing low like juniper, in great masses of the loveliest deep rose-pink blossoms, making the great knoll a dream of color and beauty. Beyond stretched an extensive green Alp with scores of cattle grazing. We were in an upper world, far above the lovely scenes of two or three hours past. Still, by telegraph poles and walls, we could distinguish our road doubling and zigzagging a long distance ahead. The way, however, did not appear so steep as to make all this necessary. When we came to the Rolle or Costanzello Pass (6,415 ft.) oh! what a panorama opened before us! We were apparently so near the mighty range of Dolomites,—the scene was so wild,—the forms so defiant,—the peaks and pinnacles so sharp and jagged,—the range so lengthy and it was all so fantastic, startling and unvaried by milder outlines, that we simply "gave up." The soft silvery gray and the yellow glow of the rock, the fleecy clouds

floating before them giving the strange look of processional movement, and the wondrous effect of the brilliant sunshine, were simply enchanting. The great peak Cimon della Pala (10,455 ft.) is called the Matterhorn of the Dolomites, but its personal characteristics are sufficiently grand and unique to justify calling it simply *itself!* We had passed the highest point and before us was soon to open a deep ravine-like valley, so crowded with interesting and delightful visions that it was a shame not to walk slowly down and loiter and stop till soul and body could hold no more! From a high table-land we had just one view of San Martino (a few white buildings, a little church with tower and spire), way down in the deep green valley, two thousand feet below. It glistened white and pearly as a jewel, in its weird surroundings of gray rocks, dark, lustrous, fir-covered hills and emerald fields. The descent by a magnificent military road, a wonderful piece of engineering, began at once. We thought we had seen loops and zigzags that could not be excelled, but this surpassed them all! In sharp turns, in pretty loops, the road beneath is seen repeated again and again and frequently way off in the trees, in most unexpected places, gleams the little white fluttering ribbon-like way. For twenty minutes or more we were shut in, with no suggestion of presence or habitation of man, with the grand old range of sharp, needle-like heights above, gleaming and glittering in the sunlight like some fantastic freak of nature. Between twelve

and one o'clock we came in full sight of San Martino and were soon domiciled in enormous rooms in the admirably ordered "Hotel Dolomite."

San Martino di Castrozza (to give it its full name) was with us a case of love at first sight, and as at Schluderbach we would gladly have lengthened our stay of several days to as many weeks. The day of our arrival was so superb, the environment so exceptionally fine and the long chain of clustered peaks so thoroughly "Dolomitish," that it impressed us at once and proved to be the most satisfactory abiding place we had found. Being in the centre of a richly-wooded, basin-like valley with a great green knoll or Alp,—with a long procession of tall, lancelike, turreted dolomites to one side and densely wooded hills on the other,—and directly across and closing the view at the end of the valley, the long chain of the "Vette di Feltre," wonderfully suggestive of the Mountains of Moab seen from Jerusalem, with at their base a glimpse of the Primiero Valley,—it would seem as if nothing could be more restful or beautiful. One need nct *do* anything, for it is all *done* for him! Just as one sits in an opera box and sees the spectacle pass before him, he can sit quietly for an hour in the open and note in speechless wonder the weird and marvellous changes its short round will bring. One moment, the shattered peaks may each and every one stand clear and distinct against a background of blue or pearly gray;—a

few moments later clouds and darkness may be around them ;—again the passing vapor may break against them and roll away like the smoke of disastrous conflict ;—the sunlight may touch the edge or lining of clouds, glorifying them as by an unseen and Divine presence, and then the mists may roll away and, in all the glory of silvery gray, golden yellow, with slight touch of red, they may stand out dazzling and flashing in sunshine. And this goes on every hour in the twenty-four ; every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, and the watchful eye, the sympathetic mind and the reverent heart may have an unending feast without money and without price. Here, one is so close to them as almost to be in the shadow of the great rocks. Or one may stroll in the woods, full of moss and lichen-covered boulders and rocks,—of ferns and countless wild flowers, of slender tapering evergreens which no man can number, with occasionally a babbling, noisy brook with waters churned to foam by its course over a rocky bed, and often through the tree-tops catch glimpses of the marvellous shattered peaks and turrets. The carriage road as it winds through the woods becomes a poem,—a sweet and quieting song. Walking along the zigzag road by which we first approached, the view of the wonderful chain grew finer,—the peaks seemed loftier, more stately and more marvellous. Never have we seen suddenly arrested motion so suggestive as in some portion of this range ;—one who has laid in a steamer-chair and seen the waves of the sea tossed high in air,

standing still for a second and then breaking into other shapes or tossed off in spray, can understand this suggestion. The motion, the tossing of the waves, is there, but is *held there* a thing of beauty forever. Yet as you sit in the perfect stillness and look up at them and see a bit of fleecy, filmy summer cloud float around and break over them, it seems as if the whole mass would dissolve and, vapor-like, form again in shapes unknown. The brilliant sunshine and clear atmosphere bring out the subtle charm of the strange colorings of pearly grays, soft white, glowing yellow and rusty red, with most fascinating and bewitching effect. One night we had the "Alpen-glow," when the great wall or barrier at end of valley, so like the purple Moabitish range, was fairly ablaze with quivering, shimmering pink or blush. Had those glistening rocks been white with snow, we would have had a still more glorious vision. As it was, the sapphire mountains burned and gleamed like brilliant pink topaz and the scene was unearthly in its strange weird beauty. Personal taste probably colors every opinion, but to us, San Martino, the site of an old monastery, snugly ensconced upon a verdant Alp, was the most delightful place of sojourn in the Dolomites, and there was no one single view preferable to the glorious and magnificent sweep of mountain monarchs, under whose shadow it rests, which guard in such spectacular manner the entire length of the valley it overlooks.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE day of departure from San Martino was perfect,— the long line of wonderful and majestic peaks was flashing in the sunlight, with more or less of thinnest cloud floating like a bridal veil around their summits or falling in long graceful trails down their sides. The witchery and fascination of a mountain chain thus wreathed, displaying a peak here or a great boulder there, high in the clouds, is inexpressible,—the more so perhaps as every moment reveals some new effect or combination. For twenty-five minutes or more of rapid driving, the road was exquisitely beautiful, for it wound serpent-like through the dense evergreen forest in whose cool depths lie huge moss-covered boulders, great masses of feathery ferns and the loveliest colored stream breaking tumultuously over a rock-strown bed. It is only a woodland, a mountain drive over the smoothest of roads, but nothing could be more beautiful than the play of light and shade, the stately grace of the arrowy trees, the glimpses of azure valley depths or of opposing breathless mountain peaks. Then we came into a shadeless stretch, where long since the hillside has been denuded of forest growth, where we looked down, down into the valley of the Cismone and over upon hillsides covered with

meadows and dotted with many a Tyrolean hut. We were leaving behind the illustrious procession of abrupt peaks, and attention was fast drawn to the lateral valley rapidly opening before us. By many windings and zigzags we finally came to the level of Primiero, a drop within an hour of 2,450 feet. Rattling through two or three hamlets we came at noon to the principal street of Primiero, and at the Albergo Gilli found pleasant rooms, a tidy house, an adjoining orchard and a garden full of tall white lillies, sweet williams, scarlet lychnis and poppies, upon which our apartments looked. We were disappointed in Primiero at first, for from Miss Edward's description we looked for something wilder, grander and more savage. The little town boasts a small Gothic church most picturesquely located upon the side hill in which is a dainty and curious Monstrance (a receptacle for the Host) presented by the silver miners more than six hundred years ago. For Primiero has had a silver day and "silverites" without number, as the mines in the vicinity were once especially rich. It is Gothic in character, exactly three feet in height and is in the form of a delicate open work spire, enclosing a cylindrical glass receptacle and holder for the consecrated wafer, with small statues and a surmounting crucifix of gold. It is so delicate it could easily be injured, and so valuable, it is a wonder that with all the wars and rumors of war, all the advancing and retreating of armed and savage forces the country has witnessed, that it still remains intact, a sacred treasure in the humble

little church. In the chancel built against the wall is a tall Gothic receptable for it, which carried our thoughts to that in the church of St. Laurence in pretty Nuremberg,—of which Longfellow sang so sweetly. Directly above the church was a steep hill surmounted by a rude cross and small chapel which commanded a singularly beautiful and satisfying view. Below lay a broad, level, cultivated valley with the Cismone, a harmless stream at this season of the year, rushing through it. In huddled groups in the sweep of a mile or so, the brown roofs and white walls of four distinct villages appeared. Way up at the apparent commencement of the valley, where the great wooded hills coming down towards one another form an entrance or gateway, springs in the middle distance an almost perpendicular rock, crowned most picturesquely by an extensive, but ruined castle. Owing to shattering and splitting of the rock it is said now to be inaccessible. From the distance it did not appear like a ruin but like some long, stately hall, curiously lifted into mid-air, its yellow walls burning and glowing in the afternoon sunlight. Upon the sides of lofty green hills, looking as if a touch would start them sliding to the valley below, every here and there were perched Tyrolean huts and châlets. The scene was peaceful and sunny for the strange Dolomite heights were so high above, that there was little of the wild, savage and weird character. Away to the south, lifted to the clouds, was Mt. Pavione, its shape so perfect a pyramid as to seem to have been formed by human hands. It is the

more curious, as it rests upon a foundation wall so straight and upright, that it looks artificial. The villages so compact yet so separated, each with its steep-roofed tiny church, with always a tall square tower and attenuated spire, give a peculiar idyllic air to the valley. In the twilight we stood awhile upon a bridge which spanned the Cismone, and looked up at the marvellous heights, with the late sunlight still upon them, although we were in the gloaming. They do not enkindle *love*,—they are so violent, so hard that they overwhelm with awe and astonishment. The uplifted castle showed like an apparition in that lonely hour. We walked along the river bank and up through one of the villages, whose one long street, because of irregularly placed houses, all gables and balconies, made a beautiful and artistic vista. Although it was squalid, dirty and forlorn, yet many a window blazed with pink and scarlet geraniums, gorgeous pelargoniums and lovely carnations! Before sinking into sleep, we threw open the windows and looked, not up to the ponderous, tumultuous shattered heights, but through the glamour of silvery moonlight, upon the garden with its riot of old-fashioned flowers, while thought turned quickly to an old home of years ago, and one who was its light, and we felt anew, "the tender grace of a day that is dead" could "never come back" to us.

We were sorry in early morning to leave Primiero for there was much that was pretty and

quaint in the place itself. Some windows near our hotel with masses of nasturtiums or brilliant with geraniums, could not have been made more artistic. It was another *perfect* day! Not a cloud! The great, silvery gray heights away to the left seemed to bound into the crystalline air with glad exultant buoyancy. Sasso Maggiore lifted its cathedral-like towers with peculiarly solemn grandeur. The rock-poised castle looked a plaything, for, far above it (hidden yesterday by clouds), against the blue, rose an outline of sharp, saw-like teeth,—the mountain which Miss Edwards says "bristles all over with points like a porcupine." With the usual flourish of a fresh start, we clattered through the principal street and turned into the broad valley, passing acres of Indian corn and forlorn Swiss châlets often made strikingly beautiful by grape-vines clinging to and hanging from the always picturesque balconies. The valley gradually narrowed, and twenty-five minutes after leaving Primiero became a narrow gorge with lofty mountain walls upon either side and in the bed a rapid river. The mountain sides became precipitous and the formation peculiar, in that the rock seemed in horizontal layers. Narrower and narrower it grew until not more than fifty feet in width. We dashed along through its exquisite course at a rapid pace when we fain would have walked, for it was so charming.—We reached Monte Crose at the end of an hour where, within a few feet of one another, were the yellow and black pole of the Austrian, and the red,

white and green of the Italian dividing lines. Upon one house were the coat-of-arms and insignia of Austria,—upon the other those of Italy. The array was formidable, but the customs examination was confined to the simple question whether we had any "tabac"?—In the vernacular of the dramatists "exeunt Austria" and her florins,—"enter Italy" and her francs!—Then along the narrow gorge, with nothing to molest or make afraid,—the tortuous valley depth, directly after passing the frontier, narrowing to a few feet, with the water pouring through a rift worn in the rocks. The road excavated from the face of the precipitous rocks hung high above it. The coachman considerately stopped several times that we might look back the length of the sunny narrow valley or down into the depths where the water rushed through a gateway or dashed through a narrow flume. Often the road ahead, bending and winding, following the contour of the projecting promontories, looked like a white shelf upon the mountain side. Continually we were encompassed by sheer or lofty hills with trees and scrubby growth wherever a root hold was possible. It was a succession of marvellous and beautiful surprises. At one turn we looked down the deep valley ahead, and there amidst the wildness and the verdure appeared a fine and lofty single arch bridge of cut stone. In the bed below the stream forced its way through a wall of rock several feet in height but only a few in width. An abrupt, almost angular turn in the gorge showed, at a point commanding

the valley in both directions, Fort Antonio, while high above it on the crest of the mountains was another large fortification. The lovely narrow gorge ended,—the valley broadened as we descended,—vine-clad slopes and orchards appeared and the air grew warm and hazy. The road continued to excite admiration, for it was simply hewn from the face of the calcareous rocks. This is what military precaution does for the country and the post follows quickly. It was amusing to note, as we passed through one wretched Italian village, a side street with the cognomen "Via Amore." In one town there had evidently been an important festa, for workmen were taking down the really handsome and effective decorations of arches and columns in evergreen, and great fir trees along the streets. The air grew warmer and warmer as we came upon the level plain,—the land evidently of the vine, for they were trained upon trellis or upon tree trunks on every side.

It was past midday when we reached Feltre, where some two hours later we took the train from Venice and began the repetition of the route already described, but, as it proved, under such favorable conditions of earth and air and sky as to seem at times like a new and unknown way. For an hour we looked from the train upon the smiling verdant country,—the fields all "swept and garnished" by the haymakers, and upon the range of mountains which had given us our first idea and realizing sense of "Dolomite" form and peculiarity, and saw at length, upon the plain, the long

line of dull red-brown roofs and flashing white side-walls and the campanile of Belluno's familiar duomo. At the station, by previous arrangement, mine host of the Golden Crown at Perarolo awaited us with a carriage, for in repeating the journey we preferred to divide it differently. Along the way for two hours we met hundreds of men and women in wagons, carryalls and on foot, wending their way to Belluno, from whence at one o'clock at night a special train was to depart for Padua, for the Festa of St. Anthony on the morrow. We looked at many of them, hard-worked and old, and thought of them packed all night in the cars (there would be six thousand in all) and arriving at Padua at 7 A. M. and remaining all day in the broiling sun until 7 P. M. and back again, and wondered at the power of a form of religion that could call forth such sacrifice and devotion. A little of this spirit in Protestantism might bring the kingdom perceptibly nearer. We had driven over this portion of the route with more or less cloud and finally at Perarolo a blinding rain, although we had seen much of it in full blaze of sunshine. Now we were to see it free from vapor or cloud, in the long slanting light of the afternoon and the cool shadows of early evening. Especially grateful were we at the Termine, to see the gigantic yellow golden crag which bounds up so abruptly upon opposite side of the valley, entirely free from cloud and ablaze with sunlight, for it was magnificent! From there to Perarolo it was superb! Happy are they who see this narrowing

valley in the morning light, but more favored those who, in the cool of evening, pass this way. As we passed along the road close to the cliffs, encompassed by the shadows of the eternal hills, we lifted our eyes above the rapid river and the green and rocky walls and saw, far above us, fairly in mid-air, glistening, gleaming and flashing in full sunlight, the yellow and silver forms of the mighty, majestic monarchs. With the loveliest imaginable views in both directions, the road bends, following the valley curves. The eventime was light; the air deliciously refreshing and cool; the soft shadowing of the valley and the hills grateful to the eye, while frequently over the summits of the mountains which encompassed us, gleamed and glowed like pearly or golden ramparts, the wild, erratic, tremendous Dolomite peaks. Just before the "Albergo della Corona d'Oro" is reached, the road bends abruptly and crosses a bridge over the stream which pours down a lateral valley. We watched anxiously for this point, for when we passed this way before, clouds hid the "Presence," as Miss Edwards appropriately calls it, and we saw but little. But this wondrous evening, stately, grand, pyramidal in form, rose against the blue sky, unmarred by cloud, the gigantic, majestic, regal form of Antelao! It was oppressively, breathlessly magnificent, and with its sun-kissed snowy summit, a vision of grand and kingly beauty, never to be forgotten. We found the Coronna d'Oro more than comfortable and the cuisine admirable;—and from a little balcony looked upon

picturesque châlets and watched the logs like animate objects float merrily down the rapid stream. Each one is marked with the owner's name as they are started on their way. Many are stranded, but a day or two of rain starts them on again. Under its present management it is one of the best hostelries upon the whole route. We were favored with another perfect day, so, as we passed beyond Pararola, we had the view from the zigzags which ascend and round Mount Zucco and along the hillsides and over the summits of the fortifications above Pieve and the approach to Tai, which before we lost because of rain. The wonderful jonrney between Tai and Cortina impressed us as it did before, as so broad in valley, so bold and stupendous in mountain panorama, that words fail to portray it. It seemed as if there was so much we had not seen before in the bewitching beauty of the near slopes, green and fresh after the recent haymaking and rains, of the far-away exuberant bounding outline of cloudlike mountains and the towering peaks, gigantic towers and startling forms looming up undwarfed and unobscured by even summer clouds. The variety of suggestive forms astonishes and bewilders. It requires no play of imagination, for the towers, spires, battlements and walls are *all there!* The great Pelmo was like a huge gray silvery sea wave, while Antelao from every coign of vantage was overwhelming. Tofano, with snow dazzling in the sunshine came in view, and then ponderous and massive Sorapis, a mass of red, yellow and gray, a blaze of color as

never before. Flooded with sunshine and gladness, the whole drive along the base of Antelão and Sorapis and on to Cortina was a succession of wonderful pictures and effects. We passed for the last time under the yellow and black pole of Austria,—and what was left of our Italian francs was transferred to another pocket and our Austrian florins had their day again. We lunched at Cortina, but slept at Schluderbach, and from Toblach some eight and one-half miles farther on, the railway bore us away to lovely Innsbruck, and our visit to the country of the Dolomites was ended.

Again we would emphasize the importance of starting from Botzen, or at any rate, of not ignoring Panaveggio, San Martino and Primiero. But it is all wonderful and so unlike Switzerland that comparisons are scarcely suggested. These strange peaks, jagged and sharp, seem born of conflict and strife, and springing up so suddenly, silence, benumb and overpower, and can never suggest the peaceful and spiritual as do the long snow-driven Swiss heights. From the Rigi Kulm, how spiritual and suggestive is the wonderful procession of snow-white Alpine peaks and slopes! One can sit and commune in peace as with the Infinite. But throughout the Dolomite country the general feeling excited is one of wonder and astonishment, and one often fails to get in harmony with it.

> "Like strains of martial music
> Their mighty forms suggest
> Life's endless toil and endeavor,"

when one would fain have the rest of quiet communion with the hills from whence cometh our help.

This may seem a long story of a very brief tour, for Venice is not more than one hundred miles from Toblach and only sixty of it (from Belluno) is by carriage. One thing is essential, nay imperative, that is, if you would really *see* the wonderful variations of outline and form and the marvellous play of color, and that is,—*fine weather!* If it tarries *wait for it,* for it will come, and with it an exceeding great reward.

IN

AUSTRIAN

TYROL.

# IN AUSTRIAN TYROL.

## IN A POET'S FOOTSTEPS.

THERE was love-making in the old nest,—beneath the ancestral roof,—among the older members of the brood, and a presentation copy of Longfellow's "Hyperion" was one of the outward manifestations of the inward desire. The book was comparatively new, and the small boy heard much discussion and conversation regarding it. Curiosity may be only another form of commendable hungering and thirsting after knowledge. Be that as it may, the small boy wondered who or what "Hyperion" was, and what "a Romance" might be. A time-honored old leather-covered "Walker's" (it was before the days when Webster's great cumbersome "Unabridged" was as familiar and as tiresome as a household word) soon explained the latter, but the first was not so easy of solution. Family censorship of the small boy's reading in those days was severe. The immediate effect of it, however, was defeating, for it resulted in the surreptitious possession of the book and a perusal of it in private as if reaching out after forbidden fruit, from mysterious title page to the mournful "roar of the wind through

a forest of pines" with which the graceful melodious prose dies away.

As a retrospect the picture of a boy poring over the poetic prose and fanciful dreaming of that classic seems inexpressibly droll. Doubtless, there was much in it he did not understand, but from that hour the Rhine, Heidelberg, Lucerne, Interlaken, St. Gilgen and St. Wolfgang became radiant centres about which clustered many a pleasant, although perhaps profitless day-dream—and a sort of a vow was recorded that "some day I will see them all." But a child crying for the moon seems quite as likely to attain his desire as the boy at that time of reaching the fulfilment of this vow. Years rolled on and repeated rambles through Europe made the Rhine, Heidelberg and Switzerland an old, old story, although ever new, while Austrian Tyrol, owing to the impossibility of crowding more than a certain amount of travel in a specified time, was repeatedly relegated to "a more convenient season." But at last the whirligig of charming travel brought us, in weather compared with which our hottest July days are cool, to Salzburg, which with its lovely environment and peculiar characteristics is one of the most beautiful places on the continent. The white town lies in the level valley upon both sides of the little, but rapid, Salzach. Abruptly from the plain rises the "Mornchsberg," an uneven wooded hill or mountain presenting a bluff or cliff-like face towards the town, the highest extremity of which is crowned with the antiquated

fortress-like castle of "Hohen-Salzburg," with pinnacles and roofs towering four hundred feet above the valley. From afar, this castle-crowned, abrupt eminence bounding up so suddenly is most striking and picturesque. Our approach, in the soft golden light of the late afternoon was, because of the course of the railway, which brought us in full view of it, then carried us out of sight (a sort of "now you see it, now you don't see it" effect) and finally to the edge of the modern suburbs, singularly exciting and enchanting. Although we were upon a pilgrimage bent, we did not seek out the "Golden Ship" where Paul Flemming was so ill—for, degenerate souls! we preferred the luxury and comfort of a more modern caravansary, and soon found ourselves settled by the shaded walks along the river embankment with windows facing the uplifted spectacular castle. Across the river the houses great and small hug closely the precipitous rock face: an elevator lifts one to the summit, where is a pleasure ground and tower: a pleasant walk through woods and open fields past pretty villas leads at last to the castle, which, like all mediæval structures, has much of interest and some odd decorations. A little elevated belvedere gives one a sweeping view of rare beauty over the level valley, the pretty hills and the mountains touched here and there with snow, undulating out of sight in a great billowy, opalescent sweep. The town has but few sights, the strange old burial-ground of St. Peter being the most interesting, with vaults hewn from the face of

the rock—queer little chapels and much wrought-iron work. Altogether, the place is delightful.

The glamour of a "sweet first time" hung about St. Gilgen and St. Wolfgang as turning from charming Salzburg with its uplifted castle perched eagle-like upon a mighty rock; its environment of tossed and bounding mountain lines, and its rapid, jade-tinted river, we looked towards Ischl, feeling a strange thrill with the thought that lying dimly between were the two charmed spots. Busily engaged in the final preparations for departure, we did not notice an ominous darkening of the western sky. Even at the station, with the man who could not gain admission to the ark and swam off, we said incredulously we "did not believe it would be much of a shower." But a few moments after we left there came aslant the window-panes certain long feathery water-marks. Yet, as it was a two-hours' journey to St. Gilgen we hoped for clearing skies. Alas! it just came harder and harder till the great sheeted mass looked as if the bottom had clean gone out of the tank itself. It was a droll little railway, a sort of narrow gauge, too large to laugh at, yet too small to seem to be altogether in earnest! It bore us faithfully and slowly into a lovely pasture country with vivid green fields, undulating and level: with abundance of dark tree-growth and often a fringe of abrupt rocky masses, boulder-like and inspiring, seen of course "through the rain and the mist." Until we came in sight, within an hour or more, of the "Mondsee," we bore our limitations with cheer-

ful grace and becoming fortitude, but when the gradually ascending road climbed higher upon the mountain-side upon a narrow shelf cut from its face and we looked down, now upon lovely placid green waters,—now through dark evergreen forests with pretty roads winding along the points and saw picturesque villages, embowered cottages and villas,—great, bold, rocky promontories and level meadow lands here and there upon the varied shores, but lost the distant view, we exclaimed "What fools we were to start!" No words can picture the simple, artless, refined beauty of these little "sees." They are like water-colors in their delicate and suggestive tints and forms, with an air of purity and peaceful consciousness, quite fascinating and satisfying. The Mondsee is but seven miles long by one and a half wide, a small affair judged by the standard of "bigness," but beaming and glowing with beauty in every rod, and the more charming because of the variety of the marked characteristics of its scenery. As we passed from it, we looked down upon Scharfling, a pretty village resting like a jewel upon an emerald meadow expanse, with a great abrupt precipice beyond. And then into the woods and through cuts and tunnels, emerging at end of four miles at the foot of Villa Billroth, a large, square, castellated residence with corner towers, most delightfully situated. In a few moments we saw the waters of St. Wolfgang see—and knew the detached half Swiss houses buried in the trees far below formed the village of St. Gilgen. Long-

fellow says, "they came suddenly in sight of the beautiful lake of St. Wolfgang, lying deep beneath them in the valley. On its shore under them sat the white village of St. Gilgen, like a swan upon its reedy nest. They seemed to have taken it unawares and, as it were, clapped their hands upon it in its sleep, and almost expected to see it spread its broad snow-white wings and fly away. The whole scene was one of surpassing beauty." Still, in spite of the sun, the rain fell heavily! To prowl about the village was not desirable; the proposed boat-ride to St. Wolfgang impossible; a stupid waiting at the little station for several hours anything but attractive. Between the showers, we walked down a pretty road which curved between trees and shrubs and led to an open place, upon which faced the "Post Tavern by Franz Schondorfer" of the romance—a great, square, plastered structure with broad Swiss-like overhanging eaves and the "half-effaced painting of a bear hunt" carried like a band or frieze above the first story. Under awnings projecting over the ground-floor, sat a dozen students in boating-dress, and several excursionists partaking of light refreshments and the ubiquitous beer. The entrance floor and hall with serving-rooms on either side, were not attractive, nor altogether satisfactory to the olfactory sense. But on the third floor they showed us such large, handsomely furnished rooms we decided to remain for the night-trusting the storm would pass away before morning light. What matter if it did rain? We sat by our win-

dows and looked down upon an open irregular platz with the town pump or fountain, around whose curb a group was almost always assembled, for there is much talking to be done in this world! A huge barn with shingled and ivy-covered sides, houses standing akimbo, just as children would place their toys; streets or roads wriggling out of sight and above the roofs the tall tower with bulbous spire; beyond, gleams of quiet lake waters over-shadowed by mountains tossed high in air. Away off to the left towered into the clouds the famous Scharfburg. Evidently it is not vulgar to look out of the windows in primitive unspoiled St. Gilgen, for upon the lintels were red cushions inviting the elbows and giving a charming bit of color to the quiet scene. It was like the setting of a story or poem. Later we were able to stroll in the gathering shadows to the ancient church and its peaceful surrounding God's Acre, where a great multitude sleep "with their arms crossed upon their breasts or lying motionless by their sides." The quaint belfry tower forms a porch with openings into the yard as well as the church. A round arched ceiling profusely decorated: a very wide altar, two galleries and odd old pews with badly indented brass plates and a few tombs was all there was to see. Unfortunately we had no copy of Hyperion with us, and with the impression that the legend we sought was in the church, we scanned closely every lettering upon walls, tomb and pavement slabs, and began to wonder if that too, was romance!

Passing out into the churchyard we picked our way between pools of water and sundry tumbled down crosses and stones to a small square chapel in southern corner. The outer doors were open but the iron "grille" closed. Upon the east wall was a tablet with simple framing, surmounted by an urn or bowl with flames, beneath which was a medallion with figure of Christ with cross and a palm-branch and a memorial inscription followed by the legend which is the text or moral of the gentle romance. "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

The morning brought the gladsome "clear shining after the rain." As we threw open the casement blinds we stood enthralled with the transcendent loveliness of the scene. The benediction of peace seemed brooding over it, while a Sabbath stillness filled the air. We were impressed as many times before with the vivid truthfulness and correctness of the descriptive passages of the book. Although written so many years ago, the chapters on St. Gilgen and St. Wolfgang might with very slight variation be penned to-day. A stroll along the road that leads to the hill-tops faced with the quaint picturesque houses and shops of the village; a brief tarry within the ancient quiet church and a lovely walk to the shore, and then a small boat bore us rapidly out upon the placid sunlit waters of St. Wolfgang's Lake. The seren-

ity, tranquillity and exquisite beauty of the scene. could not be encompassed with words. With Paul Flemming we could truthfully, feelingly say, as we looked backward, "Farewell to thee, St. Gilgen! The quiet beauty of thy lake shall be to me forever an image of peace and purity and stillness, and that inscription in thy little churchyard a sentence of wisdom for my after life."

THE END.

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